Saturday Evening Post · December 2, 1967 · 35c

POST

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E

'SIX SECONDS IN DALLAS'

MAJOR NEW STUDY SHOWS

THREE ASSASSINS KILLED KENNEDY

MRS P HOSSLER -HTU47B5
634 FAIRWOOD WAY
UPLAND CA 91786

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If you give your family Samsonite Furniture this Christmas you might get your dining room table back.

Samsonite makes furniture your whole family can play on, work on and eat on. And it folds away.

Solve those nagging problems. You know the kind. You want to set the table for an evening meal. But it's cluttered with toys. You want to use your sewing machine, but Father's playing a table game with the kids. Know the scene?

A great way to get that table back to normal is to treat yourself and the kids to a couple of sets of Samsonite Folding Furniture.

Samsonite Woodland is a set any family would delight over. Fits in beautifully. Anywhere in the home. Built with sturdy tubular steel and coated with chip-resistant baked enamel finish. The legs have slide locks with safety hinges. As practical as they come.

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Chairs: $9.50 each.

Juvenile Folding Furniture. Built with sturdy kid-proof construction. Colors: Canary Yellow, Royal Blue, Fiesta Orange, shown, (Pearl Grey Frames). (Airplane shown made from Samsonite Lego® building bricks.)

Samsonite Woodland. Created with a bright touch from nature. Vinyl covered. Stain resistant. And rugged. Chairs in: Forest Floral, shown, Tropical Floral, Levant Black, Maple Finish, Deepwood, Antique Tan, Antique White. Tables in: Forest Moss, shown, Maple Finish and Deepwood.

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Too beautiful to fold away.

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"Millions of shares are traded daily, so it's usually easy to buy or sell."

You mean there's always a buyer or seller when I might need one?

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Send coupon for "STOCKS ON THE BIG BOARD" published by the New York Stock Exchange. This 32-page booklet groups by industries more than 1,000 listed stocks. Easy comparison of growth in earnings per share, yield and dividend record. Provides guidelines for wise investing, and describes opportunities for investing in a growing economy.

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This is the only self-sealing tire in the world that Sears will guarantee. Because when Sears guarantees, Sears guarantees.

SEARS SILENT GUARD TIRE GUARANTEE
Tread Life Guarantee
Guaranteed Against: All failures of the tire resulting from normal road hazards or defects in material or workmanship.
For How Long: For the life of the original tread.
What SEARS Will Do: Repair nail punctures at no charge. In the case of failures, in exchange for the tire: Replace it at no charge, if failure occurs during first 20 months. If tire fails after this period, it will be replaced, charging only the proportion of current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax that represents tread used.
Tread Wear-Out Guarantee
Guaranteed Against: Tread wear-out.
For How Long: 40 months.
What SEARS Will Do: In exchange for the tire replace it, charging current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax less 30% allowance.

Tire guarantees are hard to nail down.

They're riddled with ifs, ands, or buts.

Our guarantee is right here in this ad.

So we can hammer home our point.

Sears, Roebuck and Co. has a new self-sealing tire.

The Silent Guard Sealant.

You could drive it with a dozen nails in it.

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The Sears Silent Guard is guaranteed 40 months. If it picks up one nail—or a dozen nails—we'll service it free. And if it fails in the first 20 months, we'll give you a new tire.

Free.

Maybe if the other tire people had a self-sealing tire like this, they'd have a guarantee like this.

The Sears Silent Guard is as close to trouble-free as any self-sealing tire that ever came down the road.

A special patented sealant does the job. There is a five-layer sealant inside the tire.

It clings to just about any nail that can get in.

It keeps air from getting out.

The Silent Guard Sealant sells for $39.04 to $56.38 (including F.E.T.) with your old tire.

No extra charge for mounting. And No Money Down on Sears Easy Payment Plan.

You can find self-sealing tires listed at $90 and more. But you can't buy a better, safer self-sealing tire anywhere.

At any price.

It's 28% heavier than the average of new car tires.

Its tread is 15% deeper, and 14% wider.

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And tests prove the Silent Guard gives you better traction, better wear, better high-speed performance than most other sealant tires.

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A massive scuffing bar, above and below, protects them from curbs.

A patented squelcher stifles the squeal most tires make on curves.

A patented safety shoulder provides added protection.

Sears won't put its name on just any self-sealing tire.

We want to sell you a tire to get you home safely.

You may want to buy other things from us.

A hammer, say. Or a mink coat.

• • •

Tread Life Guarantee

Guaranteed Against: All failures of the tire resulting from normal road hazards or defects in material or workmanship.

For How Long: For the life of the original tread.

What Sears Will Do: Repair nail punctures at no charge. In the case of failures, in exchange for the tire: Replace it at no charge, if failure occurs during first 20 months. If tire fails after this period, it will be replaced, charging only the proportion of current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax that represents tread used.

Tread Wear-Out Guarantee

Guaranteed Against: Tread wear-out

For How Long: 40 months.

What Sears Will Do: In exchange for the tire replace it, charging current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax less 30% allowance.

Sears

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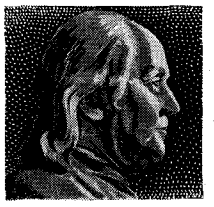
The Saturday Evening
POST



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From the Editor

Everybody remembers where he was when President Kennedy was shot. I was having lunch at Le Marmiton in New York City, a noisy, agreeable French restaurant on 49th Street just east of Madison Avenue. It began as an ordinary business lunch. My associate Otto Friedrich and I were comfortably settled with the literary agent Paul Reynolds, his associate Malcolm Reiss and their client, the writer Joseph Wechsberg. Suddenly, in this bright, humming atmosphere, there was a telephone call for me: "Is Mr. Emerson here? Is Mr. Emerson here?" And, as I walked toward the cashier's desk, a tormented voice made an announcement over a radio. President Kennedy had been shot in Dallas.

Otto and I said good-bye to our guests and walked back to the office without conversation. This was the beginning of a 72-hour period in which we tore up the magazine on the presses and created a *Post* in memoriam to John F. Kennedy. We wrote in a lead editorial: ". . . The unbelievable had happened. It was a moment that changed every life in the nation. It changed the color of the sky, left a dark cloud over the country, left every American feeling not only stricken but somehow dishonored. . . ."

As painful as this is to remember, I bring it up again because I think we remain dishonored until we solve the murder of our President. There is no excuse for closing this case short of solution, and I am convinced that we do not have a solution. And this is why we are publishing a major excerpt from Josiah Thompson's book, *Six Seconds in Dallas*, on page 27 of this issue of the *Post*. With painstaking care and formidable logic, Thompson demolishes the Warren Report by building a case for three assassins and at least four bullets. It is not easy to get back into this horrible business, but we must do it.

I think that almost everything worthwhile is done by some single irascible human being. This study is a prime example. It was undertaken in anger by Josiah Thompson, a sawed-off, boyish-looking professor at Haverford College. A warm and engaging idealist with a mind like a ripsaw, Thompson is feisty enough for all practical purposes. Although he is deeply opposed to the war in Vietnam, he is a lieutenant (j. g.) in the Navy Reserve, and in fact was in charge of the underwater-demolition detachment that the U. S. landed in Lebanon in 1958. A perceptive and tenacious man, he immediately saw the inconsistencies in the original reports of the murder, and he pointed them out to the FBI. They thanked him and told him to run along. Thompson did, and his book is the result.

Bill Emerson

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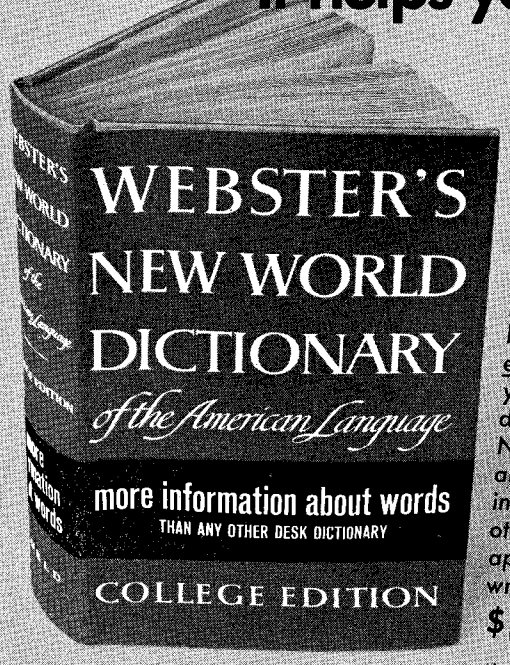
This dictionary does more than define words. It helps you use them.



Sometimes it takes more than a clear definition to give you full command of a word. That's why Webster's New World further explains many words with examples of usage and descriptive synonymies. See correct, for instance, and you'll quickly learn how it differs from accurate, exact, and precise. And helping you use words well is what dictionaries are for. Webster's New World does this consistently and clearly with more useable information about words than any other desk dictionary. Universities approved it; teachers and writers use it.

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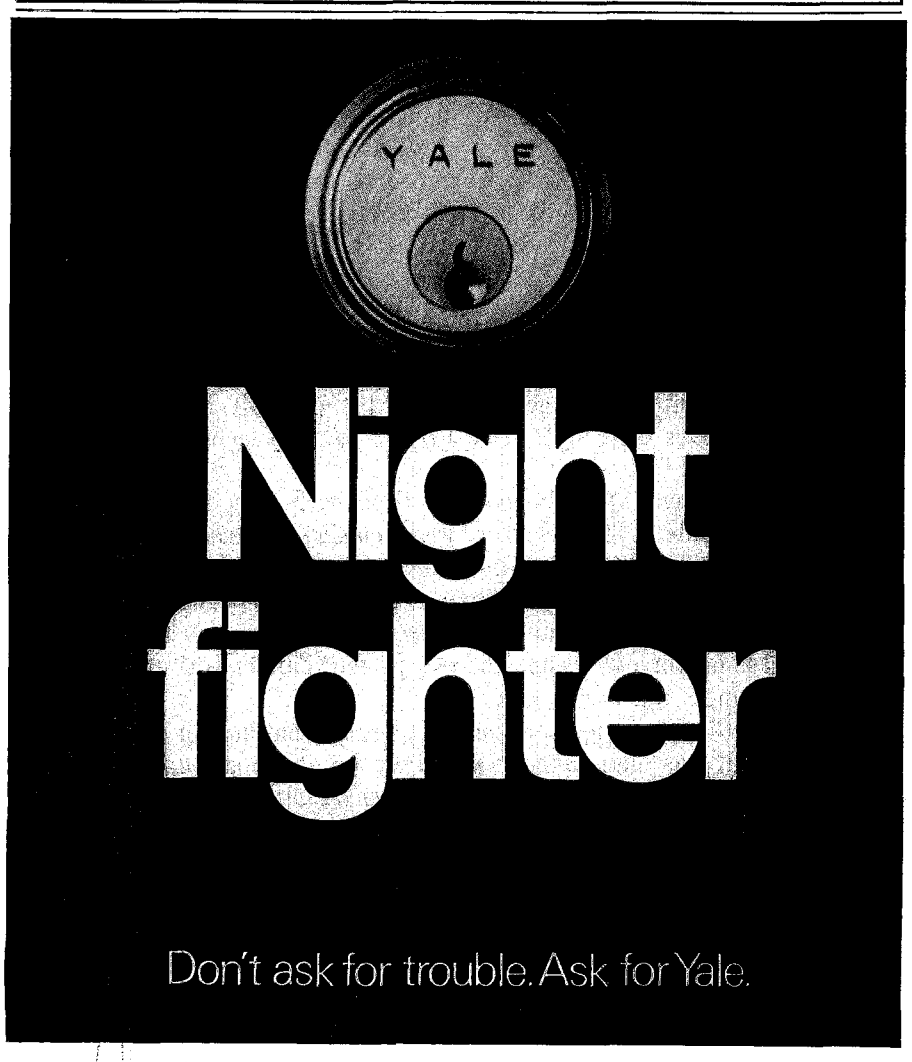

Letters

Hunting—for bad sports?

Editors:

Congratulations on publishing HUNTING IS A DIRTY BUSINESS by Bil Gilbert in the October 21 *Post*. I have lived in Wyoming for over 20 years, and I am afraid Mr. Gilbert's assessment of the typical hunter is painfully accurate. Hunting here has become ugly and commercialized, with a yearly influx of "hunters" from out of state on an expensive lark that everyone in town—from sporting-goods dealers to motel proprietors—is determined to capitalize on.

Incidentally, my husband went elk hunting this morning—but far, far away in a wilderness area.

MARTHA EADS
Sheridan, Wyo.

Dear Sir:

Unfortunately, many of the offenses Mr. Gilbert mentioned are committed by a large number of hunters. But many hunters, including myself, stand in awe at the beauty of our natural outdoors and its inhabiting wildlife. We are interested in the preservation of game, not only for its abundance for the purpose of hunting, but for its natural beauty and proper place in our environment.

DOUGLAS E. KENNEMORE, M.D.
Greenville, S.C.

Dear Sir:

If one has seen the pitiful condition of starving deer on overbrowsed ranges in Pennsylvania, as I have, he could not possibly arrive at the conclusion that slow starvation is preferable to harvesting by the gun. Most certainly any informed wildlife biologist will be the first to admit that hunters and hunting must be regulated and that it would be most advisable to test hunters as to their knowledge of game and firearms before they are issued a hunting license, but there is no need to condemn hunters *per se*.

DR. DALE H. ARNER
State College, Miss.

Sirs:

As Bil Gilbert so graphically points out, soon phony Hemingways in red-checkered shirts will appear within a hundred feet of our home, shooting anything that moves in our pine woods. Grouse that feed off the red berries, bluejays that control insects in our orchard, and a pair of gray foxes that practice birth control for the rabbits will shortly learn the last grim lesson of wildlife destruction. Conservation is a dead duck.

W. C. WRIGHT
Clarks Summit, Pa.

Dear Sir:

Who does the most damage to wildlife anyway—the hunter? or the industrialist who dumps his trash into the air, the city that dumps its sewage into our lakes and streams, the camper who starts a forest fire?

VINCENT MESIS JR.
Hennessey, Okla.

Ah, Sophia

Dear Sir:

I have just read your article about Sophia Loren in the October 21 issue of the *Post* [SOPHIA, SOPHIA, SOPHIA by John Cheever]. It really was an excellent piece of material—I was impressed by Mr. Cheever's tribute to a fine and beautiful actress.

MICHAEL F. WALSH
Jersey City, N.J.

Dear Sir:

What do *I* like? I like Rome. I like Naples. I like pizza and spaghetti. But most of all, I like John Cheever, for his wonderful article on a fantastic woman.

GAYLE L. COPPINS
Lewiston, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

Your recent cover picture of Sophia Loren revealing an alluring portion of her bosom is not the type of thing we want our sons to view each time they pick up your magazine. We want to rear our boys with the apparently old-fashioned idea that there are certain portions of the anatomy that should remain covered and that modesty is the best policy. I know our sons will see such things in their contact with life, but they will not see them in our home, where we have the responsibility of setting a good example.

A READER
Provo, Utah

Editors:

Please! No more pictures of gorgeous Sophia! My husband is ready to hop the first boat to Italy.

DIANNE SPURGEON
Falls Church, Va.

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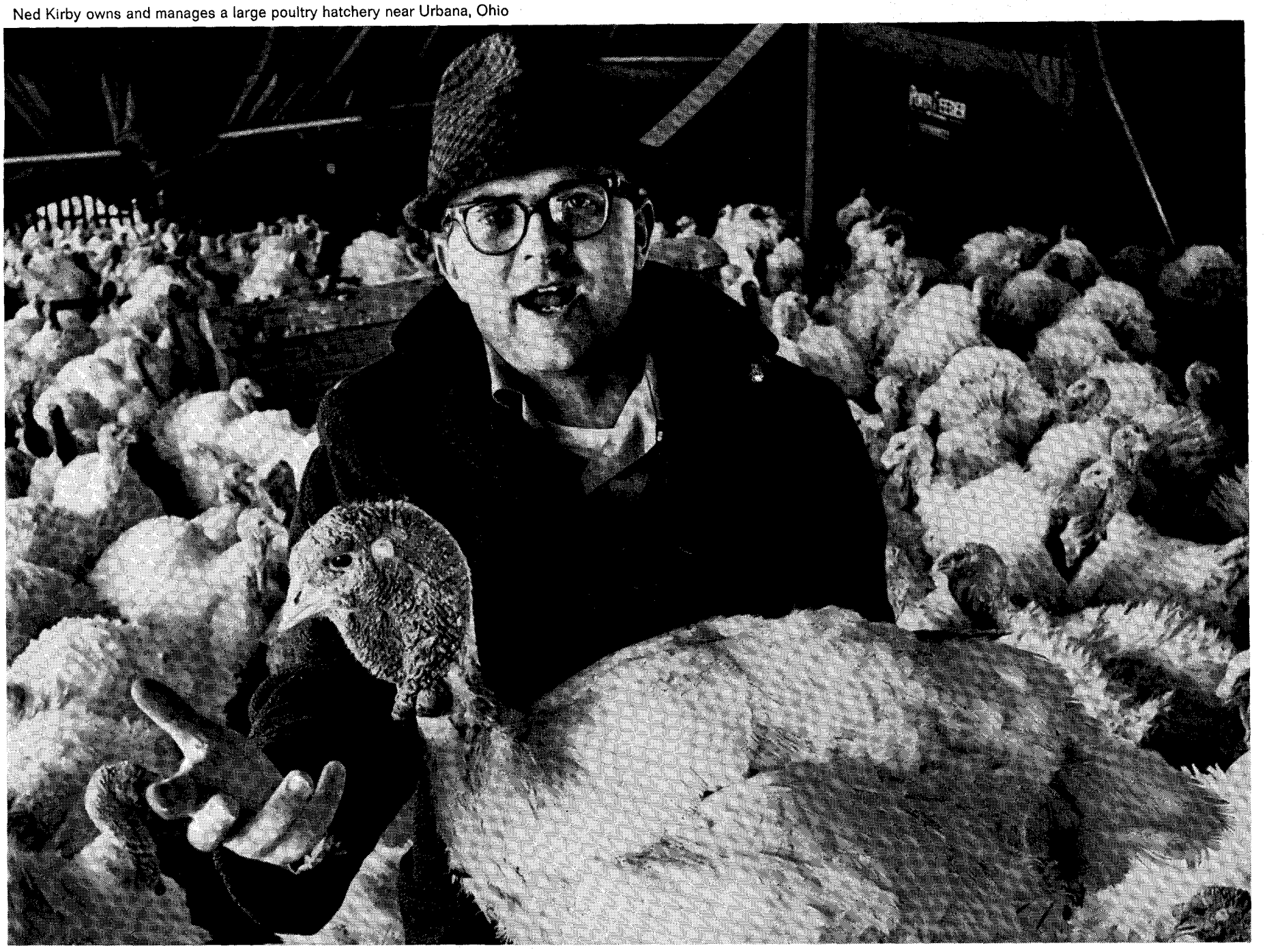
Ned Kirby owns and manages a large poultry hatchery near Urbana, Ohio



"Life insurance? Can't afford it! I'm supporting 5,000 turkeys!"

"But a MONY man showed me how life insurance could help protect my family—with very little cash out of my own pocket!"

Ned Kirby talks it over with MONY man Joe Berwanger, CLU

"'See all these turkeys?' I told MONY man Joe Berwanger. 'Every penny I have goes to feed and breed them. There's no cash for life insurance.'

"But Joe was persistent. He pointed out that with most of my cash tied up, my family would be in trouble if anything happened to me. Then he worked out a program to protect both my family and my business.

"Under Joe's program I have several life insurance policies. My hatchery business helps pay the premiums. Some of the insurance policies could provide funds for my wife and children if I'm not here. These funds would give my wife an income for raising the family. They would help her settle estate taxes. And other policies could help to pay any of the hatchery's debts.

"Joe's program has helped to make my family more secure. And the insurance has given me a source of ready credit. Recently, I used some of my insurance as loan collateral.

"Joe constantly studies to keep up with his complex field. And I feel he identifies easily with my problems. That's why I'm proud to recommend him and MONY to my friends."

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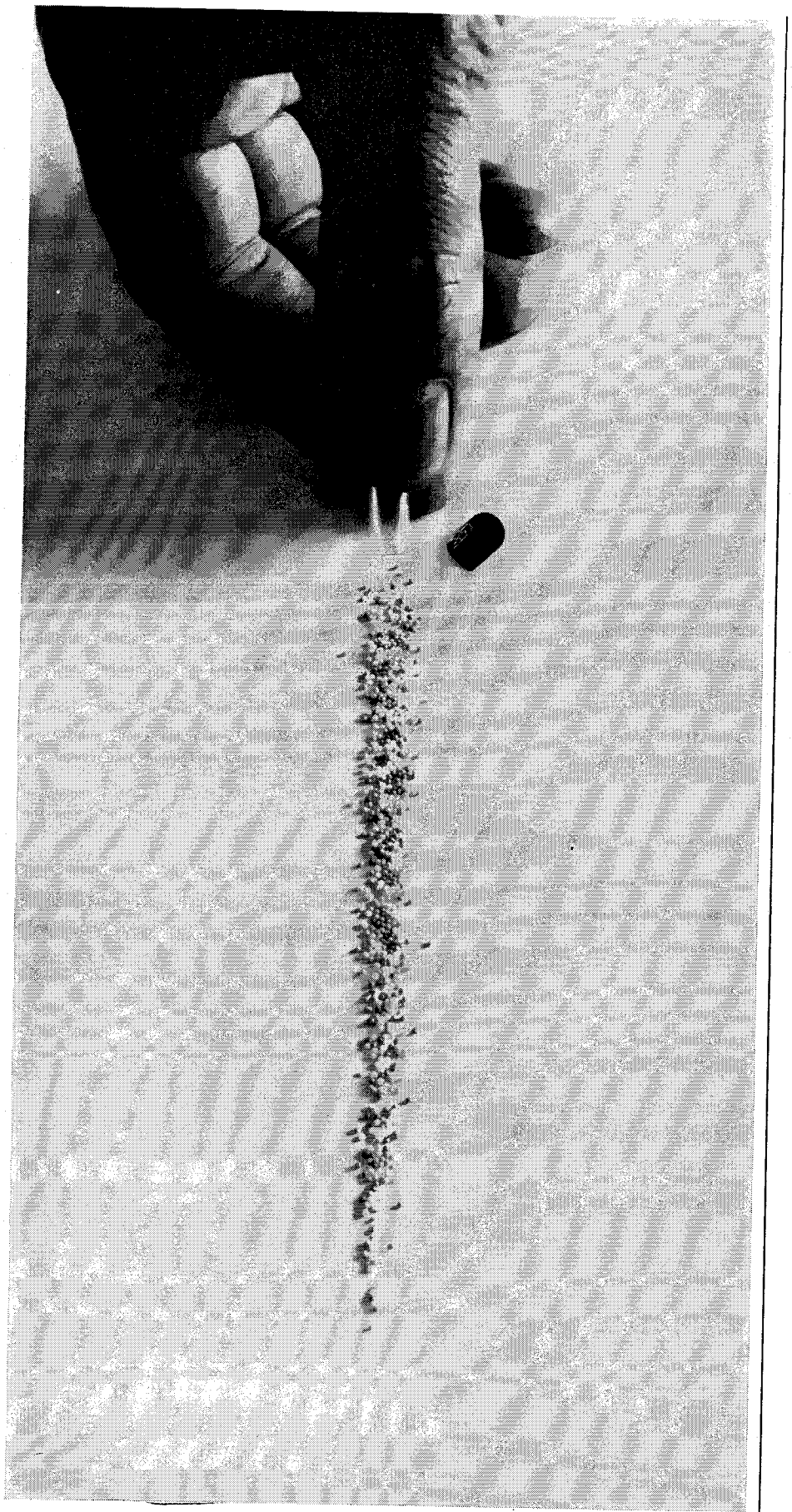

Colds are hard put to beat this system

Here's our system, in capsule form: when you get the first hint that you're coming down with a cold, put a Contac® in your mouth. Swallow. Repeat this procedure once every morning and night. (The 600-and-more "tiny time pills" in each capsule are programmed for up to 12-hour action against sniffles, sneezes, and stuffy nose.)

Continue throughout the course of your cold.

Simple? Yes. But the best thing about our system is that it works.

Contac—the sooner, the better.

At your pharmacy, from Menley & James Laboratories, Philadelphia.

Letters

Tragedy at Aberfan

Dear Sir:

With a lump in my throat, I just finished the article about Aberfan ['HAPPINESS ENDED LAST OCTOBER,' Oct. 21]. Congratulations to author Terry Coleman—I'm sure it was a difficult story for him to write.

MRS. STAN FRIEND
Tipton, Ind.

Dear Editor:

With great compassion I read your thoughtful article about the brave, sad people of Aberfan. There will always be a place in our hearts for the lost children and for those who remain behind with their poignant memories of their loved ones.

MRS. B. HORTON
Houston, Tex.

Mother Goose bewitched

Dear Sir:

After having laughed and laughed at Charles Addams's version of Mother Goose [THE CHARLES ADDAMS MOTHER GOOSE, Oct. 21], I realized that if I were to read these nursery rhymes to my children for the very first time, this is exactly the way they would visualize them! I never would have thought of Wee Willie Winkie as a "peeping Tom," but I'm quite certain in this day and age he would cause many a trauma with his antics.

MRS. DARRELL SHEPPARD
Hoopeston, Ill.

Dear Sir:

You said "Charles Addams creates a bewitching version of Mother Goose"—but "For Adults Only" should have been added. Normal children do not think in terms of grotesque faces, and they meet enough trouble in real life without having Mother Goose so interpreted.

MRS. HESTER B. SKEHAN
Hot Springs National Park, Ark.

Dear Editors:

Upon checking my dictionary, I found "bewitching" defined as "enchanting, charming, delightful."

What is "enchanting" about the old woman under the hill happily knitting while the world outside is completely demolished? And my memories of the "fascinating" Wee Willie Winkie were thrown amuck when I saw him pictured at a window as a ghoul. How could any child in that town fall asleep if they expected that face at the window at eight o'clock?

MRS. NORMA CURNUTTE
Carmichael, Calif.

Gentlemen:

Congratulations on the special feature by Charles Addams. Whether or not Mr. Addams purposely slighted a number of characters is immaterial—but there are rumors that Jack and Jill, Mary and her lamb and Old King Cole are considering a protest march.

LOREN S. LOOMIS
Enid, Okla.

Pickets for education

Dear Sir:

Your editorial DOWN THE UP STAIRCASE [Oct. 21] performs a valuable service by focusing public attention on the teacher's emerging role as educational policy maker. As you imply, the community that neglects the development of a long-range, broad-scale plan of educational improvement or fails to commit to that plan the resources necessary to execute it is neglecting its own future. Certainly the professional staff has a crucial role to play in this planning, and teachers must have a major role in determining the programs and policies of the schools in which they serve; but even where collective action is well established, parallel channels must be created to assure the teacher as much freedom as possible to make his personal contributions to his school system.

JOHN H. FISCHER
President, Teachers College
Columbia University
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

In your recent editorial, DOWN THE UP STAIRCASE, you mistakenly identified the school board of Paducah, Ky., as having precipitated a teachers' strike by failing to increase teachers' salaries. This misfortune occurred in a nearby school system, not in the Paducah school district. The Paducah schools have the highest teacher salary schedule in the area and are recognized throughout the Midwest for excellent teacher-administrator-school-board relations.

A check of the records will show that the Paducah school system has become a regional leader in educational innovation and instructional quality. Each year the U. S. Jaycees select "America's Four Outstanding Young Educators." The Paducah school district is the only system in the nation to have had two of its staff members receive this distinction. In 1966 this award was received by Paducah's school superintendent and in 1967 by its assistant superintendent for instruction.

We in Paducah are proud of our outstanding schools. We hope that this letter will be read by all those who read the earlier editorial.

WILLIAM R. BLACK, *President*
Paducah Board of Education
Paducah, Ky.

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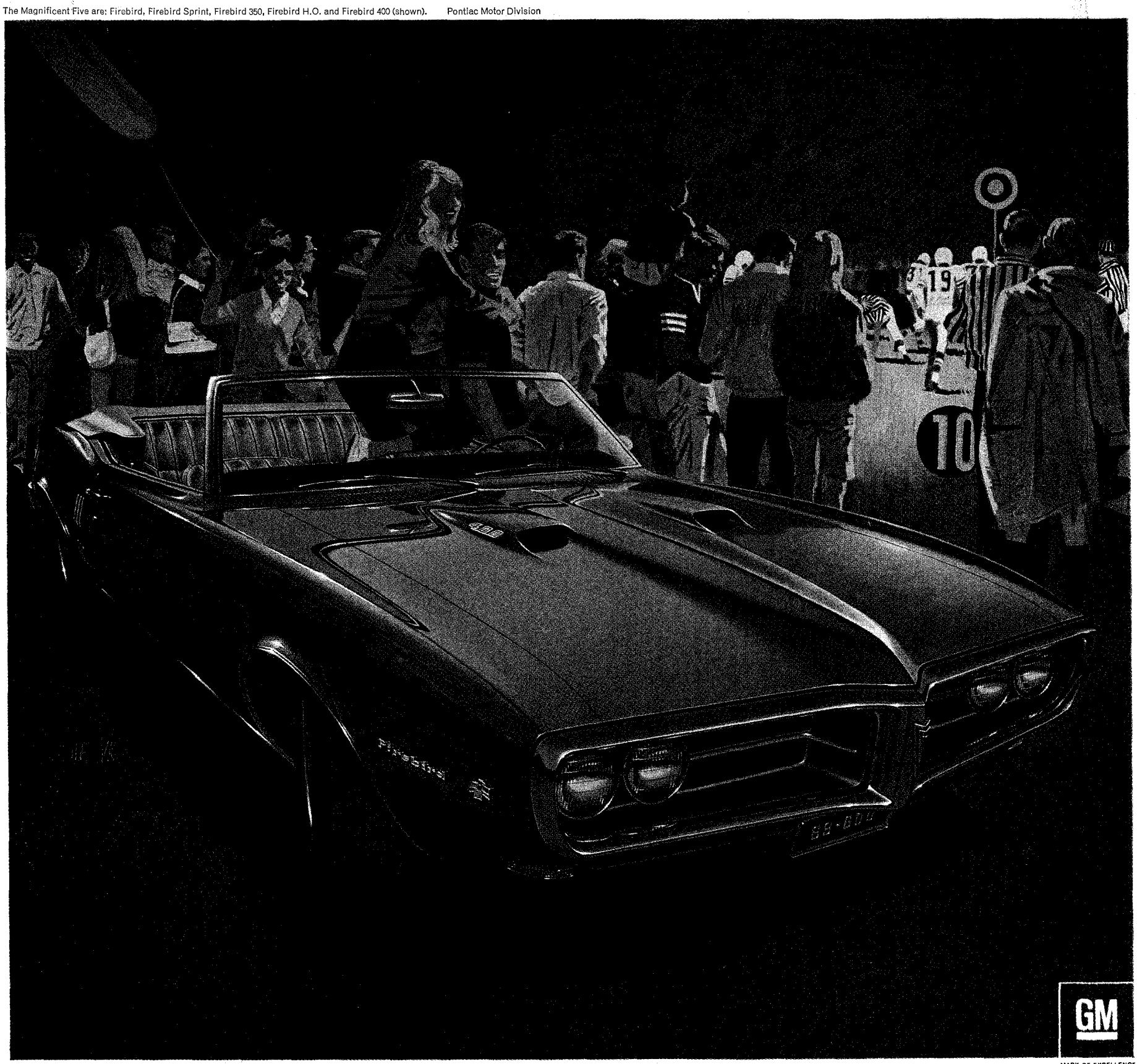

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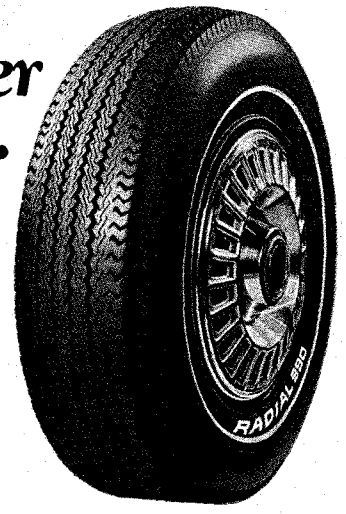

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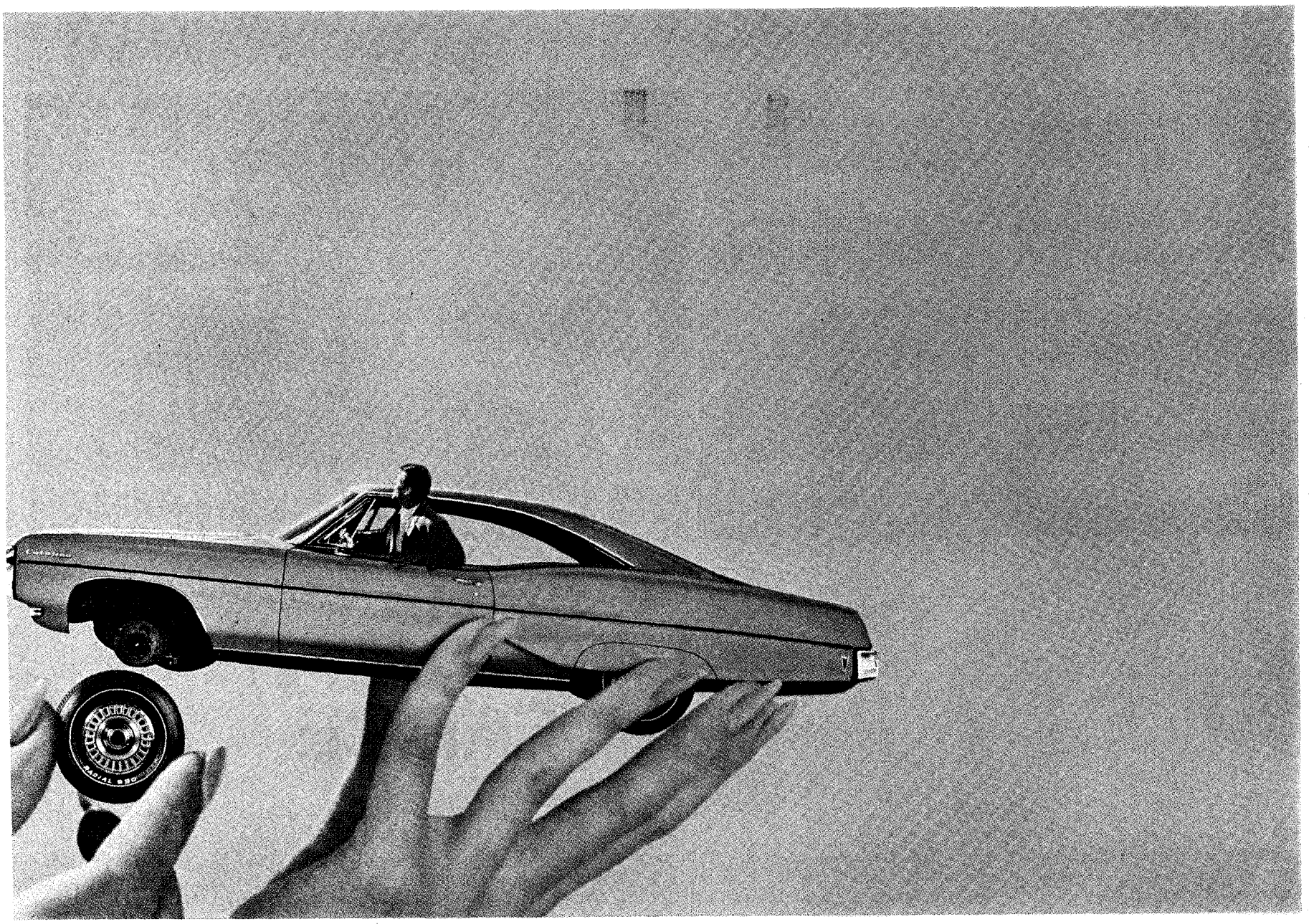

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The author has been clerk of New York's Nassau County for three years and has also won election to another local office: fire chief of his district.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT IS A FARCE

By Franklin H. Ornstein

A ruffian punches the desk sergeant on the nose in police headquarters and the sergeant cries, "Call the police!" It happens in Three Stooges films, but it also can happen in the headquarters of the Nassau County police, in New York City's suburbs. Legally, the county's 2,700-man force should summon a Garden City policeman to make the arrest because the police headquarters is located in Garden City. As the clerk of Nassau County, I have actually seen such absurdities. I have seen a village policeman rush to the County Building to aid a heart-attack victim while a county cop was tagging a parking violator outside my office window.

The governmental farce played in my county is far from unusual. Indeed, it illustrates the comical crisis which pervades local government. In Park Forest, Ill., for instance, a citizen might well be forgiven if he were not sure what to do about *any* local problem. After all, he is governed by two counties, three townships, five school districts, a forest preserve district, a mosquito-abatement district and, oh yes, his own village board of trustees. In Fridley, Minn. (population 25,000), the taxpayer votes in 10 different governmental units—federal, state, county, and city, along with school, sewer, sanitary, hospital, airport, and mosquito-control districts. In the Philadelphia suburbs—a patchwork quilt of communities ranging from Ivyland (population 490) to Upper Darby (93,158)—the path of a state-police car was traced by a newspaper reporter. Within eight miles of the Philadelphia boundary, the trooper passed through seven boroughs and three townships. Similarly, Nassau County's Route 1 changes name 19 times as it sweeps through 15 communities, three towns and one city.

Anyone who takes a look at his own municipal backyard is likely to find an equally silly scene. Across the nation we elect more than 500,000 local officials—who appoint hundreds of thousands of others—to run some 80,000 fragmented, overlapping governments. The voters in Maine, for example, are still electing "fence viewers" to settle property-line disputes. If there is any underlying principle in the labyrinth of American local government, it is confusion. In July, 1966, the Committee for Economic Development stated accurately: "Most American communities lack any instrumentality of government with legal powers, geographic jurisdiction and independent revenue sources necessary to conduct local self-government in any valid sense." With local government in such a condition—and this is what bothers me most of all—is it any surprise that popular participation is on the wane? Seventy-six percent of those queried in a Gallup poll said they could name only the top-level candidates for whom they had voted.

The plain fact is that we are trying to operate local government in the jet age with horse-and-buggy methods. The results—and I see them every day in my own county—are costly, inefficient and inequitable.

A man who can testify to all three results is the Levittown, N.Y., plumber who paid $1,100 in fees to obtain licenses from 60 different Long Island towns and villages last year. In a typical suburban area it would take a computer to produce all the facts on which village permits a driver to make a "right turn on red," and which one expects him to observe the traffic signal one block ahead. There are 1,400 signals in my county: 675 are owned by county government, 345 by the state, 340 by the cities or villages and, what's more, 40 private signals.

I shake my head in disbelief when I drive across the New York City line at night and plunge into the darkness of the Long Island Expressway, the county's most heavily traveled highway. It is a state road, and the state makes no provision for lights. The expressway runs through four villages and two towns, all of which have decided that lighting a state road wouldn't help locally. So there are no lights.

The confused motorist is lucky, however, compared to the one who is injured or killed. It took a number of accidents to get a traffic light installed at one of my county's busiest intersections—right outside the courthouse. A village boundary runs through the intersection and officials of Garden City, Mineola and Nassau wrangled for years before the county installed the signal. Pedestrians can also be the victims of government confusion. Los Angeles's control of its own pedestrian crosswalks was challenged—and the city lost! A judge set aside the city crosswalk ordinance because it conflicted with the state vehicle code.

Los Angeles is a splendid example of why local government desperately needs reform. A major problem is the special district—and Los Angeles County has some 350 of them, along with its 76 cities and 100 school districts. A special district is an area in which the residents receive a specific service—street lights, for instance—and are taxed specially to pay for it. Unfortunately, such districts multiply like people, although people may not know which districts are supposed to be doing what for them. I can't help wondering what happens to representative government when only a handful of voters in the 300-odd special districts in my county bother to vote for the commissioners who give them water, sewers, parks, libraries, garbage collection or fire or police protection. In May, 1966, for instance, a $130,000 firehouse addition was approved by a vote of 75 to 17 in the 15,000-voter Levittown fire district.

Few people who walk into my office can tell me what districts they live in. Indeed, many know only that they send a check to the bank once a month, and somehow their taxes get paid.

Special districts have been created for almost everything imaginable—building a war veterans' memorial, operating an Escalator at a railroad station. A sewer-pipe manufacturer got a contract to lay more pipes than the community could ever use—after he had managed to organize a "citizens' committee," and thus get a special sewer district created.

Cities have also been "invented" for objectionable reasons. Levittown is Nassau's largest community (population 66,800), but has no government, while Long Beach (population 29,000), where I (*continued on page 16*)

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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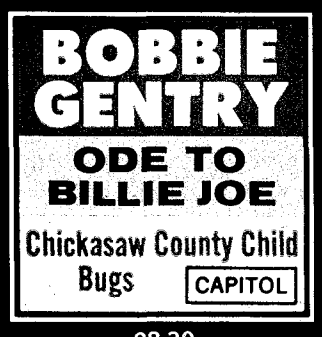

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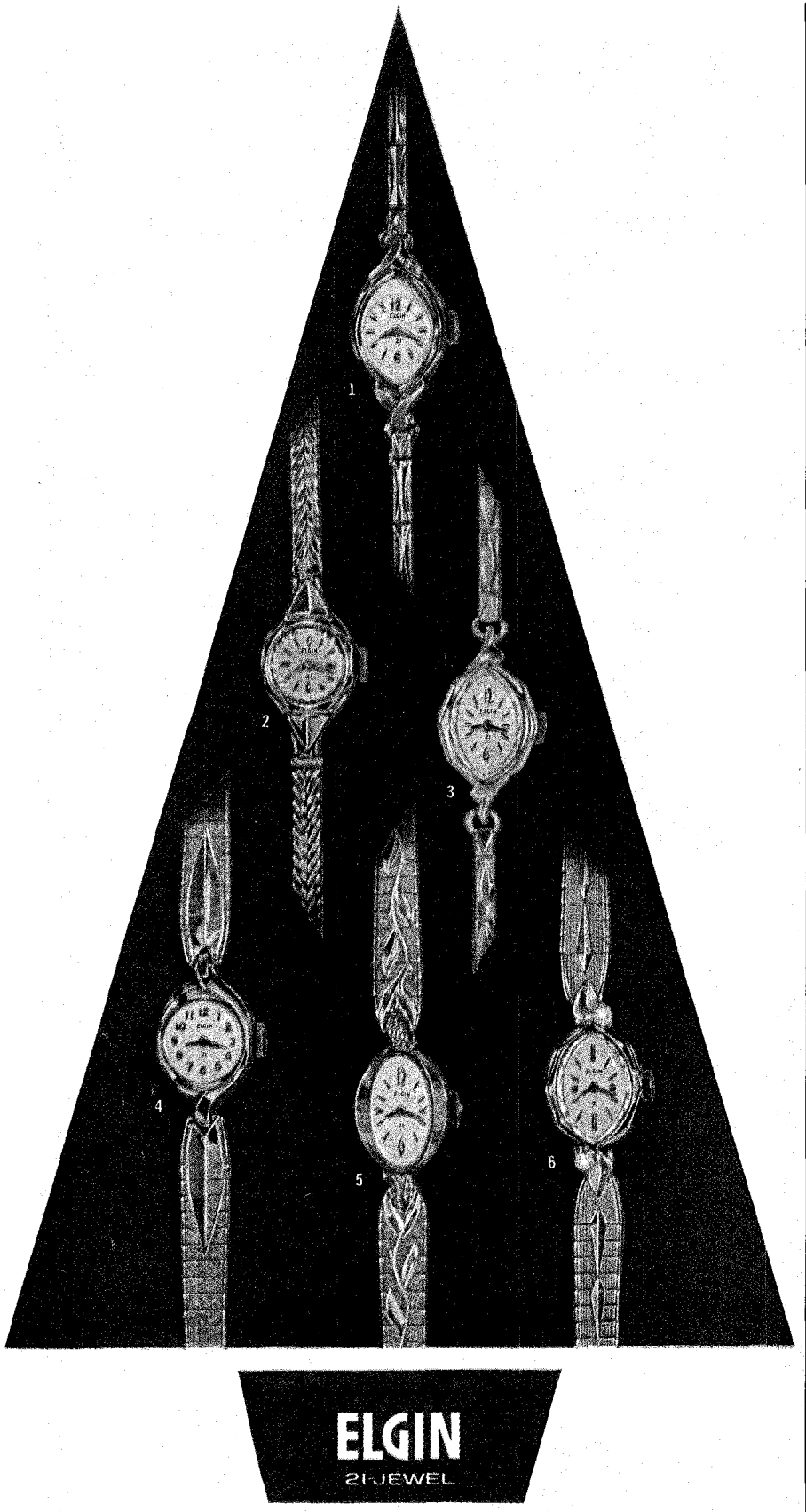

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The excellent watches of ELGIN®

(continued from page 10)

grew up (a great place to live), was incorporated in 1922 under the aegis of a developer who laid out the streets, dug the canals, set up his own water company and raked in the profits.

Perhaps the ultimate joke of local government is what the officials actually *do*. I felt like Alice in Wonderland recently when, on the same day, both Nassau County and a town government in Nassau announced plans to hire people to screen all narcotics-education programs—presumably including each others' programs. For the 822,000 people in Hempstead, the town board must hold a public hearing on every no-parking sign, marshland lease renewal or hydrant relocation.

I think M.I.T. Prof. Robert C. Wood, now on leave as Under Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, put it nicely when he labeled the New York metropolitan area "one of the great unnatural wonders of the world. . . . A vigorous metropolitan area, the economic capital of the nation, governs itself by means of 1,467 distinct political entities (at latest count), each having its own power to raise and spend the public treasure. . . ." Prof. James C. Charlesworth of the University of Pennsylvania reported from the Midwest: "In a chaotic mélange like metropolitan Chicago the voter has long since abandoned attempts to know where he stands vis-à-vis the multitudes of wraithlike officials who serve him." Americans tramp to the polls to elect coal weighers, tree wardens and lumber inspectors. Such is the apathy of American local government that there are incorporated municipalities with zero population; there are no people to vote for dissolution.

There is one subject about which voters would not be apathetic if they knew the facts. The subject is taxes, and where the money goes. The cost of local government in the United States has jumped from $20.1 billion in 1952 to $60 billion in 1967. It's still rising, and no leveling-off is in sight. Waste, according to experts not given to exaggeration, is about 25 percent.

Alarmed local officials are turning more and more to Washington. Instead of looking to the Federal Government, I believe they should be turning their eyes upon the inadequacies of their own regimes. Above all, they should review their chief source of funds, the property tax, which still provides more than $58 of every $100 raised by local government. This tax is unfair; it takes no account of income. Moreover, it can be unequal. In a Pennsylvania study the ratio of assessed valuation to full value ranged across the state from 20 to 78 percent and in New Jersey from 16 to 56 percent. The New Jersey Commission on State Tax Policy freely uses the term "tax lightning" to describe an assessor's sudden strike for tax gold.

Our real need today is for new kinds of government. The outlook for any real change, however, will remain bleak as long as the public doesn't care. And it doesn't. I know I can get a rise out of a friend or neighbor by saying the right (or wrong) thing about Vietnam or Medicare, but when I turn to local government, I know I am losing his interest. The New England town meeting has been sentimentalized as "pure democracy," but a study of Winchester, Mass., revealed that nearly half of those attending town meetings were public officials. Another New England town-meeting study found only one out of 13 registered voters in attendance. And apathy toward government isn't the only obstacle. Any change inevitably upsets well-greased working arrangements involving contracts between government and industry. The very politician who should lead the fight for reform may be anxious to keep his corner of profit or prestige, and he has a ready-made weapon: He poses as a defender of "home rule."

The home-rule battle cry has been raised not to preserve local freedom but to keep the dogcatcher on the ballot. In my supposedly sophisticated county, I was pleased to see the Town of Hempstead drop its cemetery trustees from the ballot, but winced when town officials decided to keep their array of sanitation district commissioners, receiver of taxes and town clerk.

I propose that we bring about a total reorganization of American local government. The minimum electorate for a government providing health services might be fixed at 75,000. For a government operating schools, the figure might be set at 25,000 to 40,000. We should also have limits—both maximum and minimum—on electorates seeking to provide themselves with all the other local services: recreation, garbage collection, and even sidewalks.

In this way, we could eliminate the enormous leakage of local money—the duplicate spending about which the public seldom knows or seems to care. The number of local communities could profitably be reduced from 80,000 to a maximum of between 15,000 and 20,000 by consolidating small municipalities and uniting the county-town functions, eliminating the duplicating services and abolishing all special districts and phantom townships.

Any new federal-aid programs to local government should be ruled out, and the existing ones should be cut back. Federal officials are all too eager to grant aid to local government, knowing that another tentacle of power is attached to every dollar. In state capitals, just as in Washington, one finds the same reluctance to relinquish power that plagues the city and town halls.

In Nassau this year, counting federal and state aid as well as local taxes, the average taxpayer is paying nearly $2,000 a year on local government, almost one third the country's median annual family income. In all, we're spending close to a billion dollars a year on local government for Nassau County's 1.4 million people—and comparable amounts are being spent everywhere, most noticeably in suburbia. The cost of local government in the United States is expected to soar to $90 billion by 1972. I urge that we set up a Local Government Improvement Corporation (LOGIC), perhaps financed by a foundation and not beholden to government or industry. LOGIC would train people for careers in local government and help community leaders who seek to modernize their government. We must act now, with LOGIC, before town hall becomes just another federal agency.

Franklin H. Adler

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■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

Richard Nixon and the locked door

NEW YORK:

Richard Milhous Nixon has performed the most remarkable feat of self-levitation in modern political history. He has no political base, and in his last two tries for public office he suffered seemingly disastrous defeats. Yet here he is today, a—probably *the*—leading candidate for the Republican presidential nomination in 1968. How does he do it?

"I don't really know," Nixon said with a small smile when asked this question during a recent long interview in his skyscraper office in downtown Manhattan. "All you press people thought I was finished for good in 1962, and as a matter of fact I thought so myself. I have no false humility. I know my capabilities, though maybe I go further than I ought to in analyzing my weaknesses. But I do think the Establishment press has tended to underestimate me."

The "Establishment press" has certainly tended to underestimate the importance of one fact—that the growing weakness of George Romney means growing strength for Richard Nixon. It begins to seem possible that Romney will play for Nixon the same patsy role that Hubert Humphrey played for John Kennedy in 1960. Nixon today, like Kennedy then, needs to win in the primaries, and he therefore needs somebody to beat. Nixon is wholly aware of the parallel:

"The primaries are as important to me this time as they were to Kennedy in 1960. I've got to disprove the can't-win thing, just as he had to disprove the Catholic thing." If Nixon can "disprove the can't-win thing" in the primaries next year, it will be almost as difficult for the Republicans to deny him the nomination as it would have been for the Democrats to deny Kennedy the nomination after his victories in Wisconsin and West Virginia.

"The primaries present an opportunity for Nixon," Nixon says, "but also, of course, a very considerable risk. I've been quoted as saying that I've got to win *all* the primaries, but of course that's not the case. What I have to do is come out with a fielder's average, not a batter's average—say .800 or .900."

The make-or-break primary is the first one, in New Hampshire in March, and although polls currently show Nixon far ahead of Romney there, he is counting no unhatched chickens.

"It's going to be a close fight, whatever the polls say. Tom Dewey once told me that in 1948 the polls showed him winning two-to-one over Stassen, and it ended up fifty-five–forty-five. There's the tendency to gang up on the front-runner, and the uncertainty of a write-in vote makes New Hampshire unpredictable. There could be a massive Rockefeller movement, and if Rockefeller and Percy stay out, there could be a write-in campaign for Reagan, like Lodge's last time. With his professional use of television, a Lodge-type campaign could work better with Reagan than with Lodge.

"Wisconsin will be a tight one, too, and so will Nebraska and Indiana," Nixon says. "And if there's no decisive winner, Oregon could have the same effect as in 1948, when Dewey knocked Stassen out there. It's unpredictable, which is what makes this campaign so fascinating."

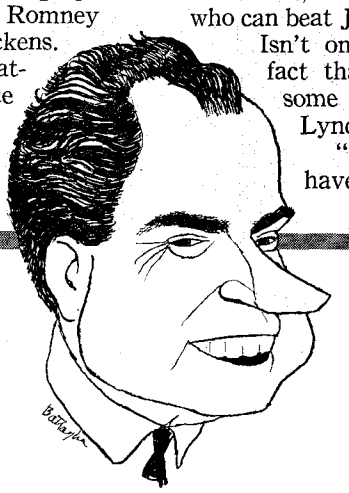
Suppose Romney is badly beaten by Nixon in the primaries. Won't the liberal wing almost automatically coalesce around Rockefeller?

"It takes two to play at that game. What is Romney going to do? He's already given a year of his life to this thing, and he's a very determined man. I would not anticipate that he's simply going to withdraw from the race."

What will happen if the results of the primaries are indecisive?

"If Nixon and Romney are a wash—he wins one, I win one, and so on—everybody says that Rockefeller will pick up the pieces. I think they're overlooking Reagan. In a brokered convention Rockefeller would not be a good bet. I think the Establishment press tends to overestimate Rockefeller's chances and underestimate Reagan's. The hearts of the delegates would belong to Reagan, and Reagan could win a lot of heads too.

"Rockefeller's certainly made an impressive comeback. I have, incidentally, a sort of fellow-feeling for him—I've been written off as dead too. He's handled his national political situation with great skill. I'm not going to question his sincerity about not being a candidate. But the forces operating on him may become irresistible. The question is when? And how? . . . The Republicans are looking for a winner, but they're also looking for a Republican. . . . I think Rockefeller will have a major chance if, when the time comes, it is clear that he is the *only* man who can beat Johnson."



Isn't one of Nixon's big troubles the fact that many people think he has some of the same qualifications as Lyndon Johnson?

"Yes, I know—a lot of you people have written that I have the same weakness as Johnson, the reputation as a fixer, a wheeler-dealer. It's not a question whether it's the truth. What's important politically is that so many people have written it—including yourself. . . . But I do think the Establishment press underestimates me in two ways. First, I really do have convictions, for example, on Vietnam, and I'm not going to change those convictions for political reasons. Second, I have an ability to define the great issues in an understandable way. . . . I suppose it sounds hackneyed, but I really *do* believe that the next eight years will decide whether peace and freedom survive. The next President is going to have to find a way to defuse both the danger of nuclear disaster abroad and the danger of civil war in this country."

Nixon is no doubt right—the Establishment press does underestimate him. Partly this is because the Establishment press is overinfluenced by the kind of liberal-intellectual who has a programmed response to every political stimulus. To such people, the name of Nixon instantly produces a mental image of a sort of cardboard monster, without conscience, or conviction, or human feeling of any sort.

In fact, Richard Nixon is a most interesting human being. He is especially interesting when he talks politics, for it is always fascinating to hear a great professional talk about his profession. Nixon is also a man of very impressive intelligence and ability, and truly astonishing drive and tenacity. And yet there is a quality about the man that helps explain why to so many people he seems a cardboard monster.

Perhaps because he has so often been bruised and beaten in his political career, Nixon has developed a sort of carapace—a skin so thick that it conceals whatever human passions stir beneath it. He thus conveys an impression of totally passionless detachment, even with respect to the leading presidential candidate to whom he often refers in the third person as "Nixon."

This quality of detachment robs him of human warmth. To this reporter, thinking back to that long talk, it somehow seems almost certain that this detached and passionless quality in Nixon will stand like a locked door between him and the great office he has sought so long, whatever may happen next year in New Hampshire, or Wisconsin, or even at the Republican Convention in Miami Beach in August.

Stewart Alsop

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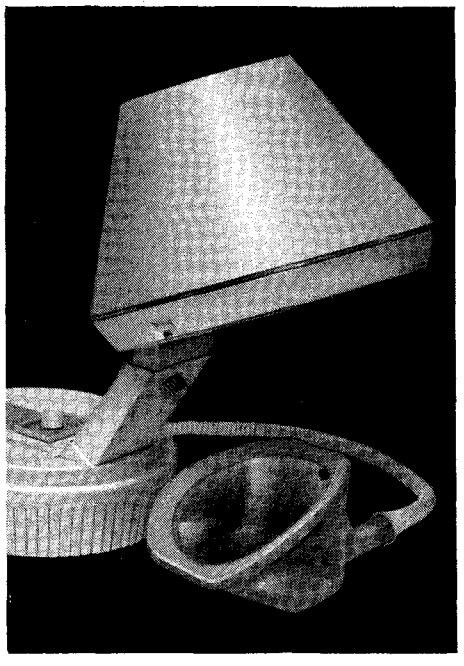

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First mist hairdryer with a built-in facial sauna. Beautifying mist super sets your set, assures even coloring. Facial sauna cleans your skin better than any cream or moisturizer. Salonette* dries your hair quietly in less than 20 minutes.
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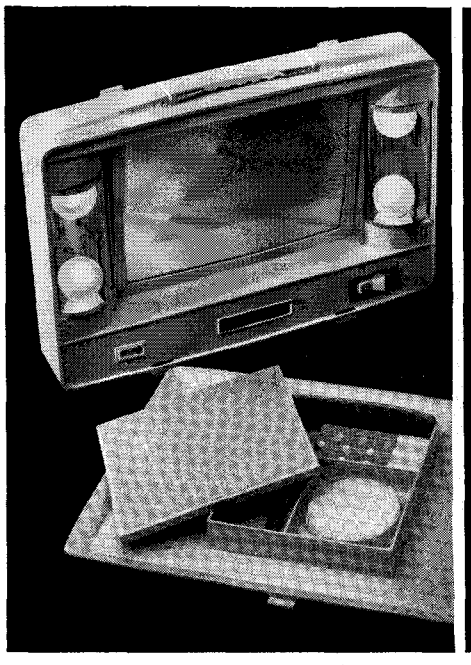
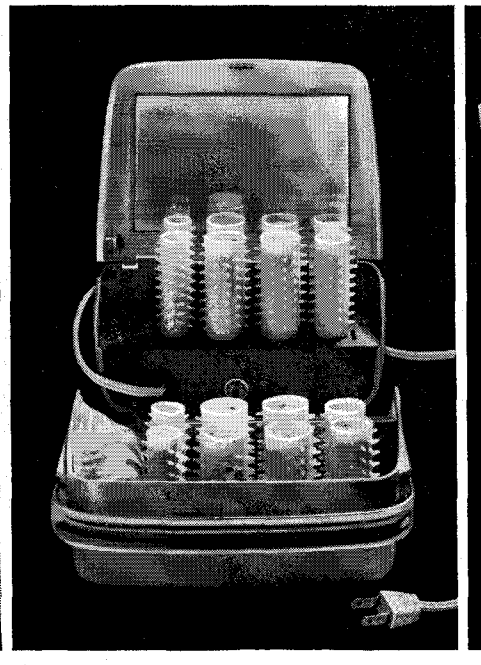
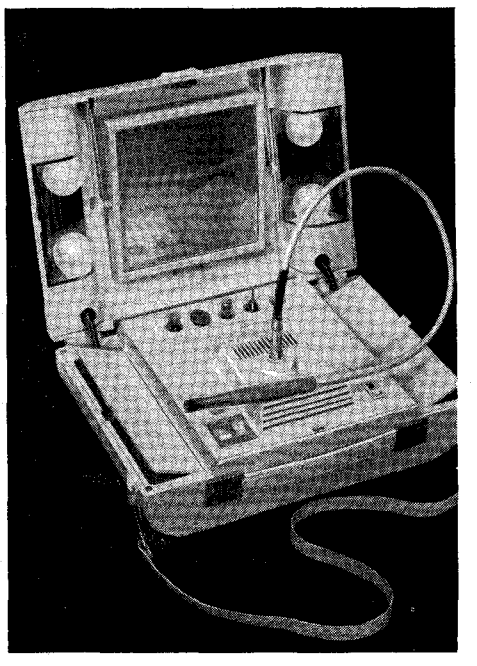


RAYETTE LOOK-A-LIGHT
New dual swivel make-up mirror (regular and magnifying). 2 brightness levels. Shadow-free directional lighting. In a smart portable case, with roomy cosmetic compartment.



RAYETTE CINDERELLA
New portable electric roller kit with 16 "hot" rollers*. Gives you a good night's set in just 5 minutes.
(*also available in 8-roller size Deb Curl)



RAYETTE MANI-CARRY
First lighted mirror-manicure cosmetic case. Includes 5 automatic nail groomers. Regular and magnifying make-up mirrors. In one neat portable case.

Rayette Home Beauty Appliances
Rayette® Division of Rayette-Fabergé, Inc.

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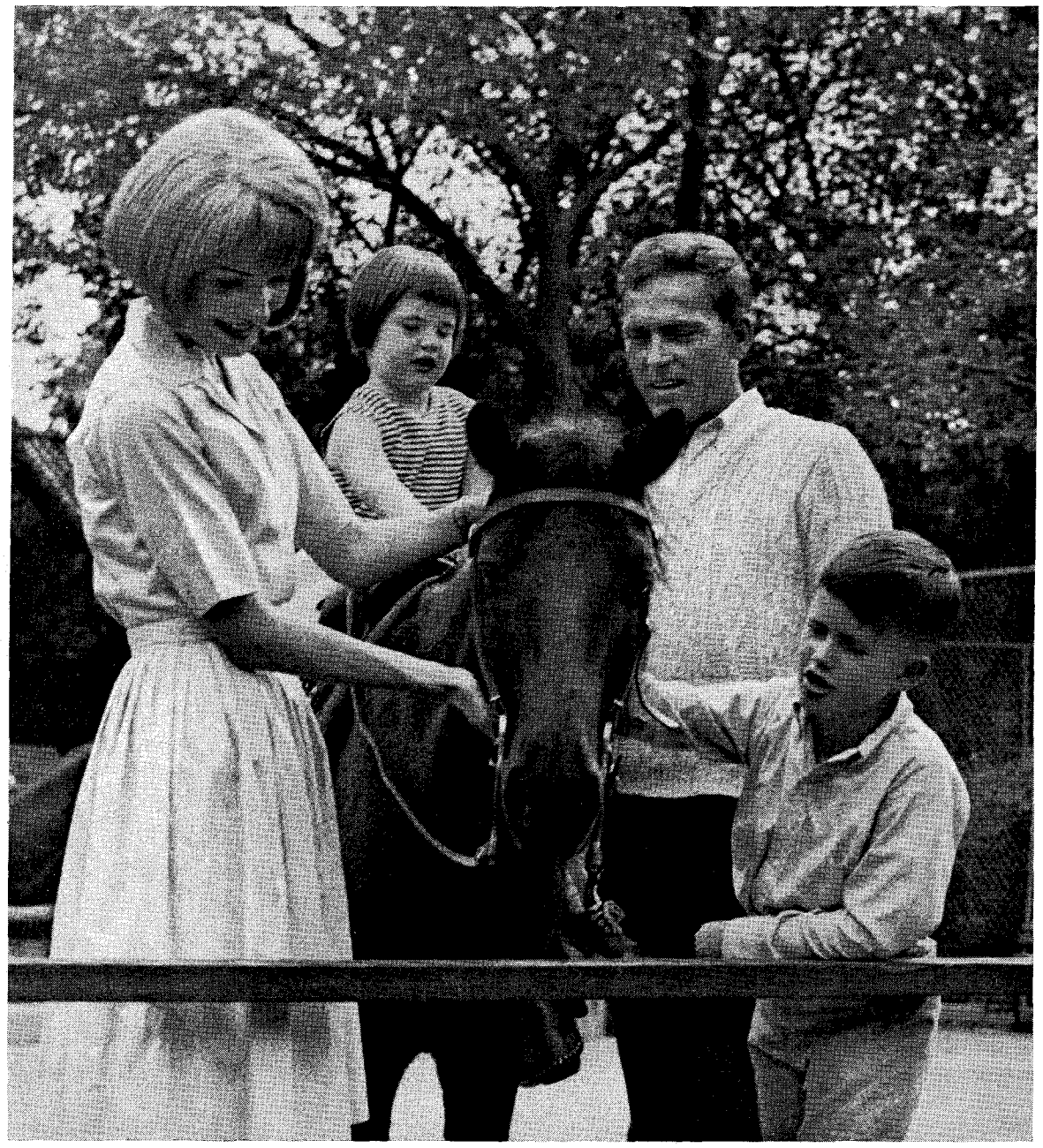
Experts find

YOU NEED NOT BE OVER 65 TO GAIN FROM MEDICARE



Life's more fun when you feel secure against medical bills. It's twice the fun knowing you'll get money back for staying healthy. Sick or well you must collect.

There are two important things people of all ages should realize about the government's new "Medicare" program of health protection for people over 65.

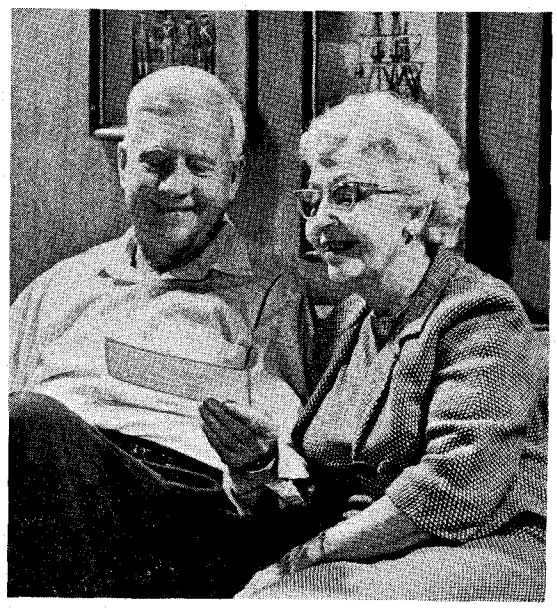
Most men and women over 65 already know that Medicare will not pay all their hospital, medical and surgical bills. They realize they need *added* protection to supplement Medicare and avoid an expensive loss. More about that later.

But few people *under* 65 realize that they, too, can gain from Medicare. A little-known part of the new Medicare bill (213a IRC.) gives people a much bigger tax deduction on their health insurance premiums, starting this year. So your health insurance can end up costing you less.

And now you can *also* get a revolutionary new kind of health insurance protection plan that *returns money to you* when you no longer need the protection because of Medicare.

When Medicare starts for you, this remarkable new low cost plan of protection will give you a big cash refund if you stayed well and didn't need the plan's benefits. Simply keep it in force until then, and you get paid a substantial cash "nest-egg" to enjoy during your retirement years—to save or spend as you wish. This extra cash can add important security to your retirement. Or you can use it for travel, a car, or for other things to help you enjoy retirement more.

Like ordinary health insurance, this new plan pays you tax-free cash benefits if you do get sick or hurt. It pays you regardless of other hospital, medical or surgical insurance you may have. And with today's higher-than-ever medical expenses, 9 out of 10 families urgently need added protection.



People over 65 get the cash they need to help fill the gaps in Medicare.

But unlike ordinary plans, this low cost plan means you no longer have to be sick or hurt to collect. Instead of paying premiums which return no money if you have no claims, you get a big cash refund at maturity. In effect, you've built up an extra savings account.

Even if you do use up part of the benefits, you can still get a refund. If you collect less than what you've paid in annualized premiums, you get a refund of the difference. Sick or well, you *must* collect.

This revolutionary new kind of protection is offered by Certified Life Insurance Co. of California as part of the famous White Cross Plan protecting thousands of California families. And the White Cross Plan also includes new low cost protections specially designed to help people *over* 65 fill the gaps in Medicare.

The story of Medicare's new tax savings, plus the remarkable "Money-Back" plan and special "Over-65" plans to supplement Medicare, is told in the Gold Book, an interesting and informative booklet offered to you free by Certified.

****To get your free copy of the Gold Book, simply fill out and mail the postage-free reply card bound in next to this page. There is no cost or obligation.*

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PLEASE DON'T STRIKE THE TEACHER

By BILL BREISKY

JULES VERNE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
Office of the Principal
November 21, 1967

Dear *Mr. and Mrs. Johnson:*

At the close of school tomorrow your *Gregory* will begin the Thanksgiving holiday. We trust it will be a joyous holiday for all of you. We also trust you will exert every effort to insure that *Gregory* sees the student's duty to society, and that he returns to classes next Monday in defiance of certain militant ninth-graders who fancy themselves "leaders" but do not truly represent our student body.

No doubt you have heard rumors concerning the regrettable bomb-throwing incident during Monday morning's assembly in the auditorium, and the subsequent raising of the Cuban national colors on the school flagpole. While we educators, as Socrates' spiritual heirs, appreciate that the quest for truth may at times lead the best of students down treacherous paths, we feel the degree of anarchy expressed by a boisterous minority of our young minds has reached, if not exceeded, the bounds of decorum and fair play

In line with this school's community-relations policy of keeping parents abreast of noteworthy happenings here at Verne, I shall now fill you in on some of the events which led up to the student rebellion, and how we—the faculty and administration—intend to handle the situation.

You are aware, of course, that study halls, recess periods and lunch hours were temporarily eliminated when school finally opened on October 10, following the United Teachers' historic victory over the school board and other forces of reaction. We eliminated these free-time periods reluctantly. There seemed no other way to make up the 24 school days that were lost while the school board haggled over giving the teachers of our city the $9.5 million salary increase they needed in order to improve the effectiveness of instruction.

Our students have been given considerable makeup work this term, and a few of them apparently grew resentful. The incident that ignited the smoldering sense of injustice among this minority occurred in Mr. Gassner's eighth-grade civics class. Mr. Gassner was lecturing on "The Bill of Rights, 1967-Style," when a 14-year-old student—whom I shall call "Leonard"—inquired if students had the right to strike. Mr. Gassner replied, "In certain situations, yes"—whereupon Leonard commenced striking Mr. Gassner.

A loyal member of the teaching profession, Mr. Gassner also is a man deeply committed to the cause of free expression and would have filed no charges against headstrong young Leonard for his prank. However, an assistant principal passed Mr. Gassner's classroom at that moment, saw Leonard boxing Mr. Gassner's ears with a pair of blackboard erasers, and felt he could not ignore the situation.

"Leonard is not a disruptive student," Mr. Gassner insisted to the assistant principal. "We must distinguish between the disruptive student and the student who is merely flouting the rules of our school." Had not one of Leonard's admirers stung the assistant principal on the back of the neck at that moment with a ball bearing fired from a slingshot, Mr. Gassner might have won the argument. As it turned out, the two boys were suspended for three days, and the student "sympathy strike" leading up to the unfortunate bombing incident was under way.

Chanting their Thanksgiving Eve battle cry, "Let's Talk Turkey," a group of self-styled student leaders presented their so-called "Six Sore Points" in my office at noon today. They said the administration would have "the entire holiday" to consider their grievances, and that if the grievances were not corrected, the student body would resign en masse.

The Six Sore Points were presented in the form of demands as follows:

1. A shorter study day for students, to coincide with the teachers' newly won shorter workday.
2. Recognition of the United Federation of Students as official bargaining agent for the student body, with all faculty grievances regarding student behavior or scholastic performance to be channeled through the federation.
3. Immediate reinstatement, with no penalty or loss of academic standing, of the six students suspended without a public hearing for allegedly locking their instructor out of the school's sex-education laboratory.
4. More holidays, increase of student sick leave to 60 days, and an immediate end to the "humiliating" practice of requiring students to explain their absence from school by bringing notes signed by their parents.
5. An equal role for students in the affairs of the Parent-Teacher Association, and the consequent renaming of the P.T.A. as the Student-Parent-Instructor Triumvirate, or SPIT.
6. Establishment of a student-directed Faculty Evaluation Committee, with authority to transfer or suspend "obstructive" teachers.

On behalf of the faculty and administration of Verne Junior High, I would like to go on record as saying I view these Six Sore Points as both unrealistic and irresponsible. I further believe that the students' threat to resign is a hollow one—and that any capitulation on our part, in an effort to avert such a mass exodus, would constitute temporizing with lawlessness.

History should have taught us that acquiescence is no proper response to anarchy. In this school's Brown Bag Rebellion of last January, when numbers of our hot-lunch students brought bag lunches to express their displeasure with the choice of puddings in the cafeteria, we capitulated. The heady mood following this student victory, you will recall, resulted in the Big-Book Bonfire, protesting the use of textbooks more than an inch and a half in thickness.

Now, as to where we stand and what we intend to do:

*Student-initiated rumors that we plan to place "substitute students" "scabs," really) in the classrooms in the event of a walkout—"so the teachers won't get rusty"—are entirely without foundation in fact.

*While we agree in principle with the concept of shorter hours and more holidays for students, we deplore the use of militancy to obtain such goals, especially by seventh- and eighth-graders, who have not yet completed Civics 2 (Civil Disobedience).

*A law firm representing your school administration is seeking to obtain an injunction against the two school bus operators who have seen fit to rent advertising space on their buses for the display of the students' "Let's Talk Turkey" and "Burne Verne" posters.

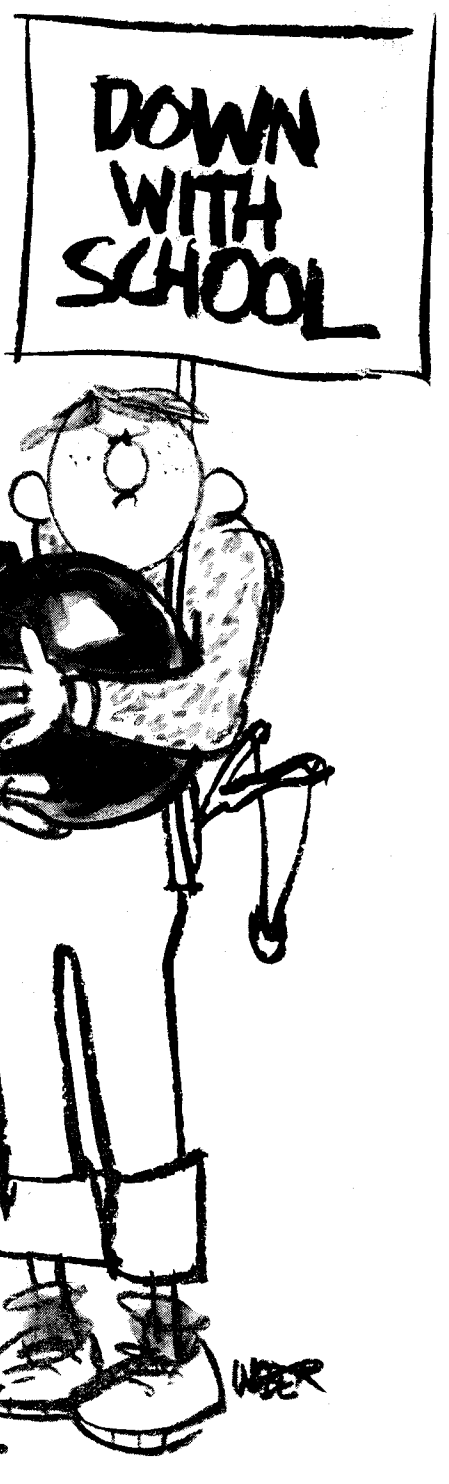
*It is purely coincidental that draft-board officials were in my office today, checking the classifications of those seventh-, eighth- and ninth-grade male students who are 18 years of age and older—but I feel it is only fair to warn such young men that they will jeopardize their student deferments if they fail to report for classes next Monday.

We appear to have on our hands not an orderly strike but a wildcat walkout. While we have no intention of negotiating school <u>policy</u> with anyone—and certainly not an illegally constituted group of renegades—we are ready at all times to discuss legitimate grievances with individual students. With a display of goodwill on all sides, and a reasonable amount of retrenching on the part of the students, there is no reason why classes should not resume on schedule after the holiday.

Yours for better schools,

Hiram L. Wooley
Hiram L. Wooley
Principal

P.S. In the event that *Gregory* <u>does</u> resign next Monday, please be certain that *he* submits *his* resignation on the approved, standardized forms, copies of which are enclosed. These forms will enable your school administration to give prompt attention to *Gregory's* resignation.



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The mid-size Plymouths: GTX, Sport Satellite, Satellite, Belvedere, Road Runner.

They're sized right between our big Fury and our compact Valiant.

And we've given them all-new styling for '68.

The Plymouth win-you-over beat goes on.

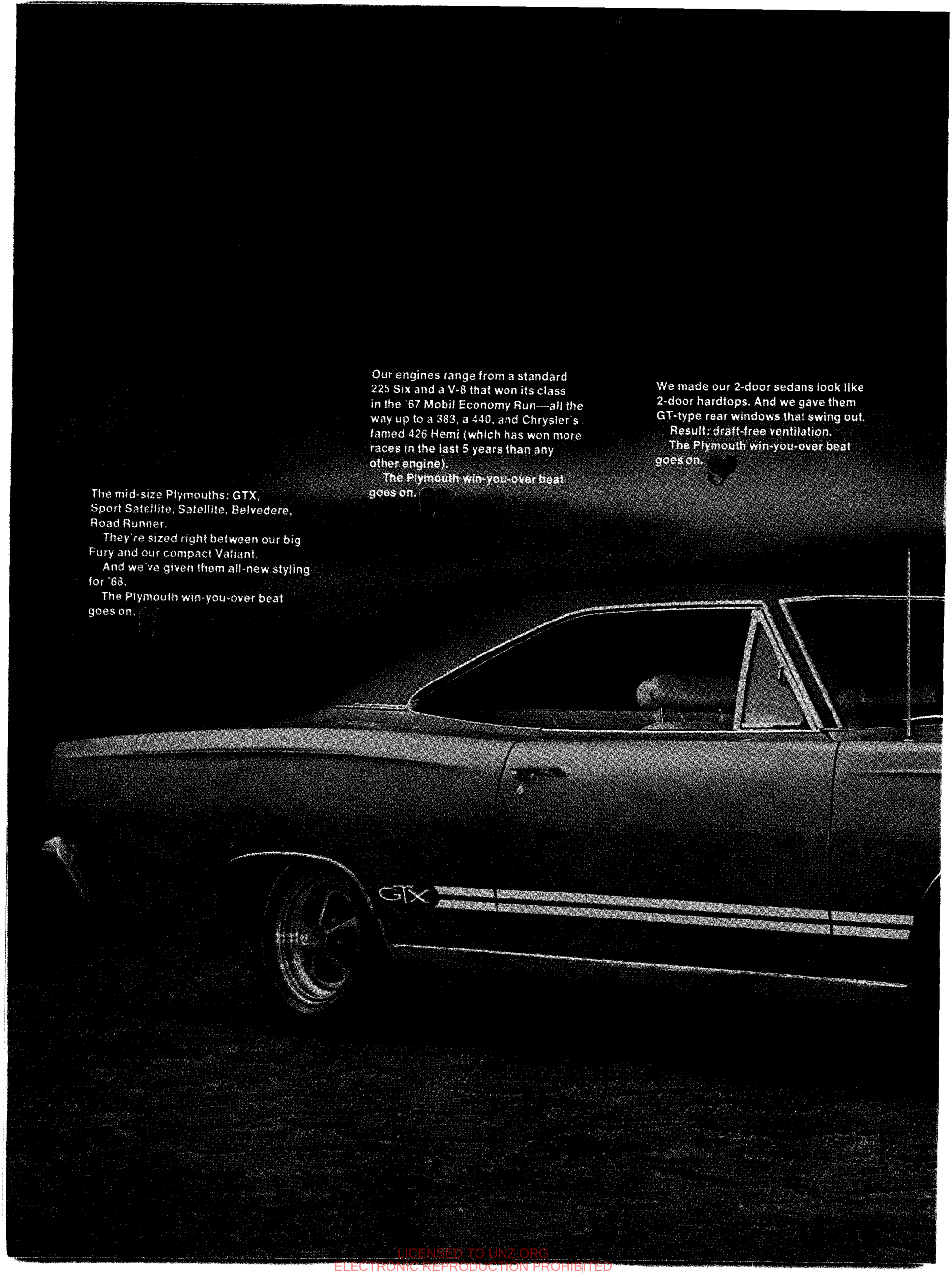
Our engines range from a standard 225 Six and a V-8 that won its class in the '67 Mobil Economy Run—all the way up to a 383, a 440, and Chrysler's famed 426 Hemi (which has won more races in the last 5 years than any other engine).

The Plymouth win-you-over beat goes on.

We made our 2-door sedans look like 2-door hardtops. And we gave them GT-type rear windows that swing out.

Result: draft-free ventilation.

The Plymouth win-you-over beat goes on.



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om GTX to Satellite to Road Runner, a whole new line of mid-size cars for '68.

percar, the GTX, a special
side-facing scoops.
and you'll find
he dash, right near
r.
win-you-over beat

There's a new low-cost, high-performance car called the Road Runner.

It's a whole new way to go for Plymouth. Or anybody.

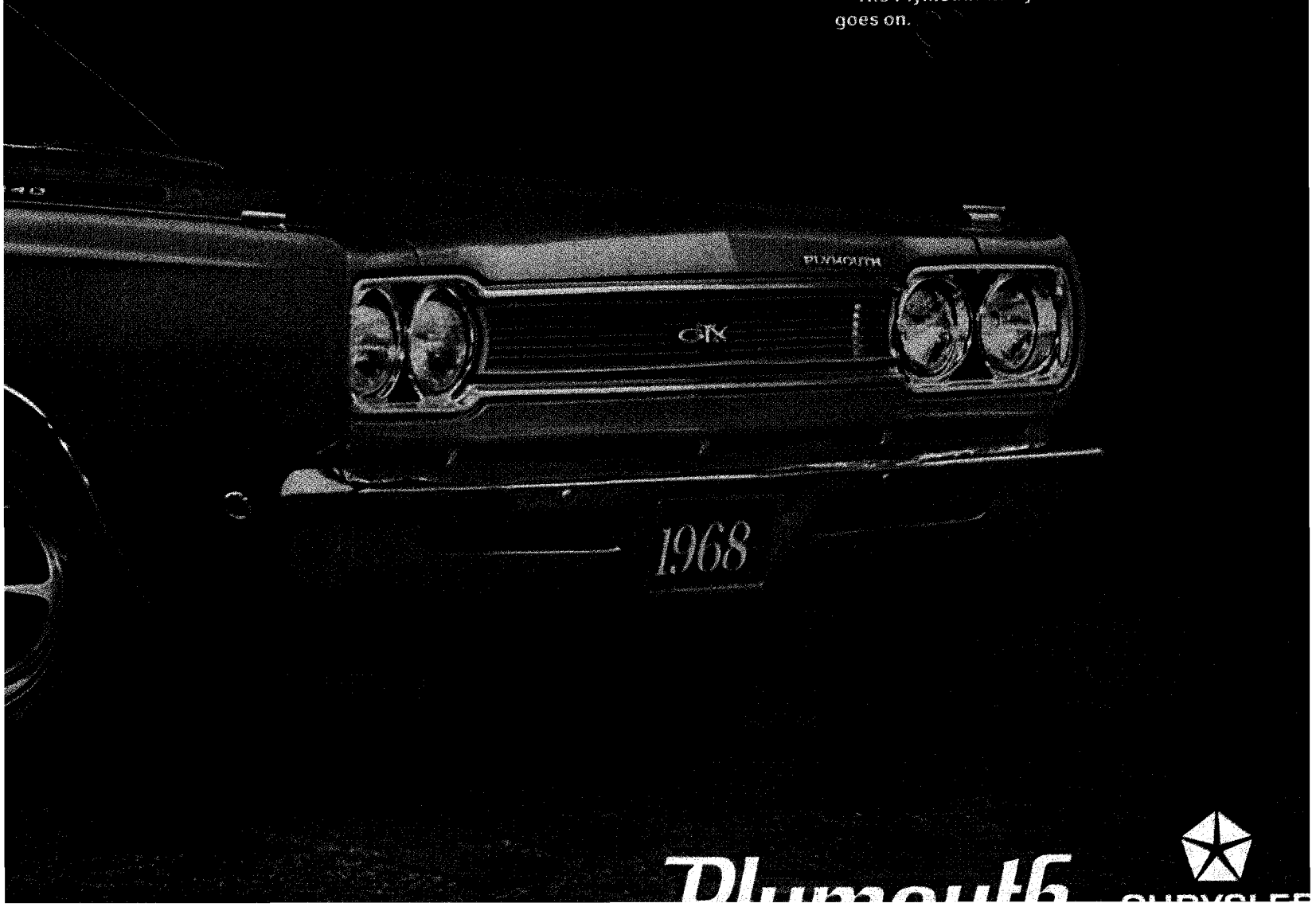
Its horn goes, "Beep-Beep!"

The Plymouth win-you-over beat goes on.

There's a new wagon. The Satellite Sport Wagon. You can open the tail gate side to side. Or up and down. You can even order it with an automatic rear window washer.

The Satellite Sport Wagon comes with wood-grain vinyl on the sides and back.

The Plymouth win-you-over beat goes on.



Plymouth

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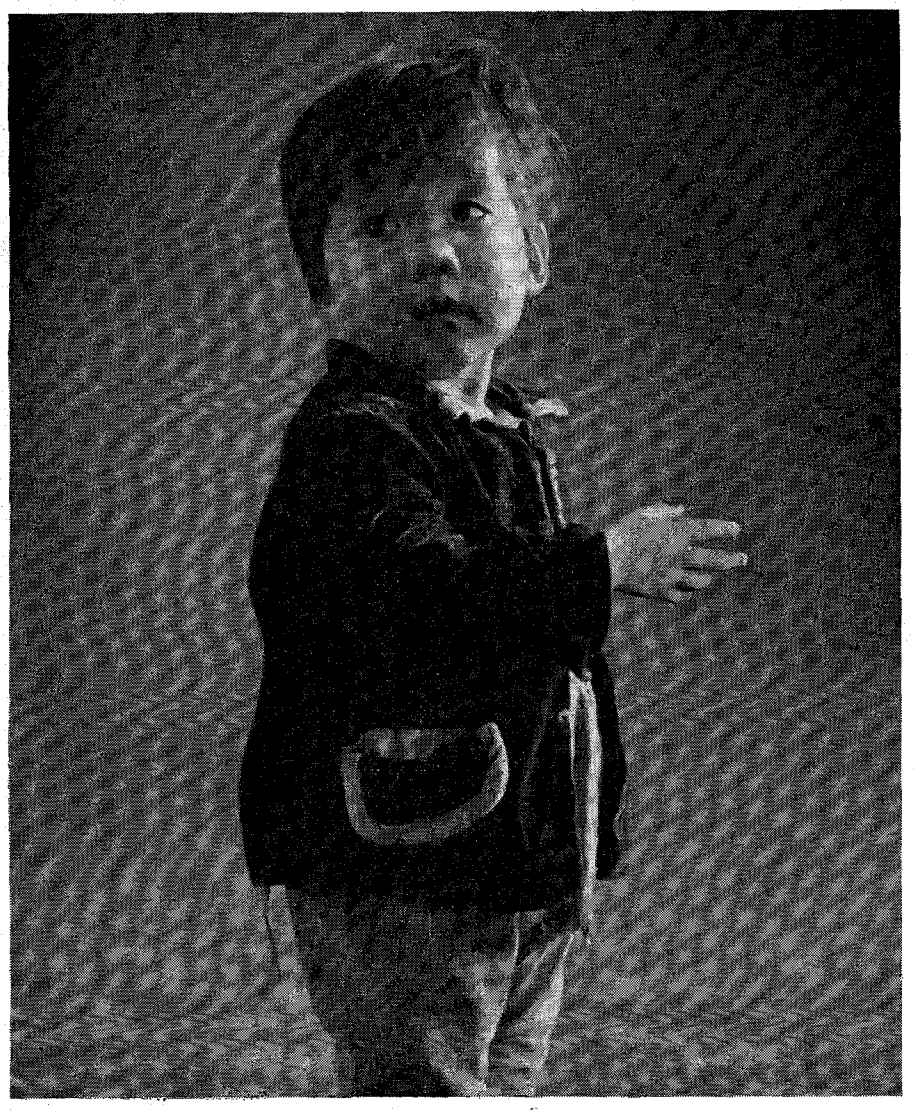

She Needs Your Love

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only $12 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Mie-Wen and children like her need your love—won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in Korea, Taiwan, India, Brazil. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____
☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month.
I enclose my first payment of $_____.
Send me child's name, story, address and picture.
I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.
☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U. S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7

SEP 127

Points West

By Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne

The hate hour

Hate. Spittle lubricates the corners of the man's mouth. "You filthy Commie degenerate. . . ."

Hate. The man in the dock turns his sad eyes toward his challenger. His voice is high and sibilant. "Fascist eunuch," he spits out. "You lit the ovens at Auschwitz. You turned my grandmother into a bar of soap. . . ."

"Olé!" shouts the audience.

And so goes another evening of Orwellian bile on late-night Los Angeles television. The occasion this evening was a gentleman promoting the virtues of homosexuality (true love, no children), but the subject matters not at all. This is the hate hour, when the children are asleep and you are lying in bed mulling over the iniquities of your life—the boss you hate, the wife who's losing her figure, the son you suspect is blowing grass in the garage, the daughter whose beau arrives on a motorcycle—yearning for that simpler life in which there were people you could look down on. Now, after the late news, there they are, up there on the tube, *the scum of the earth*, talking to Joe Pyne or Louis Lomax or Alan Burke. The juices stir, the aggressions and the frustrations bubble, and then, all of a sudden, it is *1984*: "The Hate had started.... In its second minute, the Hate rose to a frenzy. People were leaping up and down in their places and shouting at the tops of their voices in an effort to drown the maddening, bleating voice that came from the screen."

Though masochism is not generally my long suit, I have from time to time willingly appeared on these inquisitions in the interests of hustling something or other I have written. The first time I doubt I will ever forget. It was shortly after I arrived in California, and I was invited to appear on a call-in radio show to discuss a piece I had written on the Watts riot. When I arrived at the studio, I was introduced to the program's host, a nice-enough young man who had obviously not read the article we were going to discuss. He asked me to fill him in and I thought I was in safe hands. Then it was air time. The host smiled at me and said, "Our next guest is a young man who has not been out here very long and who thinks he knows all the answers about Watts."

That was for openers. In the next few minutes, as the listeners phoned in, I was called, either directly or euphemistically, a drunk, a Communist, a Bircher and a Jew. When the spot was over, I fled from the studio. Yet in spite of myself I

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Same Old Taylor. Some new bottle!

Our new bottle just came out.
In fact, it came out so pretty we're gift-wrapping it for Christmas.

How come we changed our bottle? Because it looked like a lot of other Bourbon bottles. Now our bottle's not like anybody else's. Our Bourbon never was.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 86 PROOF, THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT & LOUISVILLE, KY.

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Skinny Sony. Fat Sound.

It's a 2½ lb. FM/AM. About the size of a book. But it sounds like a big fat radio.

Because deep down where it really counts it is a big fat radio.

We took the insides of our more expensive models and miniaturized them even more for this little portable. (We even shrunk the price to $39.95*.)

But what we got sounded too good to be just a portable. So we made it more than just a portable.

We fixed it so you could plug in a stereo adaptor (optional). Or a tape recorder. Or people. (The earphone comes with it.) You can even plug in walls. (AC adaptor optional.)

We fixed it good. With a skinny Sony like this, you may never need another radio around the house. A fat lot of good that does us.

The Sony 6F-21W

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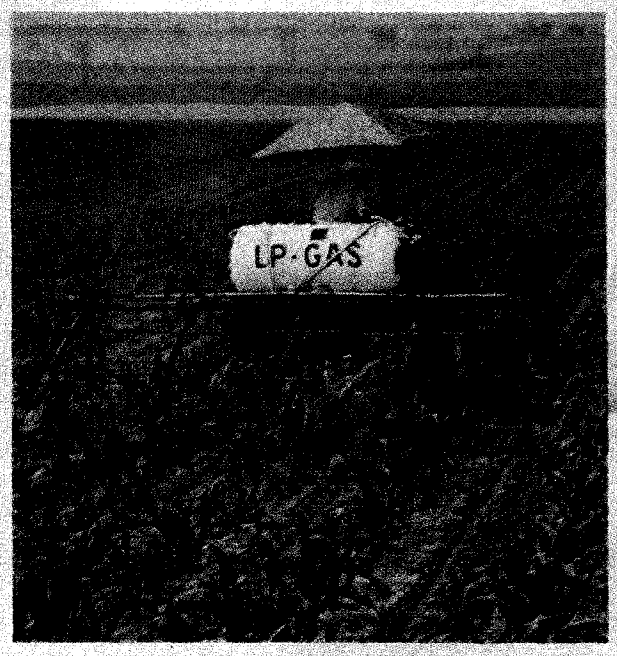
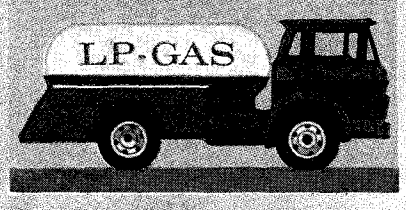
a baby knows warmth...



a crop grows strong...

...a truck runs long in the night

FOR HEAT AND POWER ANYWHERE



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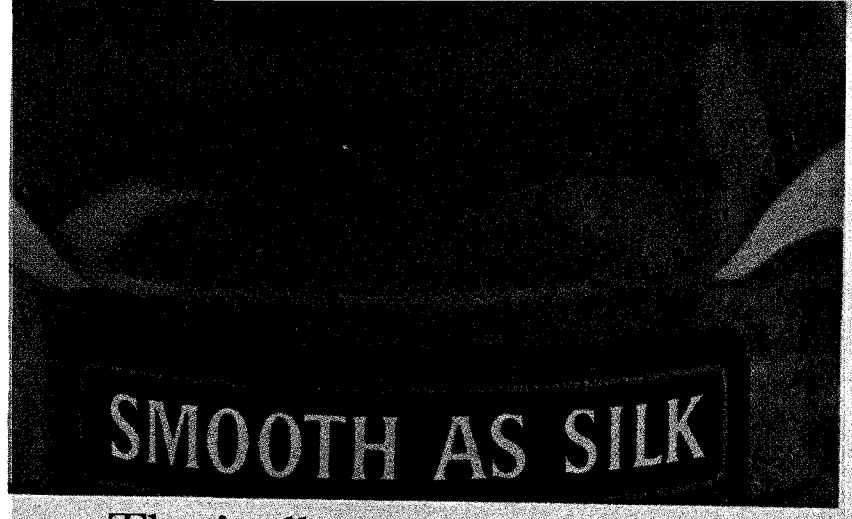
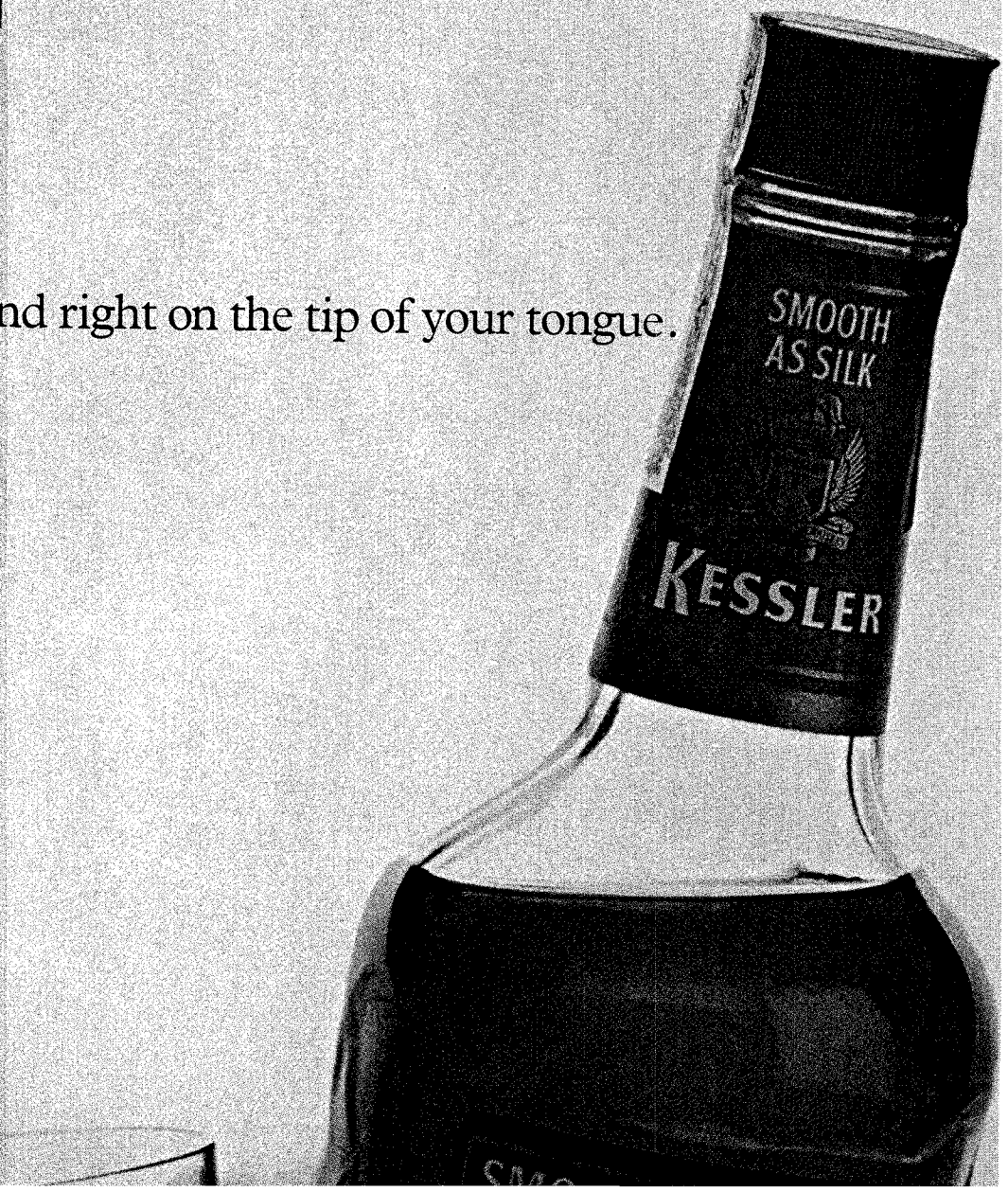


That's all you need to know
about Kessler.
No flashy words or double talk.
Where our taste is concerned,
you've got the story on the bottle and right on the tip of your tongue.



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was hooked. I tuned in other shows, wanting to grade each new performance of electronic paranoia against my own catastrophe. Out there with Mr. and Mrs. North and South America and all the ships at sea, I became the Madame Defarge of the air waves.

Over the past few years, I have seen and listened to them all. TV or radio, there is something for every warped taste. I happen to be an eclectic, and depending on my mood, give each his spin—the conservative moderator nailing a liberal guest (or vice versa), the call-in shows, the multiple-guest shows, the audience-participation shows. Lesbians, hookers, hopheads, acidheads, knee-jerk Communists, racists, Black Nationalists, Minutemen (one of whom thought Robert Welch was a "Comsymp") have been my late-night companions, some wearing masks (the lesbian, "because of my husband"), all of them pitching their own specialties in the great American tradition of Free Speech. I have heard a young Brownshirt tell me Hitler merely got a bad press, a barely nubile girl discuss the advantages of oral contraceptives, a gentleman advance a plan for transporting five or ten million Negroes back to the old country in Africa (which one was never exactly specified), thereby solving the U.S. race problem, while simultaneously giving Africa the benefit (I cannot really believe now he said this, but there it is down in my notes) ". . . of some good old American know-how."

In some circles, it has become *de rigueur* to decry the hate shows. A columnist for the Los Angeles *Times* even went so far as to suggest that they were undermining the efforts of civic and social leaders to uplift the cultural life of the community. But what the shows really reflect is what Edith Wharton once called "the underside of the social fabric, where the threads are knotted and the loose ends hang." They might be described as therapeutic, a vicarious vent for the violence and hostility to which we are all prey. When Mort Sahl on his old show called a guest a "punk" or a "moron," or when Joe Pyne tells one to "go gargle razor blades," my immediate reaction is not disgust but envy. The governors of civilized life rarely allow us to meet a situation head on, to call ignorance or avarice by its rightful name. Society favors an intellectual response, not a visceral one, and sometimes I think we are the poorer for it. There are so many fools I would like to call fool, so many self-seekers I would like to call self-deluded.

Instead I turn on the hate shows. The effect is that of watching a suicide the instant before he takes a swan dive off the Golden Gate. The viewer waits for the moment of truth, the day an actor started to swing at everyone in sight on the Joe Pyne show, the day Mort Sahl told his listeners they should decapitate a writer who had incurred his displeasure, put her head on a pole and parade it around town. After watching one of these shows—and it does not matter whether I loathed the guest, the host, or both—I feel somehow drained and less misanthropic. Not long ago, for example, I had a terrible day. I had migraine and my daughter sliced her finger with a razor blade and I got a rejection slip and a cop gave me a speeding ticket, my third this year, which means that I will probably lose my license, and in Los Angeles that is like being a functional paraplegic. That night I watched Joe Pyne. His guests included a lady who complained that television sportscasters never carried drag-racing results, a man who blamed the current racial unrest on Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and a veteran who said we ought to drop the Big Bomb on Vietnam. The vet said he did not fight World War II to throw this one away. It turned out that he had been a Navy mailman.

I was outside the zoo looking in again. Life did not seem so bad after all. I went to bed and slept well.

John Gregory Dunne

THIS CHRISTMAS, GIVE KREMENTZ JEWELRY . . . the classically beautiful jewelry that combines imaginative design with superb craftsmanship. With its heavy OVERLAY OF 14KT. GOLD, this finer jewelry has much of the permanence and all of the rich beauty of solid Karat gold. And think of Krementz Jewelry, too, for Birthdays . . . for the Wedding Attendants . . . or as a gift to yourself.

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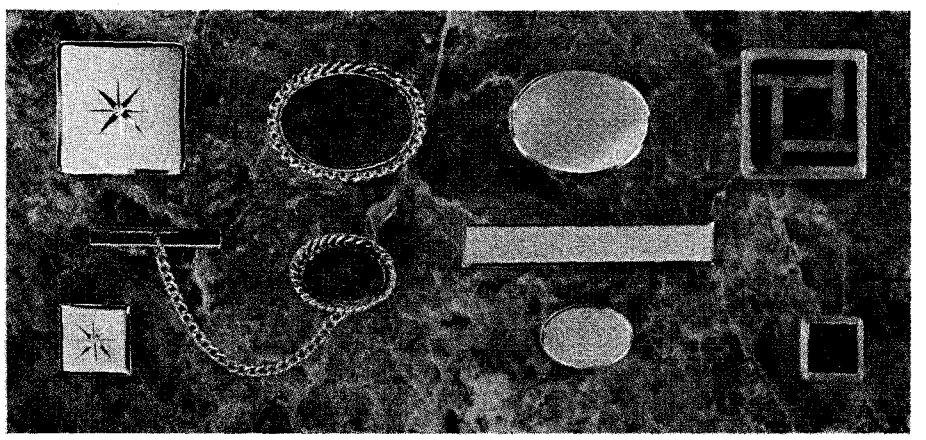

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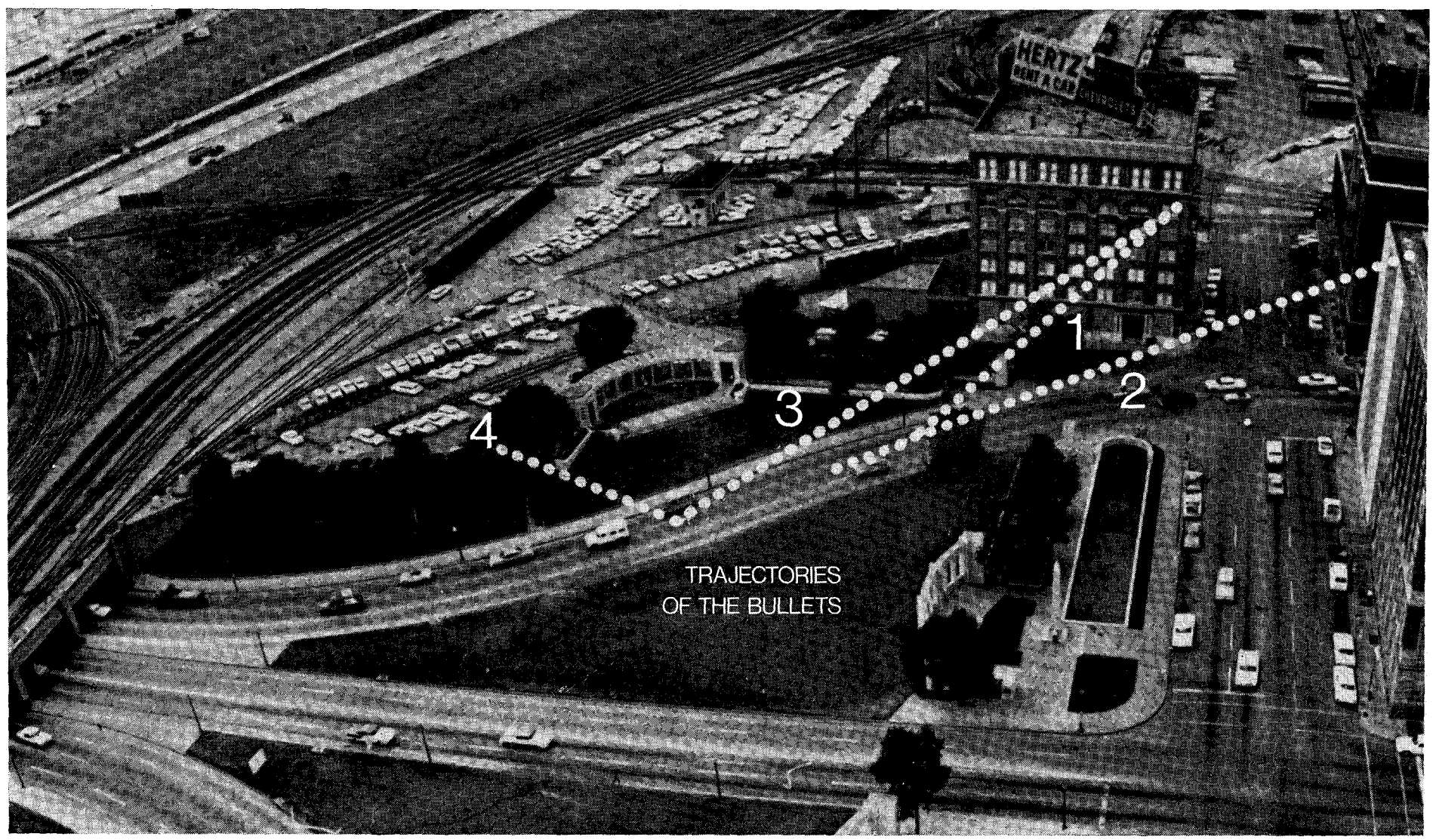
The Saturday Evening POST

THE CROSS FIRE THAT KILLED PRESIDENT KENNEDY

A new study based on new evidence and new concepts argues that at least three assassins were firing that tragic day in Dealey Plaza.



The first shot, fired from the book depository, hit President Kennedy in the back. The second, from a building on Houston Street, wounded Governor Connally. Then, as the limousine drove on, the third shot, also fired from the depository, hit the President in the rear of the skull an instant before the fourth shot, coming from the stockade fence behind the knoll, struck him in the right front of the head.

By Josiah Thompson

The Hertz sign atop the book depository flashed 12 noon. Inside, the floor-laying crew on the sixth story had knocked off for lunch. The old flooring was to be ripped up and, as a preparatory move, most of the book cartons had been shifted to the front (or south) side of the building. This side was now a jumble of cartons, some piled five or six high, others scattered across the floor. Everything lay under a heavy covering of warehouse dust, illuminated here and there by a naked light bulb. Within the next half hour an assassin would make his way through the jumble of cartons and take up his position at a corner window. Within the hour every foot of this floor would be explored by police officers, sheriff's deputies and reporters. But now, as the Hertz sign flashed noon and the crowds began to gather in the plaza below, it was empty.

Empty, too, were the roofs of the adjacent buildings along Houston Street. To those who have watched motorcades for Presidents or foreign dignitaries in other cities, this may seem to reflect unusually lax security precautions. But at noon on Houston Street there were no guards on the Records or Dal-Tex buildings. The first housed Dallas County offices, and the second furnished

© 1967 by Josiah Thompson. From the book "Six Seconds in Dallas" to be published by Bernard Geis Associates.

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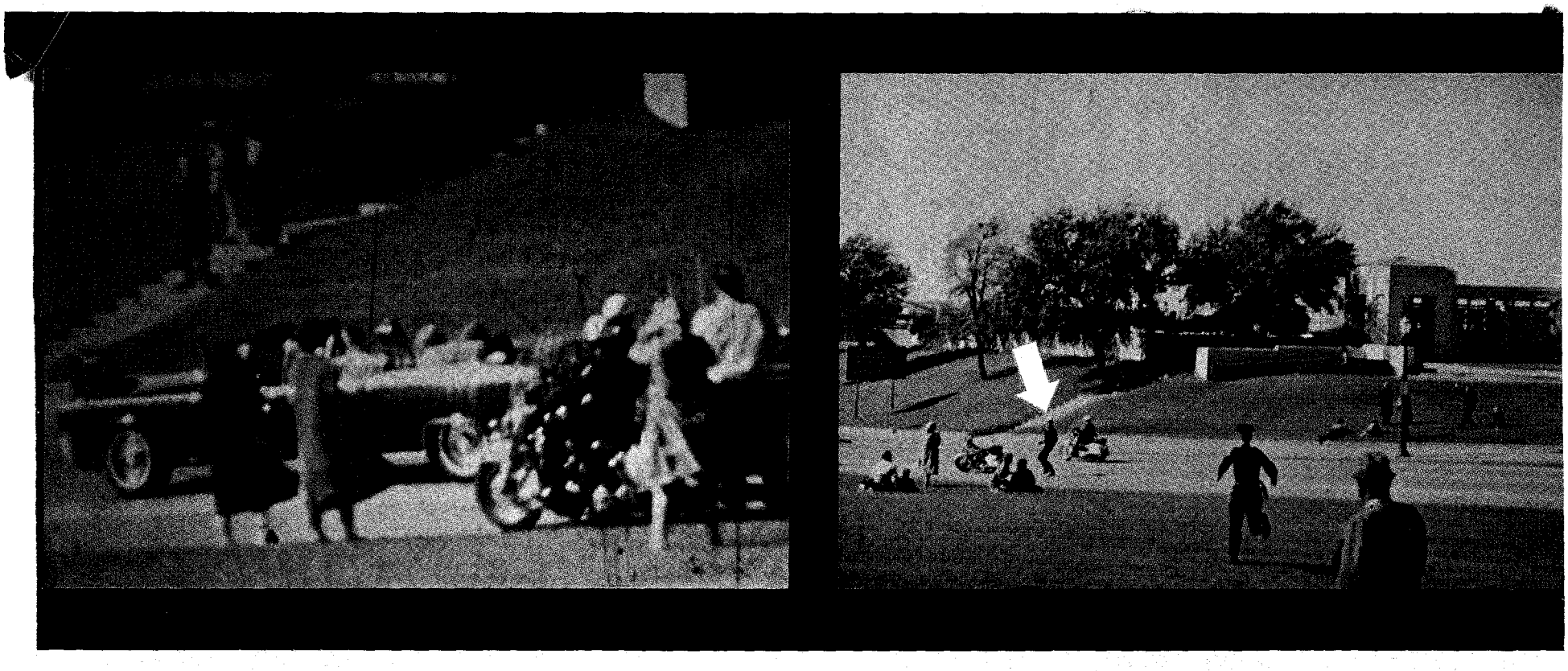

Just before the firing began, Mrs. Jean Hill (in red coat) has a perfect view of the presidential limousine. Officer Hargis is riding escort on a motorcycle to the left rear.

Hargis was hit so strongly by a shower of the President's blood that he felt sure that the shot came from the right front. Dismounting, he turns and looks toward the grassy knoll.

quarters for various textile firms. Architecturally these buildings diagonally across the corner from the depository were undistinguished, but from the point of view of a potential assassin they were outstanding. Their roofs were surrounded by low stone parapets that, in addition to shielding a gunman from view, offered a firm gun rest. At noon these roofs were empty. Yet in the next half hour, as one assassin was climbing toward the sixth floor of the depository, an accomplice was making his way to a rooftop lair in one of these buildings. There was no one to stop him at any point along the way.

If the accomplice had reached his rooftop position shortly after noon, he could have looked across the plaza and seen a blue-and-white 1959 Oldsmobile station wagon circling the parking lot behind a grassy knoll. A little later he could have seen a 1957 black Ford doing the same thing, only this time the driver would be talking into what seemed to be a radio mike.

By 12:30 it would have been relatively easy for three assassins to have reached their firing locations: one in the sixth-floor window of the depository, one on the roof of an adjacent building, and one behind the stockade fence near the knoll.

Around noon the people who were soon to serve as witnesses began their unwitting entrances.

Arnold Rowland and his wife reached Dealey Plaza at 12:05. They moved up and down Houston Street, trying to find a good vantage point, and finally settled on a spot midway between Elm and Main streets. Some minutes later Rowland looked up at the depository and noticed in a southwest-corner window of the sixth floor a young man wearing "a very light-colored shirt . . . open at the collar." He was cradling a rifle.

It was 12:15—Rowland noticed the time on the Hertz clock. At about this time Mrs. R. E. Arnold, a secretary at the depository, saw one of her coworkers standing in a first-floor hallway of the building. Later she was to recall that he looked like Lee Harvey Oswald, and Oswald would claim that he had been eating lunch on that floor when President Kennedy's motorcade passed.

It was nearly 12:30 when Ronald Fischer and Bob Edwards saw the gunman on the sixth-floor of the depository. They were standing near the reflecting pool at the southwest corner of Elm and Houston streets. As they waited for the motorcade, Bob Edwards's eyes drifted upward to the depository. In a corner sixth-floor window he saw a young man dressed in a "light-colored sport shirt." Edwards later recalled, "There was a stack of boxes around him," and there was something about this man that made Edwards point him out to his friend Fischer. "The man held my attention for ten or fifteen seconds," Fischer later told the Warren Commission, "because he appeared uncomfortable for one, and secondly he didn't look like he was watching for the parade." The man seemed to be looking in the general direction of the knoll and triple underpass that lay beyond it. He may have been trying to catch a glimpse of his confederate behind the stockade fence near the knoll. But trees shielded the fence from his view.

A rustle in the crowd drew the gunman's attention back to Houston Street. An unmarked white Ford—the pilot car—had made its right turn and now was coming straight toward him. A phalanx of motorcycles followed, and then the dark-blue presidential Lincoln. Looking down, he could see the President smiling at Mrs. Connally. His grip tightened on the rifle. This was the perfect shot—as the President approached the depository. Had he been a lone assassin, this would have been the time to shoot; he would have fired while the car was still on Houston Street. But he was not alone, and must hold his fire until the guns of his two confederates could bear on the limousine. If he fired now (perfect though the shot might be for him), the Lincoln might stop, turn sharply, and escape the trap.

As Bill Greer eased the heavy limousine around the 120-degree turn onto Elm Street, the gunman above shifted into firing position. The victim had entered the trap.

Ahead of him, Greer noticed a number of people on the overpass and wondered how he could veer at the last moment to pass under a vacant section of the viaduct if the need arose. To his right, Secret Service Agent Roy Kellerman was beginning to relax. The crowds were sparse now; only a few people on either side lined the pavement as Elm Street swung under the railroad tracks. In the passenger compartment behind Kellerman and Greer, Mrs. Connally pointed out the underpass to Jacqueline Kennedy and said, "We're almost through; it's just beyond that." The President's wife was thinking how nice it would be to get out of the glaring Texas sun.

The gunman on the sixth floor had sighted in on the agreed-upon spot just opposite the Stemmons Freeway sign. Hidden for a moment in the foliage of an oak tree, the limousine slowly emerged at a speed of 11 miles per hour. The gunman saw the President's back and shoulders appear in his scope and carefully aligned the cross hairs. Rifle stock pressed close to his cheek, the barrel braced against a box, he squeezed the trigger.

Jacqueline Kennedy heard the first shot as a backfire. Mrs. Connally heard it only as "a frightening noise" that came from the right. Turning, she caught a glimpse of the President raising his hands, and heard Connally yell, "Oh, no, no, no!" just as a second shot crashed into his own back.

The second shot had been fired by the assassin on the roof of a Houston Street building. Following the car in his sights, he had waited until it approached the freeway sign on Elm Street. Then, the sound of the first shot ringing in his ears, he had fired—wounding the governor.

It was now little over a second since the first shot. The President's elbows were splayed upward from shoulder level, his face showing more surprise than pain, and the governor, his right wrist dangling, was falling backward into his wife's arms.

Neither victim had been wounded fatally. The first assassin worked the awkward bolt of the Carcano and carefully sighted the cross hairs again. Squeezing the trigger, he saw the President's head explode in a halo of red.

Behind the stockade fence a third assassin had heard the first two shots and seen that the President was still sitting upright. His backup shot, fired perhaps from a long-barreled pistol at a range of less than 40 yards, would be the conspirators' insurance policy. It did not fail them. The bullet drove into the President's head, snuffing out John Kennedy's life and covering his wife, car and two motorcycle escorts with brain and flesh. As the wail of the follow-up car's siren ab-

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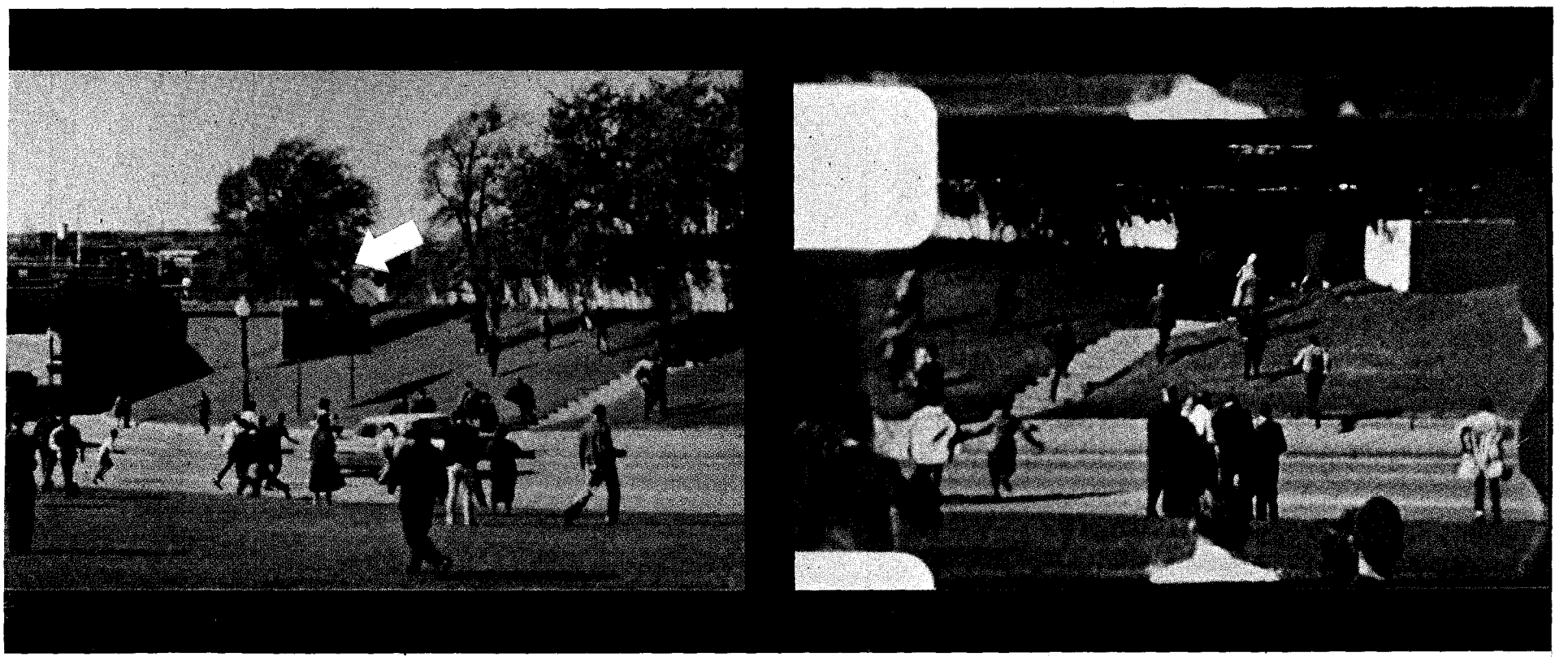


Seconds later, Hargis has actually climbed the knoll, looking for the assassin (the arrow shows the officer's white helmet). Other witnesses now scramble after Hargis up the slope.

Her red coat showing plainly, Mrs. Hill joins the rush, convinced that at least one shot came from the knoll. The last three pictures have never been printed before.

sorbed the echoes of the final shots, the limousine slid toward the underpass. For a moment Jacqueline Kennedy and her bodyguard, Clint Hill, were silhouetted on the trunk of the Lincoln, and then the car disappeared under the bridge. As it emerged on the other side, Clint Hill could be seen pounding the trunk in rage and frustration.

The scenario sketched above is an amalgam of hard fact and educated speculation. Although the details remain unclear, the essential outline of the assassination is now apparent—the "one-assassin" finding of the Warren Commission is patently wrong; there were four shots from three guns in six seconds.

In the four years that have passed since the assassination of President Kennedy, 46 books have been published in attempts to explain the mystery of the events in Dallas. Six were lurid and groundless speculations, 27 comprised the commission's *Report* and its 26 volumes of supporting documents, eight were outright attacks on the *Report*, four were written in support of it, and one was a novel. In view of all this, the question immediately arises, "Why another book?"

The answer is simple: In spite of the proliferation of books there is much evidence that has either been overlooked or improperly interpreted; and despite the extensive investigations, the public mind is filled with doubt. This study takes up where the others leave off. I have found and interviewed eyewitnesses overlooked by the Warren Commission. I have found and studied photographs that were overlooked or ignored by the commission. This new evidence is combined with the old that I found to be significant. In essence, this analysis of the assassination is not a critique of the Warren *Report*—although it differs with it sharply. The analysis finds its own way, by original use of the evidence, to a new conclusion.

THE ZAPRUDER FILM

The search for a new conclusion must begin with a study of the film taken of the assassination by Abraham Zapruder, the single most important piece of evidence we have. As the President's motorcade approached, Zapruder was standing on a four-foot pedestal of concrete on a slope overlooking Elm Street. To his left, 200 feet away, stood the Texas School Book Depository building. To his right there was a triple underpass, a grassy incline, at the top of which stood a stockade fence, and over his right shoulder a parking lot and railroad yard. The President would pass directly in front of him.

As the motorcade approached, Zapruder pressed the shutter release, and for the next 22 seconds the film that wound through his camera recorded for once not a home movie but one of the most macabre scenes in American history. First the lead car, then the motorcycle escort, and finally the long presidential limousine came into view. Smoothly the President's car turned left on Elm Street, Mr. Kennedy and Governor Connally smiling and waving to the crowds on their right. For a second the car disappeared behind a highway sign, and when it reappeared something had happened. Marilyn Sitzman, who had been standing with Zapruder, described the scene to me: "There was nothing unusual until the first sound, which I thought was a firecracker, mainly because of the reaction of President Kennedy. He put his hands up as if to guard his face and leaned toward the left, and the motorcade proceeded down the hill."

A split second later Governor Connally grabbed his chest and fell backward into his wife's lap. Both Zapruder and Marilyn Sitzman at first thought the President and Governor Connally were joking—that they too had heard the firecracker noise and were pantomiming, "Oh, he got me!" But then came the violence of the final shot. The right front side of the President's head exploded in a burst of pink, snapping his body backward and to the left into his wife's arms. Zapruder kept his camera running as the car sped beneath the underpass and then swung it immediately to his right toward the stockade fence. Trembling from shock, Zapruder released his finger, lowered the camera, and stumbled away from the scene, screaming, "They killed him! They killed him!" His voice was drowned under a wail of sirens.

For Abraham Zapruder the consequences of bringing his camera to this spot were staggering. He had unwittingly become a prime source of history, and it would be largely through his camera that the world would come to know about the assassination in all its horror. Within hours *Life* magazine would pay him $25,000 for his film, and over the succeeding weeks and months the specter of what he had seen would return to haunt his dreams. "I have seen it so many times," Zapruder told commission assistant counsel Wesley Liebeler. "I used to have nightmares. The thing would come every night."

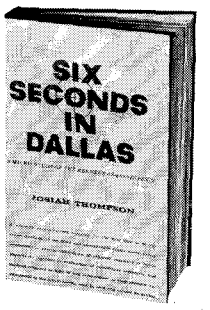
If the consequences for Zapruder were traumatic, his film's importance to the subsequent and continuing inquiry into the assassination has been

The Author

At the time of the Kennedy assassination, Josiah Thompson was studying for his Ph.D. in philosophy at Yale. He was immediately struck by the inconsistencies and discrepancies in the accounts that he read and began to collect everything he could find on the event.

In the early summer of 1966 he started his intensive research. He made six trips to Dallas, tracked down witnesses, studied every foot of Dealey Plaza. He spent weeks poring over the official documents of the assassination in the National Archives before sitting down to write *Six Seconds in Dallas*.

Thompson, 32, who now teaches philosophy at Haverford College, is a man of many interests. He once commanded a Navy frogman detachment and is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy Reserve. His scholarly examination of Kierkegaard is also being published this month.



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momentous. Abraham Zapruder's movie served as a major piece of evidence for the Warren Commission, and it has become a crucial historical document for independent researchers ever since.

THE COMMISSION'S CONCLUSIONS

On September 24, 1964, after 10 months of intensive research, the Warren Commission turned in its conclusions about the assassination of President Kennedy: three shots—two hits, one miss.

The first hit, according to the commission, pierced Kennedy's neck and went on to strike Governor Connally. The second hit struck President Kennedy in the head, and a third bullet went astray. The bullet that missed might have been the first shot (preceding the two hits), the second (coming between them), or the last.

THE START OF A THEORY

Before becoming a special consultant to *Life*, I had spent a good deal of time studying the copy of the Zapruder film in the National Archives while working with the evidence on the assassination that is collected there. Nearly three years to the day after Zapruder stood on the low wall in Dealey Plaza, I was part of a group that reviewed another copy of the film in *Life*'s offices.

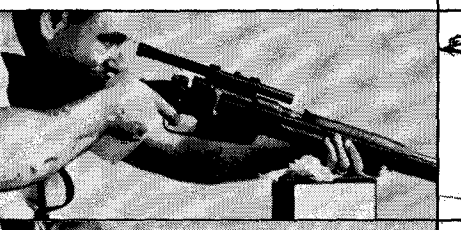
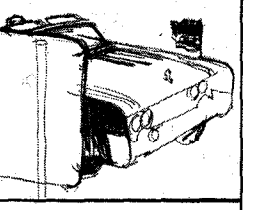
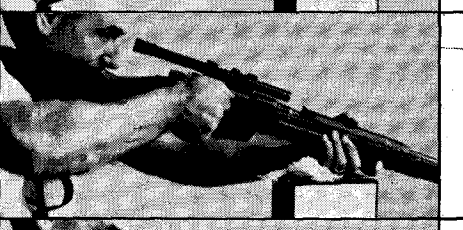
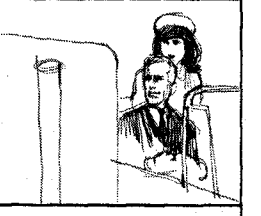
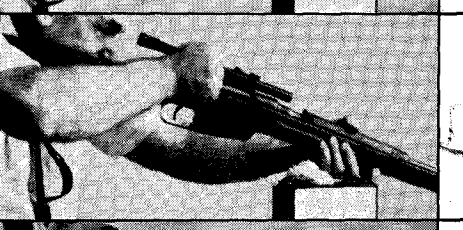
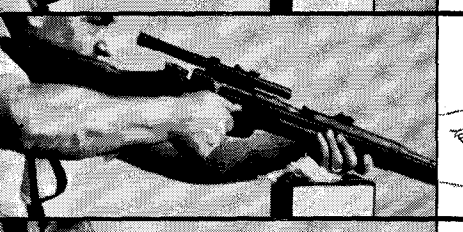
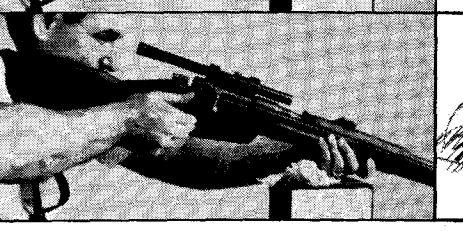
I knew each movement in detail—yet this time there was something about the image on the screen that astounded me. I was certain the picture was infinitely brighter and clearer than the one I had seen earlier in the National Archives in Washington.

I knew that neither the lens of the Archives' projector nor its bulb could have accounted for the weaker image because I had checked them both; the film was simply not as good a copy as the one we were watching now at *Life*. I turned and mentioned this to an editor, who then voiced an opinion that, when I later checked the record, turned out to be the case: While the film we were watching was a copy made directly from *Life*'s original (which was kept in a vault), the FBI's working copy was made not from the original but from a *copy* of it, which made their "official" version a copy of a copy, or a copy once removed. And it was the Washington copy of the Zapruder film, inferior by comparison, that the FBI had used for photoanalysis.

My curiosity aroused, I got up and walked over to a light box to take a look at *Life*'s 4-by-5-inch color enlargements of each frame. I looked at several of them, and again they were unmistakably clearer than the smaller slides that the commission had used, and that I had seen at the Archives. As I inspected the frames, one by one, the new details that I saw brought home to me the full impact of the commission's oversight.

In the early frames of the Zapruder film the President can be seen smiling and waving to the crowds on his right. This natural waving movement continues as the President disappears from view behind the Stemmons Freeway sign at frame 207, or at what could be labeled Z (for Zapruder) 207. On the film we see no evidence to suggest that a bullet has struck until the President begins to emerge from behind the sign at Z224. In this frame we see the President's hands rising to his face, a movement that becomes even more apparent in the frames that follow. By frame 230 the President's elbows are elevated and his clenched fists have reached the level of his chin and neck. His motions at this point leave no doubt that he has been hit, and that he was just starting to react at frame 224. The commission said that a shot might have been fired before this first hit. If so, when could it have been fired?

Let us assume with the commission that such a shot was fired from Oswald's rifle as the assassin lay hidden on the sixth floor of the depository.

ZAPRUDER FRAME NO.	TIME FROM 1st SHOT	COMMENT	REENACTMENT FRAME	WHAT THE ZAPRUDER FRAMES SHOW
210	0.0 secs.	FIRST SHOT POSSIBLE		
222	0.660 secs.	CONNALLY TURNING		
225	0.825 secs.	KENNEDY REACTING		
230	1.100 secs.	KENNEDY HIT, CONNALLY UNINJURED		
238	1.540 secs.	CONNALLY HIT		
244	1.870 secs.	CONNALLY OBVIOUSLY HURT		
252	2.310 secs.	SECOND SHOT POSSIBLE		

Thompson's chart shows that Governor Connally was hit so soon after the President received his first wound that an assassin, operating the clumsy bolt of Oswald's rifle, could not possibly have gotten off both shots in the time allowed him.

If we know the minimum firing time of Oswald's rifle, we can determine the approximate time at which a previous shot could have been fired.

FBI firearms expert Robert Frazier tested Oswald's rifle to determine the minimum time required to work the bolt and pull the trigger. His fastest time for getting off three shots was 4.6 seconds. Such a speed, he testified, "is firing this weapon as fast as the bolt can be operated." The commission divided this figure in two and arrived at 2.3 seconds as the minimum firing time for Oswald's rifle—a figure that includes no time for aiming the rifle and assumes that an expert rifleman is operating the bolt. In 2.3 seconds Zapruder's camera would have rolled through 42 frames. Thus, even if we assume that the President was reacting to a hit he received the instant he emerged from behind the sign (Z224), then an earlier miss could not have been fired later than Z182 (224 minus 42). But we know that at this

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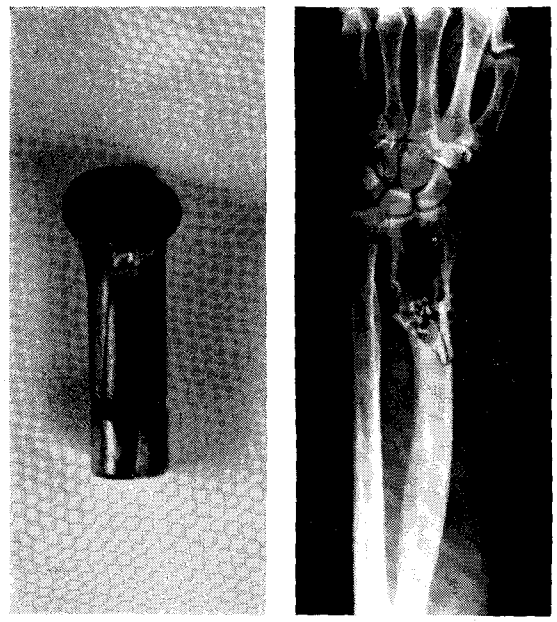
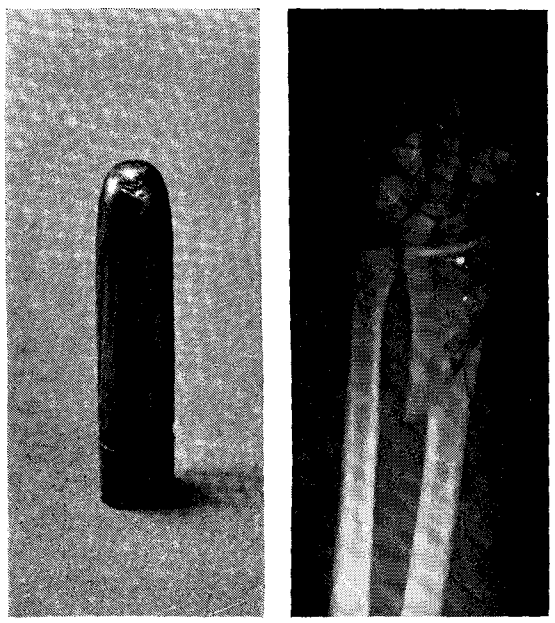
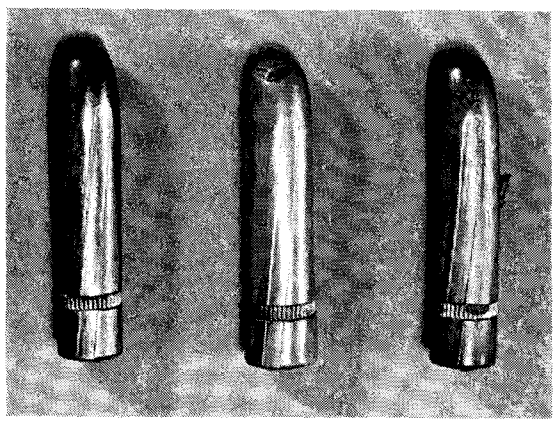


When a bullet like the one that hit Connally was test-fired into a cadaver's wristbone, its tip was severely flattened.



But the bullet the commission says wounded the President and the Governor is nearly perfect in contour.



The middle bullet, which supposedly wounded both men, looks remarkably like two fired into tubes of cotton.

point a tree hid the President from the sixth-floor sniper's nest. If the missed shot was fired at Z182, the gunman was firing blindly into a tree. In all likelihood, if the first shot missed, it was fired before the President disappeared behind the tree at Z166.

But not one of the several hundred witnesses in Dealey Plaza that day reported hearing a shot that could have come as early as Z166. In fact, the supposition that the first shot hit the President is corroborated by the eyewitness reports of a host of different observers.

The commission stated the case fairly when it concluded that the President was hit for the first time between Z210 and Z225. Where it failed to state the case fairly was in neglecting the preponderance of evidence indicating that this was also the first shot fired.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BULLET?

If we are persuaded that the first shot fired struck the President between Zapruder frames 210 and 224, then the obvious question arises: What happened to this bullet? Did it transit the President's body, as the Warren Commission claims, exiting through his throat and continuing on to wound the governor, or did it lodge in the President's back? Upon the answer to this question hinges a crucial part of the commission's case: the existence of a lone assassin. For if the governor was hit by a separate bullet, the time factor involved necessitates a second gunman—the governor was hit before the Carcano could have been fired again.

This question should have been answered by the autopsy performed on the President's body at Bethesda Naval Hospital on the evening of November 22. It was to remove any uncertainty as to whether or not the bullet transited that the autopsy was performed in the first place. Ironically, instead of answering the question, the autopsy has made it the focus of sharp controversy.

THE AUTOPSY

In addition to the medical personnel attending the President's body, representatives of the Secret Service and FBI also were present. They were there to observe the autopsy, to receive any bullet that might be recovered, and to report to their respective agencies on the conclusions reached. The two FBI agents, James W. Sibert and Francis X. O'Neill, submitted a five-page, single-spaced report on their evening at Bethesda, observing the work of military doctors led by Cmdr. James J. Humes.

AUTOPSY OF BODY OF PRESIDENT JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY

"During the later stages of this autopsy, Dr. Humes located an opening which appeared to be a bullet hole which was below the shoulders and two inches to the right of the middle line of the spinal column.

"This opening was probed by Dr. Humes with the finger, at which time it was determined that the trajectory of the missile entering at this point had entered at a downward position of 45 to 60 degrees. Further probing determined that the distance traveled by this missile was a short distance inasmuch as the end of the opening could be felt with the finger."

I asked Commander Humes's assistant, Cmdr. J. Thornton Boswell, about Humes's inserting his finger in the President's back wound and feeling its end. Boswell told me that this was correct and that, in fact, three doctors had probed this wound with their fingers up to the first or second knuckle—a penetration of one to two inches. Secret Service Agent Kellerman gave this description of the doctors' additional exploration of the wound with a metal probe: "A Colonel Finck [was] probing inside the shoulder with his instrument, and I said, 'Colonel, where did it go?' He said, 'There are no lanes for an outlet of this entry in this man's shoulder.'"

During the autopsy, news reached Bethesda that a 6.5-millimeter bullet had been found on a stretcher in Parkland Hospital.

"Immediately following receipt of this information," the report of Sibert and O'Neill continues, "this was made available to Dr. Humes, who advised that in his opinion this accounted for no bullet being located which had entered the back region, and that since external cardiac massage had been performed at Parkland Hospital, it was entirely possible that through such movement the bullet had worked its way back out of the point of entry and had fallen on the stretcher."

Commander Humes apparently expressed such confidence in this explanation that Sibert and O'Neill could couch the autopsy conclusions in these words:

"Dr. Humes stated that the pattern was clear, that the one bullet had entered the President's back and worked its way out of the body during external cardiac massage, and that a second high-velocity bullet had entered the rear of the skull and had fragmentized prior to exit through the top of the skull."

The next morning Commander Humes called the doctors at Parkland Hospital to check on a surgical incision he had observed in the President's throat.

"I had the impression from seeing the wound," Commander Humes later told the commission, "that it represented a surgical tracheotomy wound, a wound frequently made by surgeons when people are in respiratory distress to give them a free airway. To ascertain that point, I called on the telephone Dr. Malcom Perry and discussed with him the situation of the President's neck when he first examined the President."

What Dr. Perry told the Navy pathologist threw all the medical findings into turmoil. Unknown to the Bethesda doctors, Perry had made his tracheotomy incision through an already existing throat wound. Perry told me in Dallas that when Humes heard about the wound he seemed taken aback for a moment, and then exclaimed, "So that's it!"

The "that" was a new conclusion concerning the back wound, based on a rethinking of all the autopsy data. Thus, two days after the assassination, the military doctors submitted an official autopsy report which concluded that the bullet which entered the President's back had transited his neck.

With respect to this back wound the official autopsy report notes that "the missile path through the fascia and musculature cannot be easily probed." The evidence adduced above indicates that this admission is something less than the truth—that in fact the wound could not be probed at all. In discussing this case, Dr. Milton Helpern, the chief medical examiner for the city of New York, remarked, "There is no such thing as a rifle bullet's passing through a neck without leaving a path." He estimated that a 6.5-millimeter bullet would leave a track one fourth inch in diameter. The evidence cited above indicates that no such track was ever found.

The path of the bullet from back to front was *inferred*, not *observed*. Four years after the event one fact emerges from the evidence: No single physician ever knowingly examined *all* of the President's wounds—the Parkland doctors never realized the back wound existed, the Bethesda doctors never saw the throat wound, for it had been obliterated by the tracheotomy. The doctors' inference was drawn out of logical necessity—the throat wound existed, and it had to be accounted for.

THE THROAT WOUND

The doctors at Parkland Hospital who saw the throat wound before a tracheotomy incision erased its outline all seemed to agree on the size of the hole. It was small—in fact, one doctor believed it was too small to be even the *entry* hole of a high-velocity bullet. Dr. Perry described it over the phone to Commander Humes as between three and five millimeters in diameter. This is half the diameter of an ordinary pencil, and is actually smaller than the wound in (*continued on page 46*)

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The live paper doll above wears paper bracelets and a metalized paper "lamé" handkerchief evening dress by Elisa Daggs ($12). The wig is made of aluminum foil.

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THE PAPER CAPER

By Anne Chamberlin

Houses that can be thrown away when one tires of them? The stimulating thing about living disposably is realizing what you're wrapped up in.

With gift wrapping the fine art it is in this country, it was only a question of time before they'd start packaging the people. Anyone who thought paper handkerchiefs, paper cups, plates, napkins and those crackling bibs they wrap around your throat in lobster restaurants were as far as they were going to go in this department just hasn't been out, say, house hunting. A company in Pennsylvania—to offer a random sample—has a folding, foam-lined dwelling made of laminated sections of cardboard that comes in a 14-foot carton, can be put up by almost anybody and looks like an accordion-pleated Quonset hut.

Moreover, it could be furnished with paper benches and tables tested to support a ton of weight and survive two years of wear and tear, or a chair about which the designer says, "If you feel angry, you can chop it up or burn it and buy another one." You could also throw in paper sheets, pillowcases, curtains, bedspreads, guest towels, tablecloths, bowls, storage trunks and lighthearted paper rugs in styles ranging from "riotous florals" to "color me gay" paint-it-yourself patterns. Some enthusiasts are saying paper pleasure domes are the answer to the Second Home everyone should have.

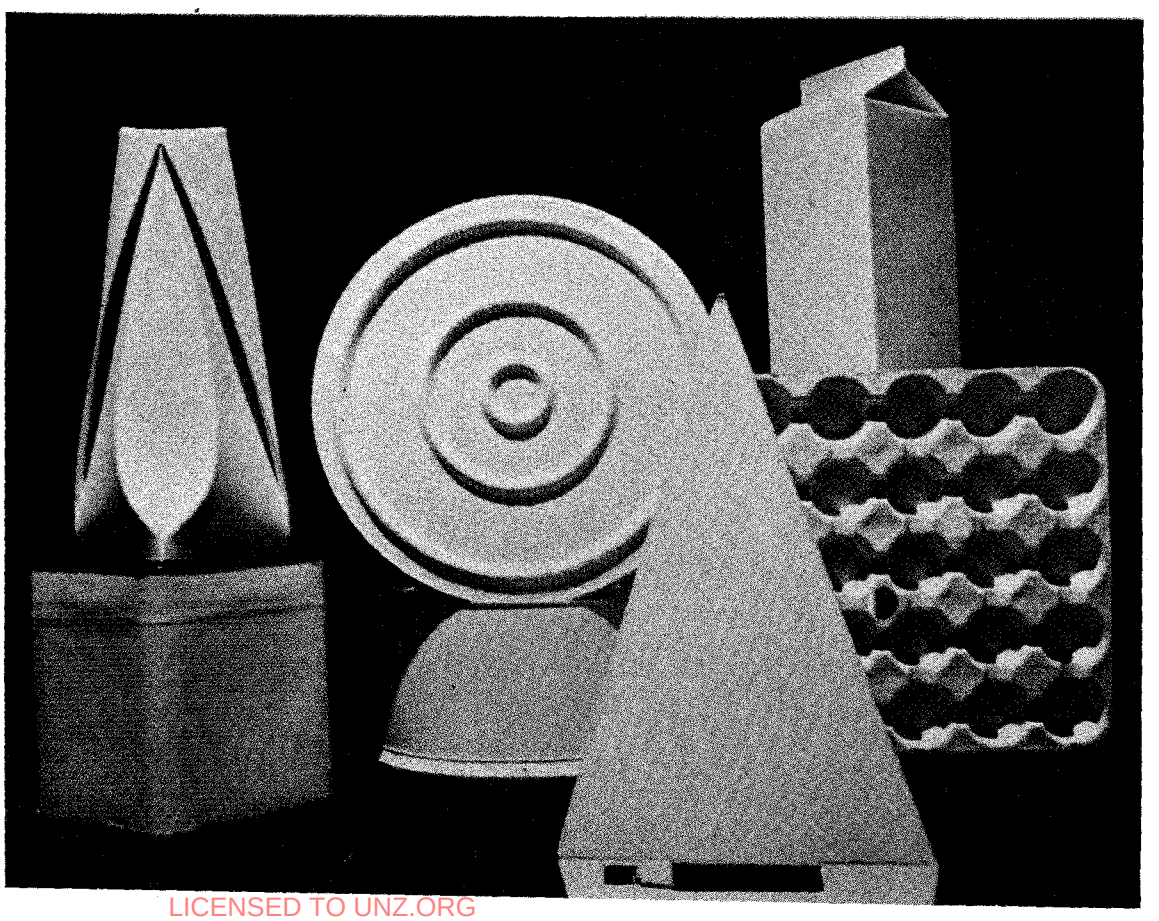
For paper-conscious people, Hallmark Cards, Inc., to name another random sample, has it fixed so a hostess can wear a paper dress to match place mats, coasters, place cards, scorepads, drinking glasses, gift wrappings and a selection of gift cards suitable for 32 different occasions. The whole sweep can be bought at the local stationery counter. No need to worry about that rattling noise when you walk. Fashion expert Eugenia Sheppard thinks it's the most fun since taffeta.

Already enough men, women and children have been papered in pinafores, jumpsuits, dresses and beach coats to prompt one leading manufacturer, who currently turns out 10,000 dozen paper dresses a week, to predict that in five years 75 percent of the citizenry will be walking around in garments made from the same sturdy stuff as a supermarket bag.

Socially, paper has already been pioneered at the top. The Duchess of Windsor has worn it. Joan Kennedy, wife of the senior senator from Massachusetts, wore paper to a fund-raising tea she gave last spring and passed out duplicate dresses to her celebrated guests. Pop painter Robert Rauschenberg has a tailored suit of grocery-bag paper. Princess Lee Radziwill owns a gold quilted paper mini-mini with gold sequined collar and side panels to match her newly gold hair. Jolie Gabor lunches in paper after swimming in her pool. A number of brides have worn it to their own weddings. In the south of France a concert pianist beat the heat by wearing a paper dinner jacket designed by Paris couturier Pierre Cardin, after scissoring off the sleeves so they wouldn't get in the way of the keyboard.

The way things are going, if many of the garments, sheets and towels of the future aren't paper, they will at least be made from one of a dozen or so of the latest non-knit, non-woven, non-sewn un-fabrics—every single one of which is *like* paper in that you're supposed to use it and throw it away. Even if it cost $1,000, like the dress that Tzaims Luksus designed for the Wadsworth Atheneum Museum ball in Hartford, Conn., last fall. For a landscape already agleam with discarded beer cans there is now hope for a frothy topping of disposable Diors.

This trend won't just stop climbing when it hits the first cloud, either. Five whole years ago American Cyanamid, the chemicals, drugs and plastics producer, demonstrated a prototype space suit of chemically treated paper—for women astronauts. The Cyanamid people reasoned that a round trip to Mars (the planet they may be



Papier-mâché earrings and mirror by Chrystya Ivanivna Olenska. Below, well-designed samples of industrial packaging. All from the "Made With Paper" exhibition at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts in New York.

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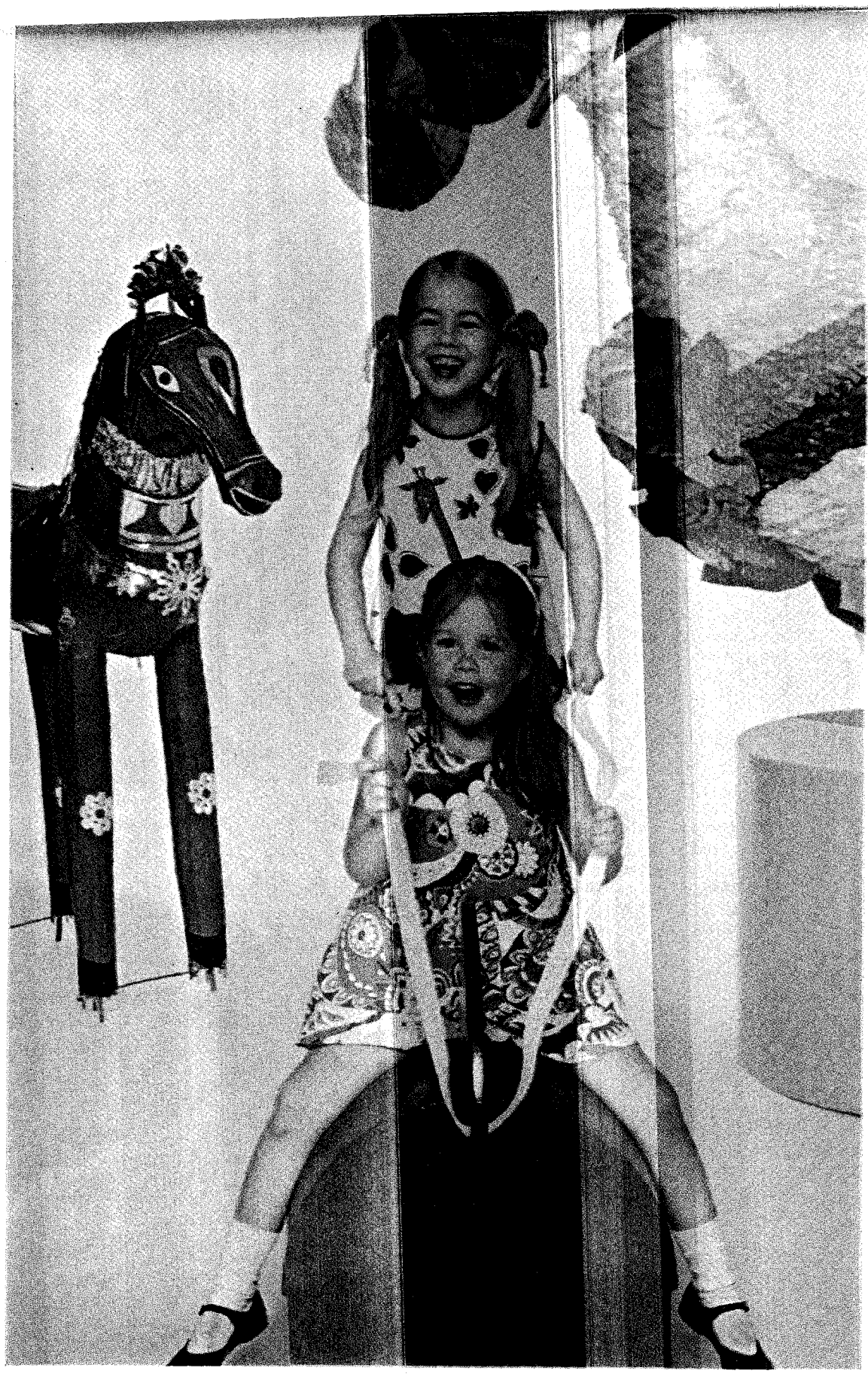
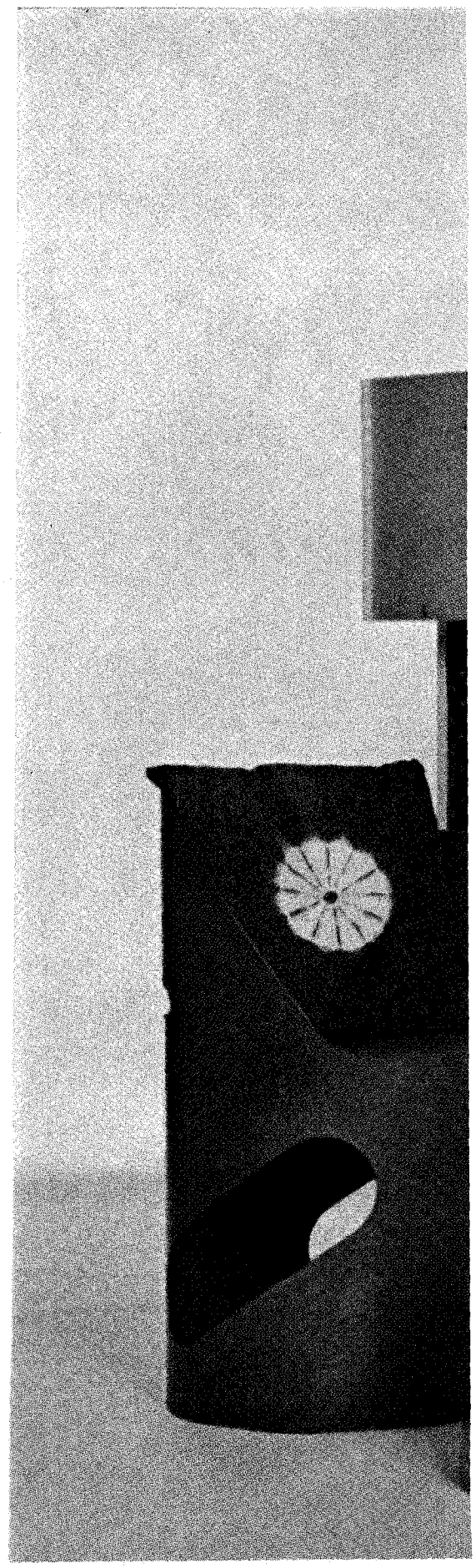


Paper-dressed children enjoying the paper fantasies of Indian and Mexican folk art. Bernard Holdaway designed the gaily sturdy play horse and play desk.

Dressed like a party snapper, tomorrow's hostess may entertain with paper items such as these exhibited at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts.



saving for the girls) would take about a year. And since it's hard to picture an American woman venturing that far from home without laundry facilities, they recommended wrapping her in paper. Made of a "warm and comfortable" material, "absorbent of body fluids and odors, a major problem in space travel," the paper space suit can be worn a week and then tossed overboard. If flying saucers make you nervous, wait till your airline pilot says he's just sighted a pair of ladies' coveralls out there.

You don't have to be Marshall McLuhan to recognize that some primal urges are at work here that make the whole paper situation inevitable. Using things for something other than what they were built for—like planting nasturtiums in a rowboat—is what keeps America strong. We're not the kind of country to sit around using paper just to write letters on or line drawers with, when with a dash of plastic, chemicals, rubber, glass or fiber it can be used to build fences, chairs, milk bottles, fur coats or bathing suits.

As every schoolboy knows, if we don't keep crumpling things up and throwing them out, the economy could clog all the way to Detroit.

The wonder is that we didn't hit paper sooner. There was already a cloud no bigger than a polka-dot bikini in World War II, when our military people complained that paper maps disintegrated when they got wet. American Cyanamid

Photographs by Henri Dauman

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(again!) came up with something called Melostrength—a resin made from melamine, which is made from symmetrical triazine, whatever *that* is, which stuck paper fibers together the way cement binds bricks. When paper maps were treated with it, Cyanamid triumphantly found they "remained intact even when they got soaking wet, were run over by a tank, or trampled by a full regiment of soldiers in combat boots."

Any woman could have told them right then that this kind of fashion is what we've all been waiting for. If I had a closetful of clothes that could be run over by a tank you'd never hear me complain again. If the word had got around to us in time, we'd have been wrapping ourselves in surplus military maps 20 years ago instead of the New Look.

But as things turned out, paper didn't strike until a whimsical adventure in 1966 by the Scott Paper Co., a company which also makes an unpaper called Dura Weve—93 percent paper-napkin stock reinforced with 7 percent rayon scrim. Scrim is a kind of webbing, and rayon, as far as I can figure out from the dictionary, is made of nonfattening carbohydrates and thin air.

Scott offered two styles of Dura Weve paper dresses at $1.25 each as a premium to promote its new "Color Explosion" in toilet paper, towels and napkins. The dresses were printed with gift-wrap designs. Half a million people naturally fell over themselves to order them, and Scott decided to call a halt because "we didn't want to turn into dress manufacturers."

This is not the kind of statistic to go unnoticed in trade circles, and before long you could send for paper hangers if you bought Johnston Frozen Pies, or sent two butter wrappers to the American Dairy Association. A Go Go Light hair lightener box top plus $1.25 could get you two mini-skirted mod-styled paper dresses from the Breck shampoo people, as part of their campaign "to target in on the youth market." Air India offered

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a mail-order sari ("Be the first princess in the palace to own one") plus a booklet on how to put the thing on. Lever Brothers, heralding a "second generation" era of throwaway clothing, offered a fireproofed "Swinging Dress" in "three vibrant colors" with matching hat for $1.00, plus two Dove, Lux or Lifebuoy soap wrappers.

Internationally, paper has given us a rare chance to pull ahead of the French. We may have lagged behind for years in *haute couture,* but our new crew of throwaway designers has been able to start from scratch. "You can do things with paper," as Marcelle Tolkoff of Tiger Things says, "you wouldn't dare do with regular fabrics."

People have leaped into paper who might otherwise not have. Elisa Daggs, now a leading designer and manufacturer, was a fashion editor who had gone to Africa to gather material for a book when she got hooked. Next thing she knew she had a factory in Korea and was conducting experiments in glueing, die cutting and sewing, and by last Christmas she was marketing packaged paper baby clothes. Now she's thinking "beyond disposability" to what she calls "the poor woman's luxury—things that look like gold lamés, organdies, velvets. They are getting so beautiful and exciting. A young woman can buy a sensational evening dress and keep on using it. You wear it without care, with no upkeep. Rather than have it cleaned, you throw it away."

For a consumer, of course, the stimulating thing about learning to live disposably is trying to understand what you're wrapped up in. I, who had only a passing acquaintance with peau de soie and pongee, now tiptoe in a world of substances that sound to me as though they belong in the coils of my refrigerator. Some of them feel damp to the touch and as sticky as petunia petals, and you wonder if they won't interfere with the radar if you wear them on a plane.

The silver-sequined cocktail dress to throw away at $20 and the matching coat ($35) to toss on top of it, is, it says on the tag, 12.6 percent Mylar film; 13.8 percent vinyl backing; 69.9 percent acetate batting; 3.7 percent "other fiber in batting exclusive of ornamentation." I lingered over a surfer jacket (half rayon, half polyethylene), shifts of nylon, polyester and rayon, dresses of Tiger Tissue (non-woven cellulose Dacron Polyester, "a special paper made for ready-to-wear and home-furnishings use and is not as fragile as stationery-store papers"), a bedspread (100 percent spunbonded polyester), a raincoat (100 percent wood-free pulp paper coated with P. V. C.). It's like dressing in a whole chemistry set.

I spent several days in and out of every paper boutique I could find, and it only cost me $534.65. I spent $5.00 for a bikini, because with its matching beach dress, sun hat and tote bag it was the most clothing I'd ever seen for that price. Another $1.50 went for a paper tattoo kit (which the directions say can be removed with nail-polish remover, and I suppose if that doesn't work I can get rid of my right arm). I bought a raincoat for $8.00 and another raincoat for my sister because at that price I felt I really had $8.00 left over. Then I bought another $8.00 raincoat for myself because I still felt the same way even after I'd bought one for my sister.

Then I spent $504.15 on other things in the

The bikini, made of polycoated Kaycel, costs $4 and is usually a throwaway after four dips. The slicker of polycoated Lexon ($8) is good for two dozen outings.

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stores, like stockings, dresses, sweaters, blouses and shoes *not* made of paper, because, like Mount Everest, they were there.

From a credit standpoint it was a very nice experience. At a new shop in New York carrying nothing but throwaway clothes, I decided to pay for my three raincoats with a paper check. This was agreeable to the proprietor. It was only when I insisted on showing him some identification that he drew the line. Hertz, Avis, Air Travel, Altman's all fell out on the counter and he shoved the whole pile away in disgust.

"If you were going to pass a bum check," he explained, "you'd be buying a TV set or something that would last."

The rush to paper has started an outpouring of self-diagnosis which has almost taken people's minds off Vietnam. A vice president of Kimberly-Clark says it shows that "people no longer have a guilt complex about throwing things away." The chairman of the department of sociology at the New School for Social Research in New York says that on the contrary it shows that "the older notion of the future in terms of God and home is gone. Without a future or for that matter a past, emphasis is on the present—a more instantaneous present. The result is narcissism. . . . Today the kick is paper dresses. Tomorrow, and that may be minutes from now, it may be something else." The director of New York's Institute for Rational Living calls it "showoffism."

Now nearly everyone is turning to the "second generation" of throwaway clothes. The Lever Brothers dress, for example, is made of Keybac, from Chicopee Mills, Inc., a division of Johnson & Johnson, the bandage people, and is based on the same rayon that goes into woven textiles. The Keybac wrinkle is that it is *non-woven*.

Non-wovens demonstrate that while the paper people are finding happiness making paper that seems like cloth, the synthetics and textile companies have busily concocted textiles and chemical fibers that seem like paper. It has even led to quarreling and harsh words about just what should be called paper and what shouldn't. In one glorious collaboration, the Kimberly-Clark manufacturers of paper and J. P. Stevens, producers of textiles, got together in a company called Kimberly-Stevens, which turns out a product called Kaycel, a paper sandwich with a filling of nylon scrim. Kyron, another Kimberly-Stevens special, used to be made into air-conditioner filters but has proved adaptable for disposable dresses, hats, bags and shoes.

A Texan whose company makes meat-packing equipment developed a knitted paper bag to smoke hams in that turned out to be just as effective when knitted into a woman's hat, and now paper knit clothes have kept sales moving through the fall and winter fashion seasons when some of the other paper models got a bit drafty. (There is also—in California—a $200 paper fur coat. "You can't clean it," its designer says, "but you can snip off the dirty parts.")

Alchemists at Du Pont, tinkering around with synthetic fibers bonded into paperlike sheets originally meant to be used as bookbindings and wall coverings, cheerfully pressed on to use them for men's swimming trunks, said to be good for several wearings. They are being bought by motels at $8.50 to $9.50 a dozen, and one traveling man who tried a pair said they were "not as bad as you might think," while another reported he wore a pair 20 times and they only "got a little fuzzy at the seat" from sitting on the pool edge.

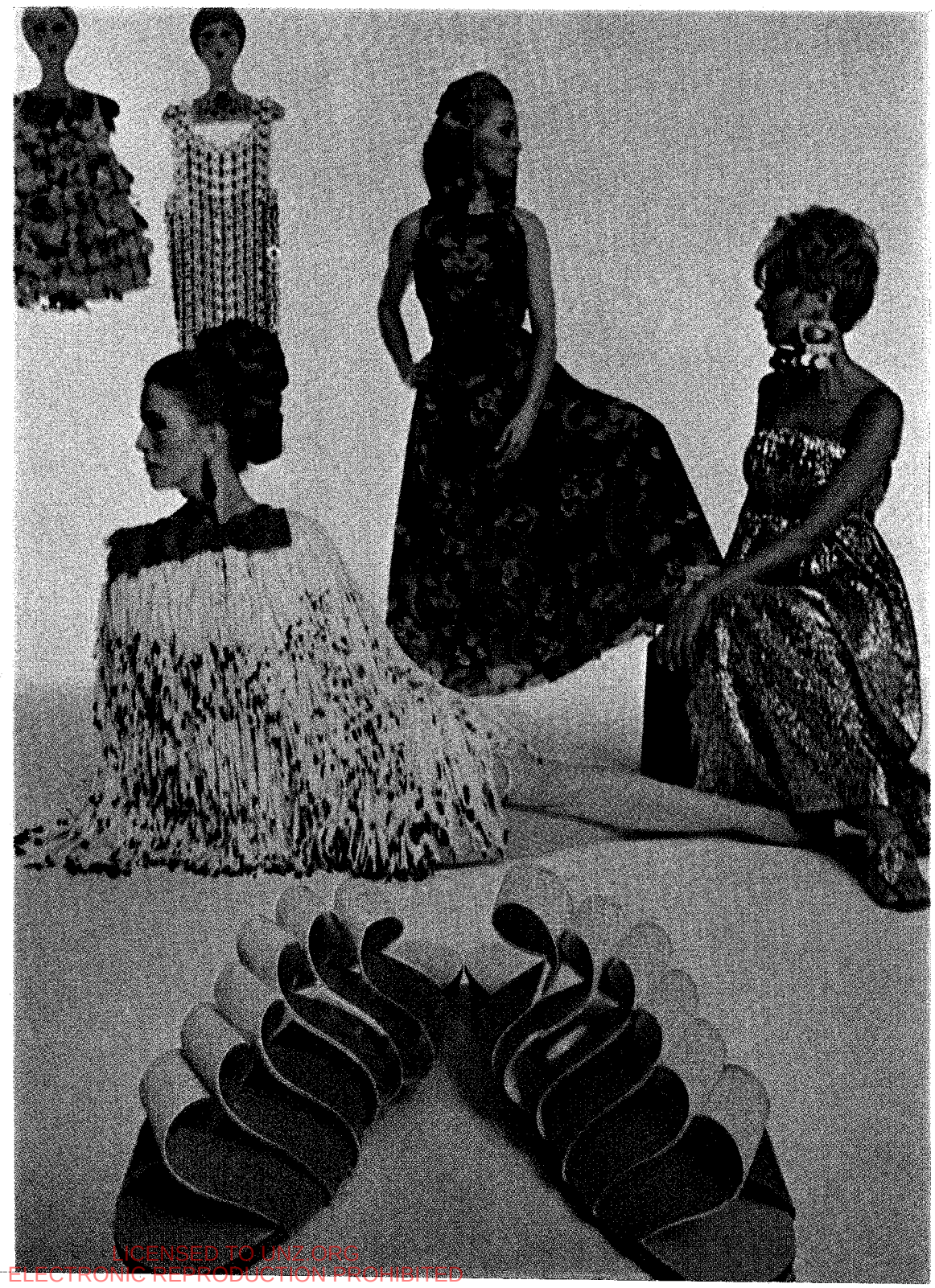
Swimming in paper actually brings us to some rather deep water. There have been the international repercussions you might expect. Michel de Lacour, the Parisian who promoted the his-and-hers bathtub and the marble-topped bidet that could be used as a dog fountain, immediately set to work on a paper bikini guaranteed to disintegrate the minute it went for a moonlight dip.

On our side of the ocean, Miss Body Chemistry of 1967 plunged into a heated pool in Baltimore to demonstrate a paper bathing suit for the press, and to nearly everyone's delight its top—which had been guaranteed not to melt or shrink—just took off independently and floated away.

The real trouble with swimming is that among the things they're doing to de-paper paper is to make it "fire retardant"—a recurring phrase in the trade which translates to the fact that you won't vanish in a blinding flash if someone holds a match to your dress. Since I've only had coffee spilled down my back and been hit by a playfully tossed piece of cake, it's hard to imagine the kind of gathering where someone would do this, but the Government's Injury Control Program is already issuing somber warnings just in case. Unless you want to be the Joan of Arc of your cocktail circuit, you've *got* to throw away whatever it is after it's gotten wet or been to the cleaners.

On the other hand, our national urge to ***wash*** things is as strong a part of our territorial imperative as throwing them out, and one of the motivating forces of daytime television. The woman who obliged one paper-dress test by doing her housework every day for a month costumed in the same paper garment complained when it was all over that "I like a dress I can wash." As the paper thing persists, we'll have a whole new set of excuses for being a nation of emotional wrecks.

They are even developing "third generation" non-wovens which *can* be washed and dry-cleaned, but once you start *that* they won't be disposable any more, and we'd be right back where we were. And nobody wants to go *there*. □



Paper haute couture *includes a wiggy mini, a key-tag and Green Stamp shift, an "ermine" cape, informal and glittery evening dresses, colorful at-home slippers.*

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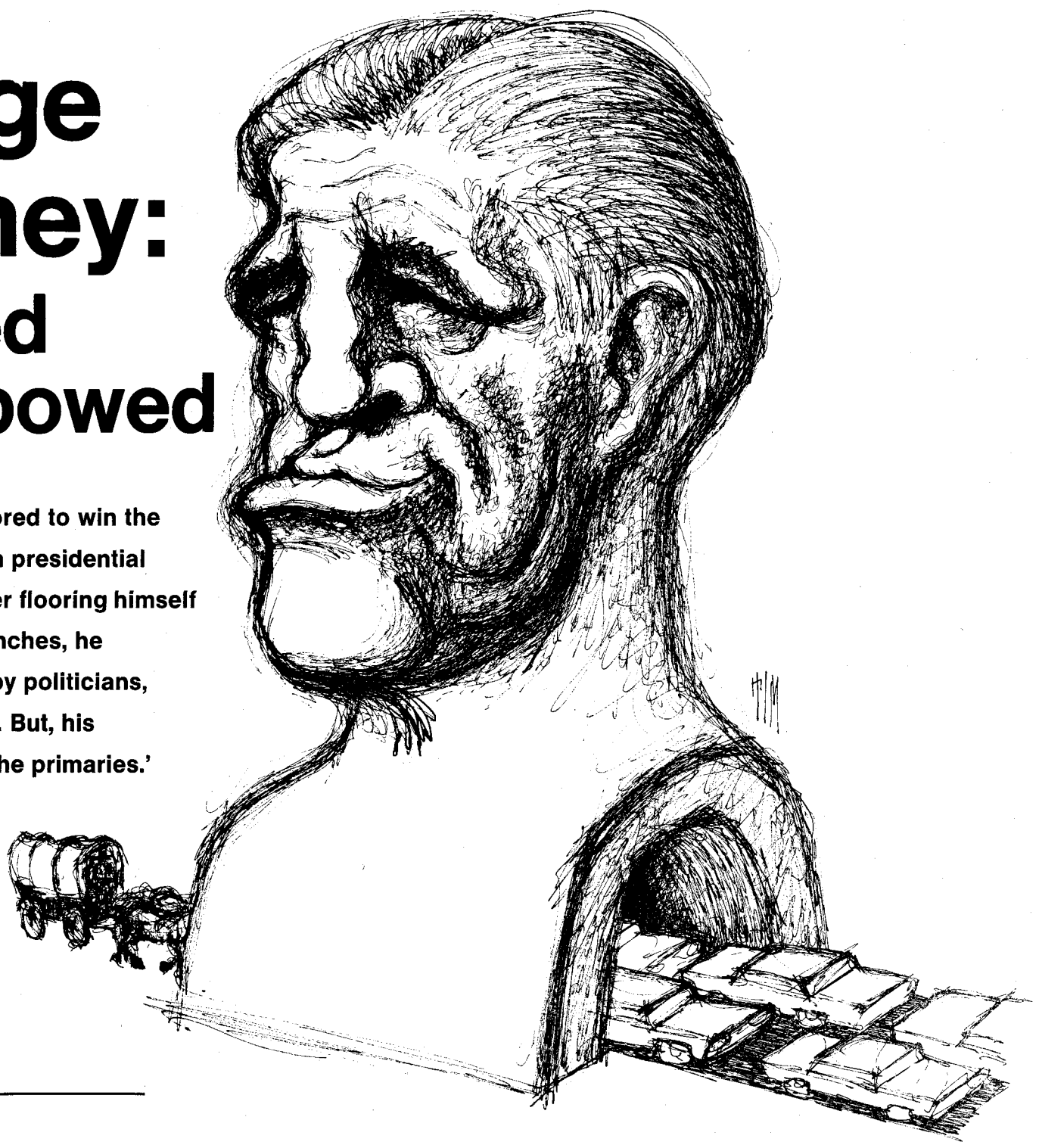
George Romney: Battered but unbowed

A year ago he was favored to win the fight for the Republican presidential nomination. Today, after flooring himself with a series of wild punches, he has been counted out by politicians, pollsters and the press. But, his backers say, 'Wait for the primaries.'



By Jules Witcover

As George Wilcken Romney stepped from his car in front of the Pick-Congress Hotel in Chicago, he had every reason to feel low. The day had been bleak and overcast, but the weather was the least of it. This afternoon Michigan's third-term governor had been rudely turned away from a Puerto Rican neighborhood center displaying a makeshift banner against "politicians that call out the National Guard on poor people." Then, across town, he had been obliged to listen for more than an hour as Black Power militants, under pictures of Malcolm X and Stokely Carmichael, told him straight out how much they distrusted all white politicians, himself included.

It had been the toughest stint in a long cross-country urban tour. Now, back at the hotel entrance, reporters asked for his reaction. Romney beamed. "It's been a great day," he said, as if just returning from a testimonial dinner in his honor. "I tell you, there's no substitute for getting right in there." And he strode briskly into the lobby.

After a full year of getting right in there, in hot and frequently stormy pursuit of the 1968 Republican presidential nomination, George Romney is a scarred monument to perseverance: battered, abused, but—somehow—still going. Despite all the reports of his political demise, he doggedly brushes aside the doomsayers and plunges confidently onward toward the real test of his political health—the approaching presidential primaries.

Throughout the year leading up to his formal declaration of candidacy, the Rambler man has undergone periodic political burials by party leaders and the press. Each time it has been a different last nail in the coffin: a drop in the national polls, tax-reform troubles in Michigan, the Detroit riot, a major teachers' strike, his remark that he got a "brainwashing" in Vietnam, an editorial in his home-state Detroit *News* urging him to quit the race. Yet for all the verbal pummeling, Romney not only has managed to stay alive but is heading toward the critical primaries as one of only two active, full-blown presidential contenders, the other being former Vice President Richard M. Nixon. Other Republicans—New York's Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller, California's Gov. Ronald Reagan and Illinois's Sen. Charles H. Percy—are mentioned increasingly as prospects, but only if or when Romney loses in a national test the one selling point that no amount of mere criticism can dispel: that he's a winner.

Republican professionals insist that this time—unlike 1964, when they led with their hearts and nominated a near-certain loser—they want a man who can beat President Johnson. If Romney can demonstrate against Nixon in the New Hampshire primary on March 12 that he still is a master vote-getter, what has gone before won't matter much.

The ups and downs George Romney has experienced, as reflected in his erratic fortunes in the national polls, might have another man talking to himself by now. Not Romney. He attributes the slippage to "the whims of public attitudes based on superficial understanding of what is happening at the moment." He plods on, fortified by a conviction that he is right, even when his strongest friends think otherwise. Although the sky fell in on him when he said he was a victim of brainwashing by American generals and diplomats during his 1965 tour of Vietnam, Romney steadfastly insists he doesn't regret using the expression. An interviewer asks, "Aren't you really sorry you didn't

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use another word? After all, you know that word hurt you." And he replies, "Temporarily, yes. But it has focused attention on the fact we haven't been told the truth. Nobody paid attention when I talked about a snow job. What I was referring to was the same thing—the systematic manipulation of the news for the purpose of influencing attitudes and viewpoints. The responsibility for that is the President's, and not only on the Vietnam war. What I said has led to a general recognition of the credibility gap. I called attention to a key issue." And when Republican governors on a conference-cruise to the Virgin Islands last month intercepted a wire from the White House that instructed the Democrats aboard the S.S. *Independence* to pressure Republican Gov. James Rhodes of Ohio into supporting a resolution on Vietnam, Romney jubilantly called it "just another example of the kind of manipulation from Washington I've been talking about."

In any case, admitting error is not Romney's strong suit; he is much more likely to "clarify" a statement because it has been "misinterpreted"—a step he quite often finds necessary. One national political reporter claims to have installed a time-saving special key on his typewriter that prints at a single stroke: "Romney later explained . . ."

The constant clarifications cast a cloud of doubt over the governor's capabilities generally. The old gags about Romney hang on—that "deep down he's shallow" and that he can't make his positions clear "because he's getting ambiguous signals from another world." These jokes reflect a misleading oversimplification of the man. He is by no means a mental lightweight. Yet he does have a remarkable talent for obfuscation—for taking the short simple answer and embellishing it with windy pontification, apparent contradiction and evasion. And when the press starts to bore in hard for clarification, he shows a barely curbed testiness that sometimes becomes an outright display of temper. The end result is that although Romney has been working diligently all year to lay before the American electorate his views on the spectrum of national concerns, the cliché that "he never takes a clear stand on anything" continues to be charged against him by politicians and the press alike.

The men around Romney are well acquainted with the complaint that their candidate is "fuzzy." Some, like Len Hall, the former G.O.P. national chairman who now is his chief political strategist, dismiss it as irrelevant. "There's nothing fuzzy about the way he wins," Hall says pragmatically. Others, like his prime booster, Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, profess to see not fuzziness but prudence. "There's a technique, when you don't want to be committed to something, to talk around it. I've done it myself. Anybody who doesn't want to would be unwise to commit himself prematurely."

"The American people like it black and white," says Barry Goldwater, still burning because Romney wouldn't support him in 1964. "They don't want to do too much thinking for themselves. Romney's too gray, that's his problem."

Still others, like Percy (who might benefit most if Romney fails), commiserate with him. "Once somebody labels you, you're stuck with it," Percy says. "In this country we want to package and bottle all our products, even people. This fuzziness is a label George somehow has to fight against."

Much of the battle, Percy suggests, is in being aware of the label stuck on you. Romney certainly is aware of it, and obviously irritated by it. The clarity gap has plagued him for as long as he has been in public office. Democrats in the Michigan gubernatorial campaign last fall claimed satirically that they had "broken the Romney cipher" and hence were able to figure out what he was talking about. But they still couldn't come close to beating him. Asked why people say they don't understand him, Romney shakes his head and replies, "You tell me. I speak clearly. It's a manufactured issue."

Manufactured or not, it is an issue that haunts him. From the time Romney started his presidential quest a year ago, reporters traveling with him have conducted a kind of running group psychoanalysis of the man. A touring inquisition through the West earlier this year exposed his apparent indecision on Vietnam, and the reporters' exploitation of it led directly to Romney's major "clarification" speech at Hartford in April. Since then, the political press corps has been following his out-of-state odysseys with one main question in mind: "Does George Romney have the stuff of which Presidents are made?"

He certainly looks the part. His features are classically regular and handsome, beneath a full head of hair impressively silver-gray at the front and sides and combed austerely back. Yet there is also something of the prize fighter about him: the flat forehead moving down to blue-gray eyes that often appear to squint; the Grecian nose with its slight bump; the thin, tight mouth and the square jaw of a Gene Tunney. Broad-shouldered and bullish, Romney in fact could pass as a ring veteran of the 1930's who quit before he got cut up and then made good in the restaurant business.

He has a big-cat quality; he is only of medium height but he moves his stocky frame with a bouncy agility; his hands are meaty paws that he often doubles into fists when emphasizing a point. Nor is it at all difficult to imagine George Romney in the ring. At 60 he is a physical activist who, before breakfast most mornings, either runs and fast-walks two miles or plays the equivalent of 18 holes of golf, batting three balls around six holes with an unorthodox but effective swing that has been likened to that of "a farmer killing a snake."

Romney has the temper of a fierce competitor too. He is learning to cool it in public, but it still can be sparked by a challenge, real or imagined, to his sincerity and integrity. Any implication that he is evading an issue falls into this category and thus can transform a reporter's routine pursuit of clarification into a verbal duel of honor.

Romney's "Vietnam problem" is a case in point. He finally came to his current position—support for controlled military pressure until a "peace with amnesty" can be achieved, while warning against excessive "Americanization" of the effort—only after an interminable public soul-searching, punctuated by irritable sparring matches with the press. Already hurt by his reputation for muddiness on the war, Romney last November declared a moratorium on discussing solutions for Vietnam until he could take a "fresh look" at the situation. From this self-constructed sanctuary, he then proceeded during his first western political swing to charge the President with "political expedience" in handling the war. Pressed to provide an example at a combative news conference in Pocatello, Idaho, he retreated into obstinacy. "No, I will not," Romney snapped. "Why not?" "Well, because I choose not to." "You're just going to make a charge like that and not substantiate it?" "At this point." He was like a big wounded bear.

The sniping finally forced Romney to clear the air with his Vietnam speech at Hartford. When it came, it turned out to be a lucid, almost masterful piece of political pragmatism, bringing him from the brink of dovish isolation within his own party, yet leaving him various options for criticizing the Democratic President in the election year to come. But the governor took so long reaching this point, with so many circuitous verbal detours along the way, that getting there became bigger news than what he said on arrival. At most, therefore, the speech served chiefly to neutralize the damage done by his long public procrastination. As one prominent national Republican said afterward, "Well, it stopped the bleeding."

In fact, the speech turned out to be only a temporary tourniquet. The blood started to flow again this summer, when Romney called United States

Romney's speeches—here to a student-faculty group at Morehouse College in Atlanta—are heavily inspirational.

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involvement "a tragic mistake," criticized bombing close to the Chinese border and deplored the increasing takeover by Americans of all aspects of the war. He had alluded to all these things at Hartford, but President Johnson had immediately and cleverly thanked the governor for his "support," thereby diverting attention from the critical options Romney had tried to preserve. When the governor reiterated those differences, he was accused—to his dismay and irritation—of changing his position on Vietnam once more. "I haven't departed from my Hartford speech," he still insists. "It wasn't properly interpreted to the country when I gave it because of L.B.J.'s bear hug. Since then, I've emphasized elements of the speech that the press overlooked. What I said was perfectly clear, but people were told I said one thing, and when I said again what I first said, they said I changed my position. I didn't."

The cornerstone of Romney's criticism of the Vietnam war is, in his phrase, its Americanization. The brainwashing he received in 1965 led him, he says, to accept for a time the Administration's assurances that the war would remain essentially a South Vietnamese responsibility, and when he realized this wasn't so, he spoke out. "There's a limit to what we can do," he says. "The South Vietnamese have to do the basic job on their own out there, just as the people in the American ghettos must do the basic job for themselves."

Romney's parallel between the need for self-help in South Vietnam and in the troubled inner core of American cities is significant. Throughout his 17-city tour of urban areas in September he grasped at every example of bootstrap activity by Negro neighborhood organizations—the Saul Alinsky "conflict" programs in Rochester and Chicago,

'As you can see,' Romney told his audience, 'I was really a stupid kid.'

hippie love-thy-neighbor efforts in San Francisco, and other local projects from Harlem to Watts—as a key to racial progress without violence. Uncle Sam, in South Vietnam or in Negro America, can help, but must not take over.

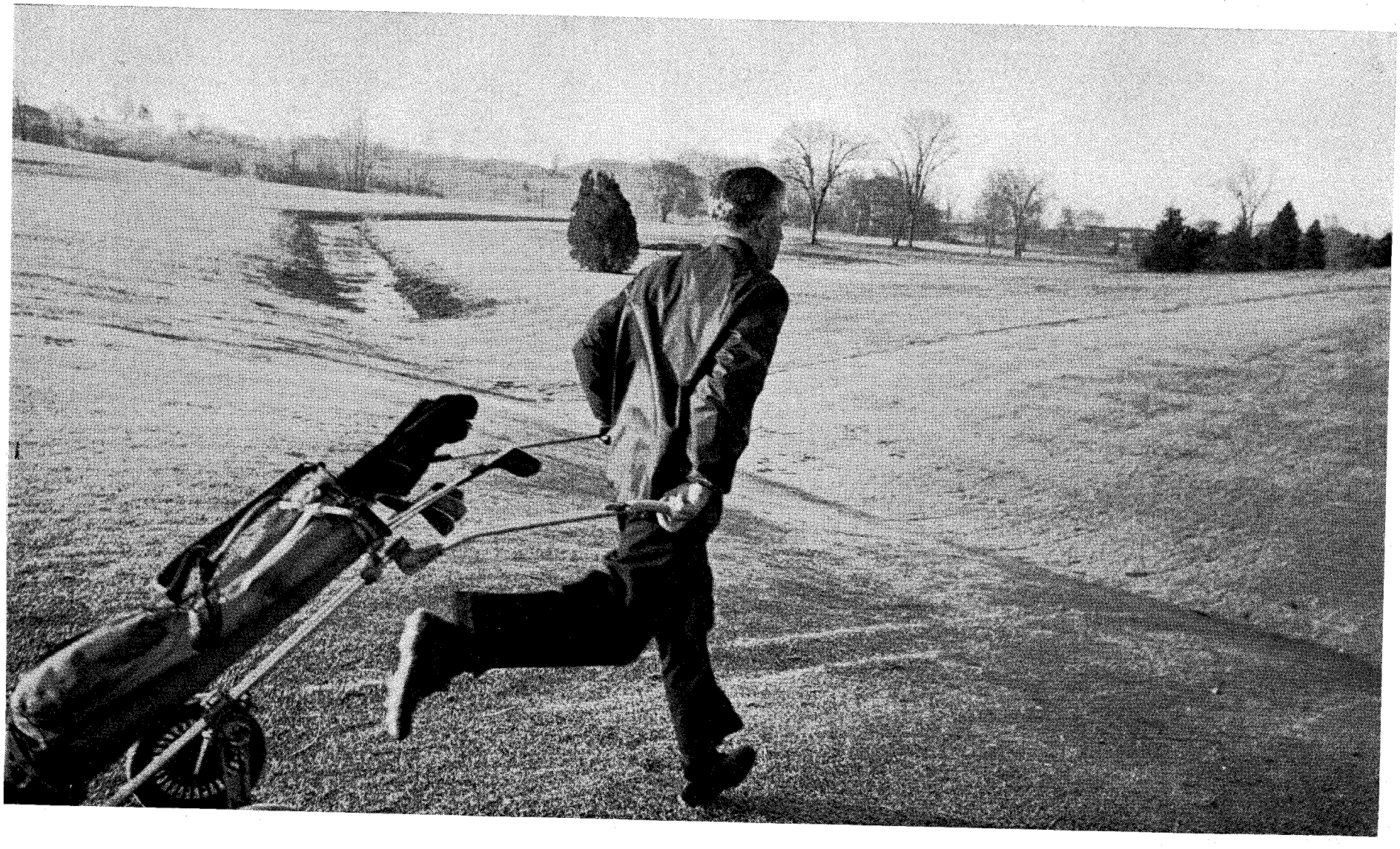
Romney's Mormon background undoubtedly has made the self-help approach appealing to him. He likes to remind big-city Negroes that his own forebears were "revolutionary refugees" who were driven from Mexico and built their own haven in Utah by communal sacrifice. The self-help theme runs through his whole philosophy. "It's up to us," he said in a speech earlier this year, "to release America's vast, as-yet-untapped potential of voluntary people-power to solve the people's problems. . . . Sure, we need professionals. Sure, we need welfare programs. Sure, Government has an important role. But there is no substitute for one human being who cares enough about another human being to go out and help him." To tap the people-power potential, Romney suggests that every American pledge "a tithe of time"—four hours a week—to some voluntary work.

The governor's penchant for invoking Mormon principles as guides to Negro self-help can be sticky for him, however. Negroes repeatedly confront him with his religion's limitations on their race—a Negro cannot enter the Mormon priesthood, lowest order in the governing body of the church, let alone advance to the higher ranks in the hierarchy. Militants in Watts during his urban tour told him he ought to "clean up your own backyard" before trying to right the wrongs in the Negro ghettos, and they called his faith "racist." Romney's tactic invariably is to reply that his church preaches brotherhood and to cite his own impressive civil-rights record as an individual and as a public official. In these and similar instances, any intimation from a questioner that the governor might be dissembling is a surefire way to bring an edge to his voice. One may get away with challenging Romney's opinion; to challenge his integrity is practically sacrilege. Some other man, more casual about his personal and religious commitments, might not be affronted so easily. But there is nothing casual about Romney's beliefs.

Nor is there anything casual about the way he works and plays. He crams more into a normal day than most men his age manage in a week. In Lansing, he eats lunch at his desk—a picnic box put up by his cook, consisting of fruit cocktail, a sandwich, cake and milk. And if he is driving the 80-odd miles to Detroit for an evening meeting or speech, he takes along a hot dish wrapped in aluminum foil and eats on the way, sitting up front, next to his state-police driver. "I just hate to go out and wait for a meal," he says between bites. "It drives me nuts. When I have to speak at dinners, I always try to arrange pop-ins. I just pop in, make a few remarks and get right out. I have more things to do than I have time for."

Romney relaxes from work not by collapsing into a comfortable old chair, as most mortals do,

Playing golf, Romney often uses several balls at once, and, says his wife, "actually runs from ball to ball."



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Addressing the Republican ladies of Fulton County, Ga., Lenore Romney spoke movingly of Motherhood, Family.

but by tackling some other undertaking just as intensely. His wife and active campaign partner, Lenore, acknowledges his compulsive intensity. "Sometimes the way he goes makes you feel inferior," she says. "Take swimming. I dip my toe in. He runs into the water. It's the same when he plays golf. He actually runs from ball to ball."

The Romneys' seven-year courtship, the governor's wife recalls now, was an all-out campaign from the start. "George never played it coy," she says. "He put all his cards on the table. He told me exactly how he felt and showed it. It wasn't that I was anyone special. Other fellows never thought so. But George, he'd follow me home if I had another date. If I went to a movie with another fellow, why, he'd sit behind us."

Even a budding theatrical career for Lenore couldn't throw George off the path for long. When she went to New York from Utah to attend an acting school, he got a job in the East—with the Aluminum Corporation of America—to be near her. A free trip to Hollywood and a screen test for Lenore temporarily balked him, but only temporarily. He arranged a transfer to California as a salesman and finally persuaded her to give up her career, which was then bogged down in bit parts, and marry him.

Having won his bride, young George Romney—then nearly 24—focused his intensity on new challenges. "Even on our honeymoon," Lenore says, "he was thinking of ideas and ways he could help the company when he got back." His climb in the business world—from Alcoa salesman to general manager of the Automobile Manufacturers Association at 35, vice president of Nash-Kelvinator at 43, chairman and president of American Motors at 47—was marked by the same single-minded determination, and it has been his trademark in politics ever since he was elected a delegate to the Michigan constitutional convention in 1961.

The fact of George Romney's intensity, however, is only half the story—the half that shows. The reason for it is what causes skeptics to reserve judgment on him. Many people attribute his compulsive drive to his Mormon background; critics fear that excessive reliance on its fundamentalist principles of faith, brotherhood and hard work can produce simplistic answers to highly involved problems that do not yield to any moral assault—such as what to do in Vietnam.

Romney bristles when he is confronted with this contention. "These principles don't inhibit me," he insists. "I haven't felt inhibited in any field. Look, there isn't anything I deal with that is black and white. There always are grays. Take Vietnam. I've been concerned with how that situation is involved with our long-range objectives as a nation. While I voice certain principles, that doesn't mean I'm limited by them. But I'll tell you this: I don't know of a situation where the principle of faith doesn't enter in."

The governor bristles particularly at suggestions that his faith is so strong that he uses it as a kind of direct line to divine guidance when he confronts a major decision. Actually, he has said that before running for any public office, he has sought guidance through prayer and meditation. "I've always tried to seek out counsel," he admits readily. "As one who believes in such help, I seek it, but I don't consider that a substitute for doing all I can through hard thinking and hard work. As a general rule, I don't think we get help beyond our own unless we use our own capacities."

Ironically, Romney might be more believable to the politically sophisticated if he toned down his piety and presented himself baldly as a man of great ambition and energy, scratching and clawing to reach the top in a fiercely competitive field. Zolton Ferency, Michigan's state Democratic chairman and arch-foe of Romney, says the governor is a political operator with the best of them but just won't admit it, even to his associates. "This guy doesn't understand the nature of the process, he doesn't understand the rules of the game," Ferency insists. "The real politician who is creating an image or some sort of façade—and Romney does that with the morality bit—is expected by the pros to do so, but they resent having it done to them. They say, 'Look, Governor, this is OK for the peasants, but you're talking to us, to your own confederates, your own boys. You have to level with us.' He doesn't see that. He doesn't belong. Nixon belongs. Dirksen belongs. Rockefeller belongs. Even Goldwater belongs. But this guy—the political machine said 'Tilt' when he came up."

Romney's speaking style is heavy with inspirational rhetoric delivered with all the gestures and intonations of the pulpit, and the preacher-politician image isn't likely to hurt him seriously in any contest against a President who is certain to be labeled by the Republicans as the all-time wheeler-dealer. Still, with the Democrats bound to snipe at Romney's righteousness as a front for incompetence or shallowness, it would help him if he somehow could unbend a bit more in public.

In private, he is far more pliable—except, of course, on the moral essentials—than most people realize. For instance, though as a Mormon he's a teetotaler, he has liquor in his home for guests who care for it; on trips by charter plane, liquor is available in quantity for his staff and accompanying newsmen. On the last morning of one long trip this year, weary, hung-over reporters and staff members dragged themselves aboard the charter plane and dropped into their seats. Romney—appallingly bright-eyed and healthy-looking—took the intercom and, grinning broadly, addressed them: "I know this trip has been hard on you fellows. But remember that Lenore and I have had to get up just as early and go just as long as you have, and we don't drink. When we wake up in the morning, we know that the way we feel right then is probably as good as we're going to feel all day."

Romney actually has a considerable capacity for self-deprecating humor, although it is hidden most of the time. As his campaign bus drove through his boyhood home of Rexburg, Idaho, on the same trip, he took the microphone and nostalgically pointed out places he'd been and things he'd done there as a boy. Suddenly he said, "See that drugstore on the corner? I'll tell you, the biggest thrill was to come down to the Rexall drugstore on Sunday and buy a banana split, and while you were there you probably swiped fifty cents' worth of candy and other stuff." (Voices from the rear: "You just blew the Mormon vote." "The Mormon vote? You just blew the Rexall vote.")

Speaking at Ricks junior college in Rexburg, Romney regaled the students with tales of the young George. Recalling how he was entrusted by a neighbor to drive home a harvesting machine and, after a series of lesser mishaps, finally crashed it into a fence, the governor blurted out, "As you can see, I was really a stupid kid." The Ricks students roared at this and other confessions, and Romney, grinning at the reporters accompanying him, added, "The national press here won't think these mistakes are unusual for me."

Warming up now, the governor told how he and his buddies celebrated Halloween in rural Idaho by tipping over outhouses: "You could have a lot of fun with those little buildings out back." George Romney has a seemingly uncharacteristic

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fondness for bathroom stories—clean bathroom stories, of course. He likes to recall, for instance, the time his friend Art Linkletter asked a little girl "what it's hardest to do without," and she replied, "Toilets." One reporter who has made a minor hobby of chronicling what he calls "the Romney scatological collection" offers this explanation for the governor's taste in humor: "He thinks it's naughty, and that's about as naughty as his background lets him be."

Mrs. Romney professes not to be surprised at anything her George says. He has a passion for the truth, the governor's slim, stylish, 58-year-old wife explains, and lets the chips fall where they may. To her, obviously, George Romney is not a man to have doubts about, and she cannot understand why the public and the press seem unable or unwilling to take him at face value.

"I'd back my last drop of blood on him," she says ardently. "He never has told me an untruth. Sometimes it's an embarrassment. One time, one of my children brought a boy in unexpectedly for dinner. We were sitting at the table and George suddenly said to me, 'Why, you haven't enough food here.' When the embarrassed young fellow's plate was passed to him, he said, 'No, thank you,' and I had to coax him to eat. Later I got George aside and told him, 'You must never say that.' 'Why?' he answered. 'There *wasn't* enough.'"

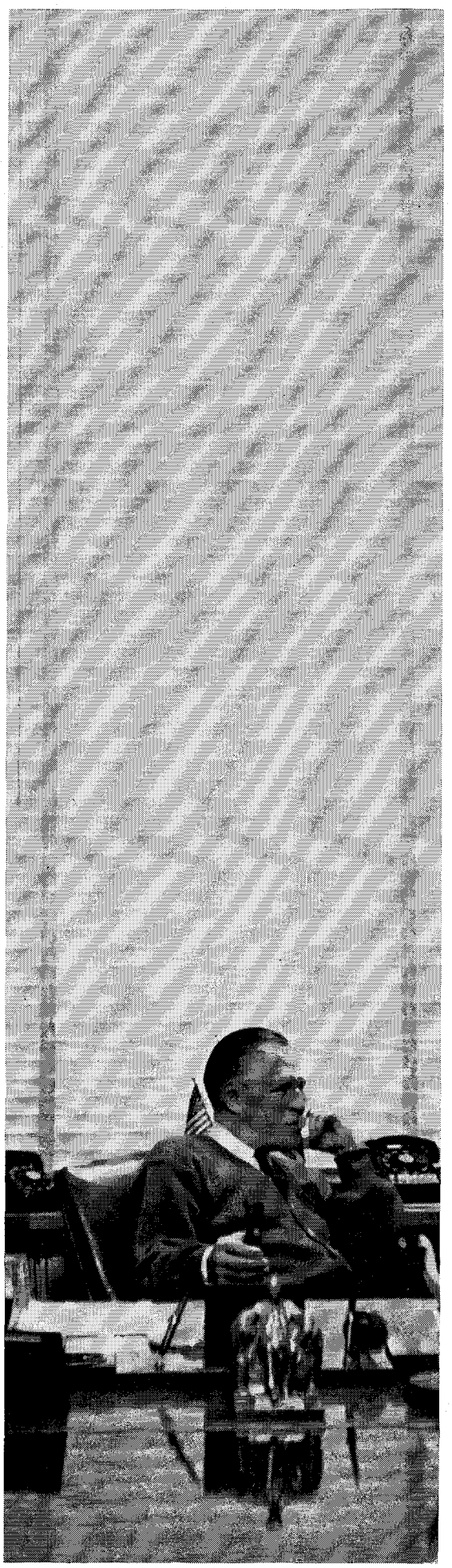
Lenore Romney herself actually is a distaff version of her husband—constantly on the go, intense in conversation and on the stump, direct about her protectiveness of his interests, an unabashed true believer in him, in her faith, her country and the essential goodness of mankind. With their two daughters married and their sons away from home—Scott at Harvard Law School and Mitt in France, as a Mormon missionary—Mrs. Romney has time to throw herself into selling George Romney with a fervor worthy of the man himself.

Watching her on a speakers' platform is like witnessing a religious experience. She sits, alert and with a constant half-smile on her lips, her eyes darting over the audience. When the invocation is given, she bows her head and closes her eyes tightly—almost fiercely—as if shutting out the world for that moment. Then, when her husband rises to speak, she focuses on him so intently that she seems to be setting up some kind of inspirational telepathy. She sits there as if transfixed, hanging on every word.

As a featured speaker herself, Lenore Romney has an electric impact on audiences. Her message, like her husband's, is heavily inspirational, and she delivers it extemporaneously with a speed and intensity that appear to leave her literally breathless at the end of a thought. She seems to gasp for air at intervals, then plunges rapidly on, invoking appeals to faith, compassion and individual initiative. America is great today, she told 500 Republicans in the packed Caro, Mich., High School cafeteria earlier this year, "because someone cared enough so we could have the roots, so we could bring forth the fruits and the lovely flowers of a prosperous society. . . ."

The words run on, sometimes making a point clearly, quite often not, but cumulatively mesmerizing the attentive audience. In her enthusiasm for her message, Mrs. Romney occasionally stumbles into outrageous statements. At Ricks College, she mentioned the little Negro girls who had been bombed in a Sunday school in Alabama and then, for some reason, blurted, "I think it's exciting to live in a world in which the great thing is how we treat people." At Caro, she said, "If the kids down the street aren't given a chance, they can knife your children in the back. This is the way a democracy ought to be—everyone should have a chance." (Like his wife, George Romney is capable of an occasional verbal goof. Straining for something complimentary to say about Idaho's Gov. Don Samuelson, a conservative Republican who had just given him a very noncommittal introduction, Romney remarked, "He and I share a common asset—our wives.")

In New Hampshire polls, Nixon now leads him 2–1, but Romney expects to win.



When working in his office in Lansing, the governor does not leave his desk even for lunch, but brings a sandwich.

Mrs. Romney is known in Michigan as "George's secret weapon," and he already has begun to use her on the national scene. When he was kept in Lansing earlier this summer by tax-reform troubles (later resolved in what amounted to a Romney victory), he sent Lenore as his substitute to the Young Republican convention and to a major G.O.P. governors' conference in Wyoming. And, in July, while Romney was taking soundings in New Hampshire, looking ahead to the first primary in the nation, Lenore toured the New England state on her own, making friends for the Romneys. Her husband's plans for a European tour and, at Christmastime, a visit to U.S. troops in Vietnam also include Mrs. Romney.

"I think with a wife who can campaign effectively, I'm very fortunate," the governor observes with a sly grin. Clearly, the oratorical team of Romney and Romney is geared to do battle against all comers in the primaries next year. "I believe the smoke-filled room is vastly overrated," Romney adds. "Fundamentally, I'm for participation of as many people as possible."

It's not surprising that he adopts this attitude. The prevailing opinion is that George Romney would have about as much chance of emerging from a smoke-filled room with the Republican nomination as Bobby Kennedy would have of being elected president of the Teamsters union. In a meeting of the party pros, the odds-on favorite would be Romney's chief current rival, Richard Nixon, who has announced that he too will enter the primaries—"if I run."

Actually, the primaries are a matter of necessity for each man, but for different reasons. As a two-time loser, Nixon must show he can win. And with Romney's decline in the national polls and his inability to get early support from a majority of the party's 25 governors, he must look to the primaries to persuade the governors and the public he is the best candidate the G.O.P. can offer. Rockefeller, still declaring his own noncandidacy, says, "If Romney wins in New Hampshire, you'll see these polls turn around just like that. Whoever wins that one will have a tremendous advantage. Romney will be on his way."

In the pre-primary sparring of the past year, George Romney obviously has failed to persuade the experts at ringside that he's the giant killer the Republican Party has been searching for. And it may well be that the old infighter, Richard Nixon, will leave him cut and bleeding after the very first primary. Nixon's polls are said to give him a 2–1 edge in New Hampshire, but Romney shrugs and says, "I've been an underdog all my life." After returning from Vietnam, where, he says, "I'm going to get into it as closely as I've gotten into the ghettos at home," the governor plans a "very thorough people-to-people effort" in New Hampshire. He expects to win, though he does not agree with those who say a loss there would finish him. "If I was a favorite and lost, that would be one thing, but I won't be," he says.

A number of people have already learned that it can be awfully hard laying a glove on someone who, in addition to fierce determination, has the moral strength of ten because the Lord is in his corner. Michigan Democratic Chairman Ferency, recalling his trouncing by Romney in the state's last gubernatorial election, says of the experience, "It was like running against John the Baptist." There is no sign whatever that it will be any different this time. □

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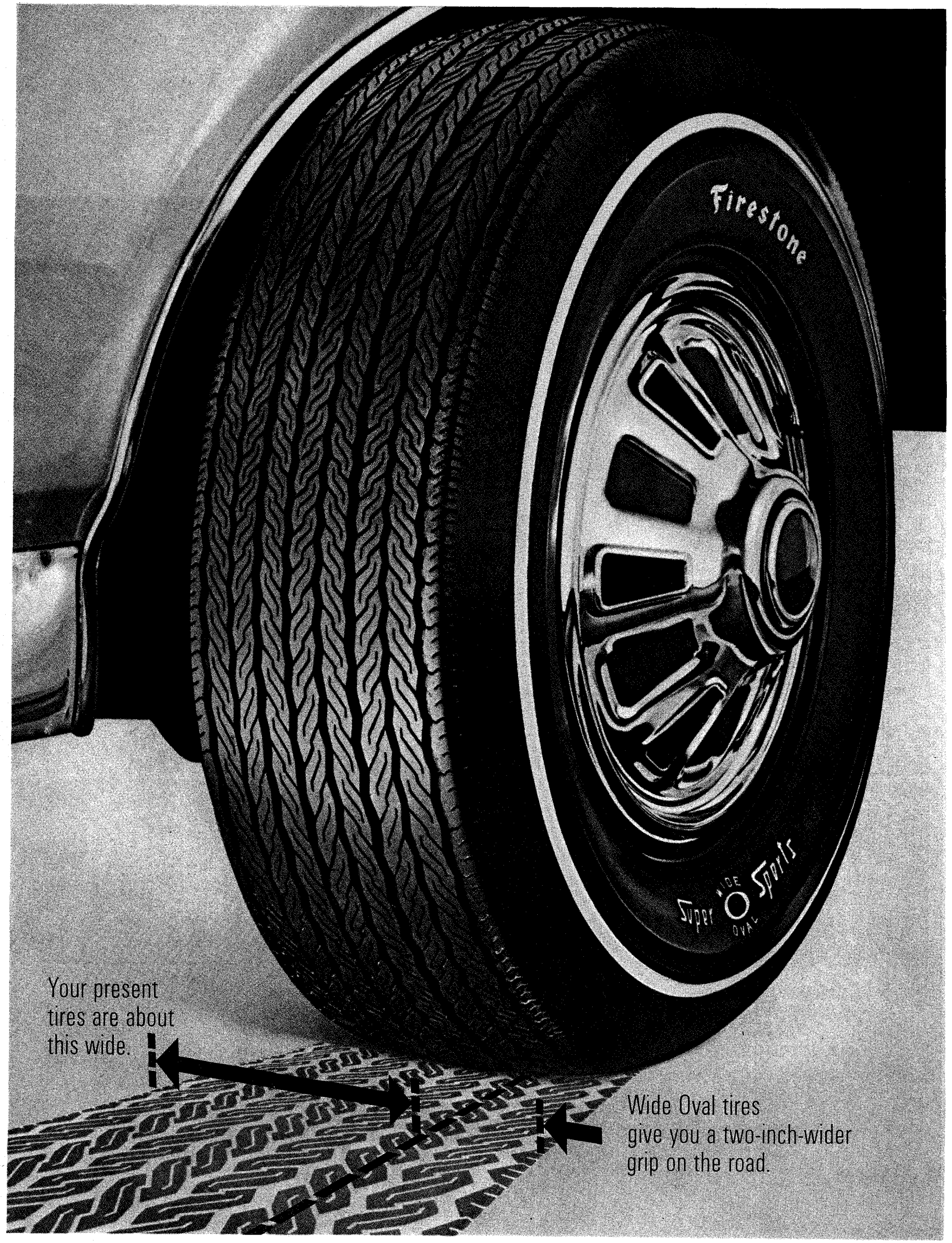
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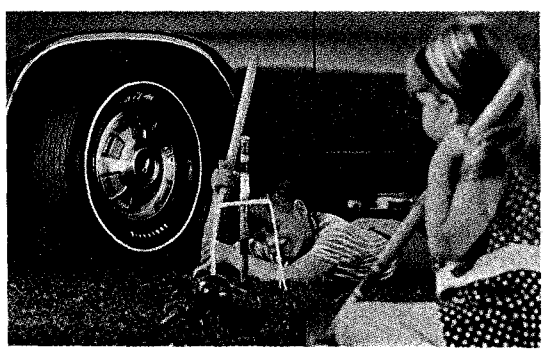

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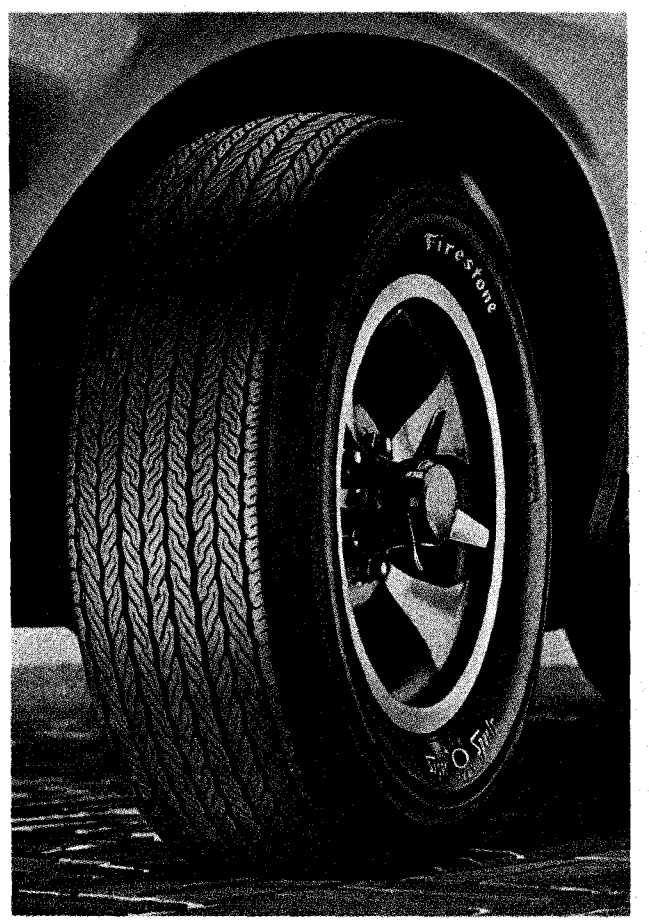

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THE CROSS FIRE THAT KILLED PRESIDENT KENNEDY

(*continued from page 31*)

the President's back. Later ballistics tests performed at Edgewood Arsenal show that bullets from Oswald's rifle could be expected to punch out exit holes over *twice* the size of their corresponding entry holes.

Special Agent Frazier examined the President's shirt at the FBI laboratory. In the upper back he found a small hole, one quarter inch in diameter. The shirt fibers, which were pushed inward around the periphery, bore traces of copper. But on the shirt front, just under the collar button, Frazier found a half-inch vertical slit without any metallic residue whatsoever. Nor could Frazier find any metallic residue on a small nick in the President's tie. Frazier was very guarded in his testimony about this: "I could not actually determine from the characteristics of the hole whether or not it was caused by a bullet. However, I can say that it was caused by a projectile of some type which exited from the shirt at that point." Earlier he had cautioned the commission that the "irregular slit" was not specifically characteristic of a bullet hole; it could have been made by a fragment of something else, such as bone.

Frazier's suggestion that the throat wound might have been caused by a fragment (possibly bone) had already been made by one of the Parkland doctors who helped Perry make his tracheotomy incision. When we consider the testimony of the Parkland doctors, we can understand why such an explanation seems plausible. Fitted into a coherent picture, their testimony describes a *vertical* channel of contusion (bruise), laceration and hematoma (swelling filled with blood) stretching above and below the tiny exit hole. Such a channel, of course, lies at right angles to the trajectory of a bullet passing *horizontally* through the neck. It is consistent not with the first shot to Kennedy's back but with the later head shot, as we shall presently see.

None of the medical testimony from Parkland Hospital was available to the autopsy surgeons at Bethesda when they decided that the throat wound had been caused by the exit of a whole bullet traveling horizontally. As Dr. Humes told the commission, he "had the impression from seeing the [throat] wound that it represented a surgical tracheotomy wound." Thus the neck area was never fully dissected, and the possibility that the throat wound might have been caused by bone or bullet fragment went unconsidered.

During the autopsy the President's brain was removed and placed in a Formalin solution for later examination. A detailed study of the brain after the official autopsy had been delivered turned up one rather startling fact. Deep in the brain, at the level of the midbrain and the left cerebral peduncle, were found two rather sizable, communicating lacerations. It is possible to pass a line through these lacerations from a point on the right rear of the skull (the location of the entry hole) that will also pass through and out of the lower throat. If we suppose that a bullet fragment, or more likely a bone fragment, was driven downward on a slight right-to-left trajectory through the midbrain, larynx and windpipe, we have a hypothesis that accords with all the known facts surrounding the throat wound. The absence of copper traces on the shirt fibers would indicate that bone (not metal) fragments did the major work of disruption.

The evidence clearly suggests that the first shot struck the President and did not transit his neck. Therefore it could not have continued on to hit the governor. But if this was the case, which bullet did hit Connally? The evidence strongly indicates that it was the *second* shot fired that day in Dealey Plaza. This evidence, much of it either ignored or glossed over by the commission, includes firsthand reports of eyewitnesses, press reports, recently discovered official documents, photographs and statements by Connally and his doctors.

THE GOVERNOR'S WOUND

Not one of the several hundred witnesses that day in Dealey Plaza saw the assassination as the Warren Commission believed it happened; not one believed that a single bullet wounded both the President and the governor, or even that they were hit at the same time by different bullets. Nor did any of these witnesses think the second shot missed.

Jean Hill believed the second shot hit the governor. As shown in the picture on page 28, she was standing with her friend Mary Moorman on the grass to the south of Elm Street and had an unobstructed view of the presidential car as it swept past her. She heard some shots, saw the President move, and then saw Governor Connally fall.

The witnesses' unanimity on this point was expressed both in newspaper accounts and official reports. On November 24 *The New York Times* reported that after President Kennedy was hit by the first bullet, "the governor turned to see what had happened, when he was struck in the back by another bullet." This remained the orthodox account in the press right up to the time the Warren *Report* with its controversial "single-bullet theory" made its debut. That the Warren *Report* and the press should be at variance on this point is not necessarily disturbing, but the Warren *Report* is also contradicted by key *official* documents. In the first Secret Service report, mentioned nowhere in the Warren *Report* or its volumes, we find the following:

"At the foot of Elm Street, at a point approximately 200 feet east of the Houston Street triple underpass, on the approach to the Stemmons Freeway, President Kennedy, who was seated on the right rear seat, was shot. Immediately thereafter Governor Connally, seated in the right front seat, was shot once. The President was then shot the second time."

The FBI compiled a five-volume report on the assassination, and turned it over to the commission on December 9, 1963. In this report there is a passage that states: "As the motorcade was traveling through downtown Dallas on Elm Street about 50 yards west of the intersection with Houston Street, three shots rang out. Two bullets struck President Kennedy, and one wounded Governor Connally."

Since he has a vividly clear memory of the event, the best witness that Governor Connally was hit by a separate bullet is Governor Connally himself. He gave his opinion in detail to the commission.

Assistant counsel Specter: "In your view, which bullet caused the injury to your chest, Governor Connally?"

Connally: "Well, in my judgment, it just couldn't conceivably have been the first one, because I heard the sound of the shot . . . and when I heard the sound of that first shot, that bullet had already reached where I was . . . and after I heard that shot, I had time to turn to my right, and start to turn to my left before I felt anything. It is not conceivable to me that I could have been hit by the first bullet."

Mrs. Connally, who was sitting beside the governor in the limousine, also has a clear memory of the shooting. "I turned over my right shoulder," she testified, "and looked back and saw the President as he had both hands at his neck . . . I recall John saying, 'Oh, no, no, no.' Then there was a second shot, and it hit John, and as he recoiled to the right, just crumpled like a wounded animal to the right, he said, 'My God, they are going to kill us all.'"

The governor scoffs at the commission's "single-bullet" theory. "They talk about the 'one-bullet' or 'two-bullet theory,' but as far as I'm concerned, there is no 'theory.' There is my absolute knowledge and my wife's too, that one bullet caused the President's first wound, and that an entirely separate shot struck me."

"No one will ever convince me otherwise," adds Mrs. Connally.

"It's a certainty," concludes the governor. "I'll never change my mind."

Although the governor will never change his mind, the commission chose to disregard his account of the events of November 22. Recognizing that to believe the governor's account meant also to believe in the existence of a second assassin, the commission put forth its "delayed-reaction" theory. "There was conceivably," the *Report* suggests, "a delayed reaction between the time the bullet struck him and the time he realized that he was hit."

On the surface this is a plausible theory; many men are hit in combat and do not realize it until later. The Zapruder film, however, lays this "delayed-reaction" theory to rest.

At frame 230 Kennedy has obviously been hit; his hands and elbows are raised, he grimaces. Connally has now turned left so that he is facing straight ahead, his hand holding his Stetson. According to the commission, he also has been hit. But Connally, looking at the frames, says, "There is no question about it. I haven't been hit yet." At Z235-236 his mouth opens—perhaps in the cry, "Oh, no, no, no!" that he remembers making just before being hit. Finally, in frame 238, we see a very definite change indicating the impact of a bullet: his right shoulder collapses, his cheeks and face puff, and his hair is disarranged.

The governor looks like someone who has just had the wind knocked out of him. Connally did not decide to disarrange his hair, or puff his cheeks, or collapse his right shoulder, nor were these nervous reflex actions. They were direct effects of the striking bullet.

This indisputable photographic evidence shatters both the "single-bullet" theory and its offspring, the "delayed-reaction" theory. Surprisingly enough, we know from a recently released Archives document that the Secret Service was aware of this fact as early as November 29, 1963. After viewing the Zapruder film, Secret Service Agent J. J. Howlett reported: "It had been ascertained from the movies that President Kennedy was struck with the first and third shots fired by the assassin, *while Governor Connally was struck with the second shot.*"

If we locate the first hit on the President in the interval Z210-224, the governor was hit by the second shot anywhere from three fourths to one and a half seconds later.

One and a half seconds is too short a period for the gunman operating Oswald's Mannlicher-Carcano to get off two shots (*see chart*). Obviously at least two assassins were shooting from the rear at the President's limousine that day.

SUPERBULLET

Deep in the recesses of the National Archives, carefully packed in cotton and enclosed in a small plastic case marked Commission Exhibit Number 399, rests a copper-jacketed 6.5-millimeter bullet. Along its straight sides can be seen the spiral channels of rifling grooves. Although the bullet's tail is somewhat squeezed, its nose and midsection are perfectly preserved. Given such a projectile, experts had no difficulty matching it to Oswald's rifle.

No piece of physical evidence has excited more controversy than C.E. 399. The commission argues that this bullet, after passing through the President, entered the governor's back, making a 1.5-centimeter hole before shattering his fifth rib and blowing out an exit hole five centimeters wide. The bullet continued on to smash Connally's forearm and wrist, splintering the radius bone at its largest point and leaving along its path a trail of bone and metal fragments. This bullet, according to the commission, finally embedded itself in the governor's thigh, leaving behind two small fragments before falling out on the stretcher.

Critics of the *Report* have argued against this conclusion on two grounds. First, they point to the minuscule loss of C.E. 399's substance. Two of the autopsy surgeons were convinced that 399 could not have caused the governor's wounds for the simple reason that more metal was found in his wrist than was missing from 399. Second, critics point to 399's undeformed state as evidence that it could not have caused the damage ascribed to it. The second argument is much stronger than the first.

FBI firearms expert Robert Frazier weighed C.E. 399 on the evening of November 22 and found it to weigh 158.6 grains. He weighed three other 6.5-millimeter bullets chosen at random and found them to weigh 160.85, 161.5, and 161.1 grains.

Subtracting the weight of C.E. 399 (158.6 grains) from the likely weight of an unfired bullet (161 grains) we get 2.4 grains. About 1.5 grains of metal were found in the governor's wounds. Hence, simply from the point of view of total weight, the various fragments in Connally's body *could* have come from C.E. 399.

What does preclude such a possibility is the (*continued on page 50*)

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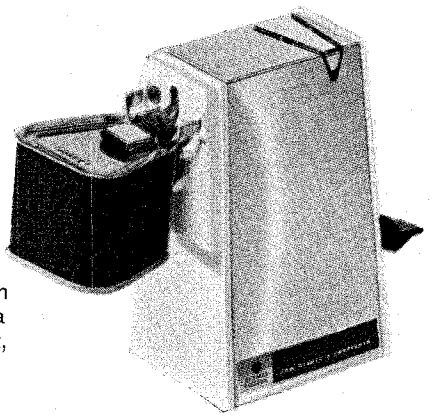

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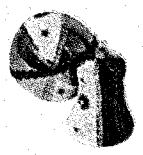

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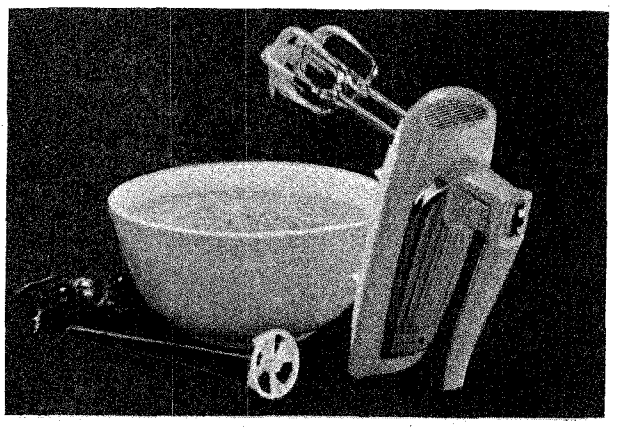

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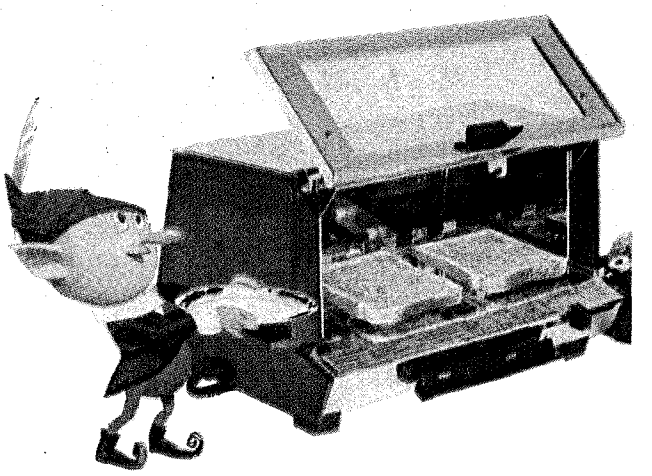

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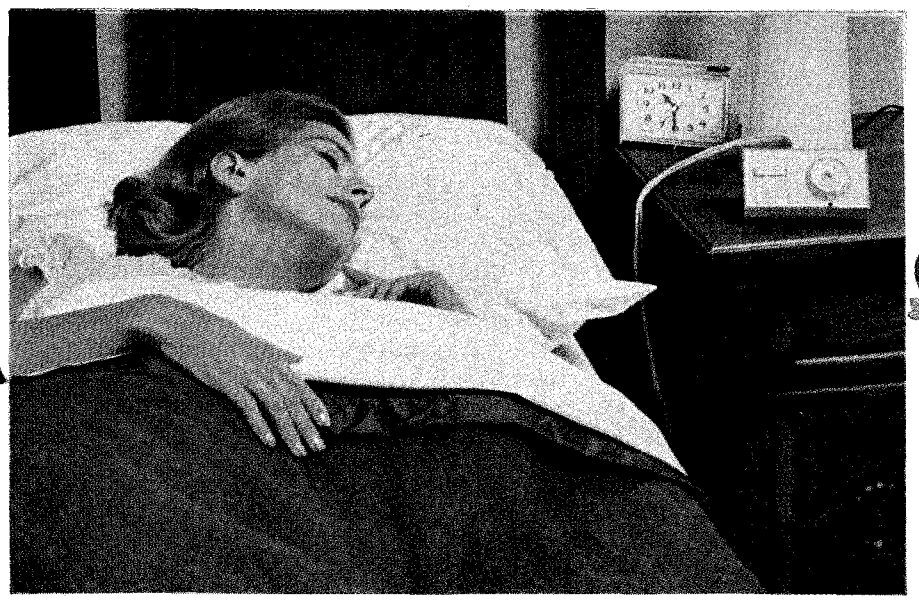

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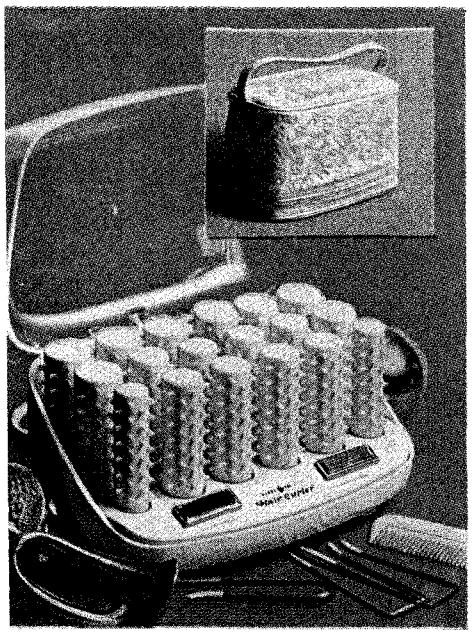

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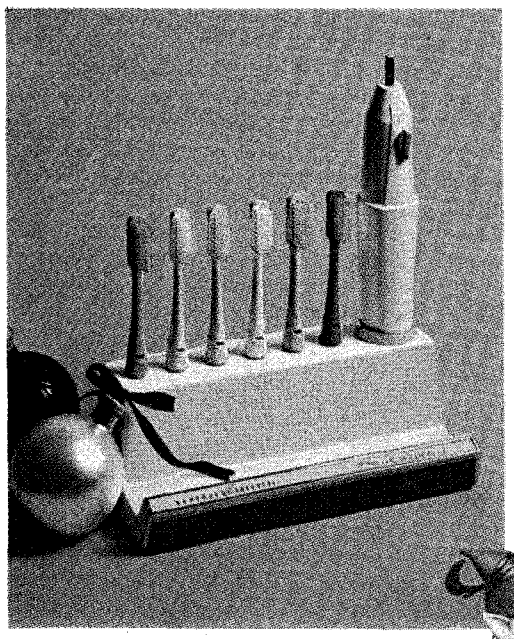

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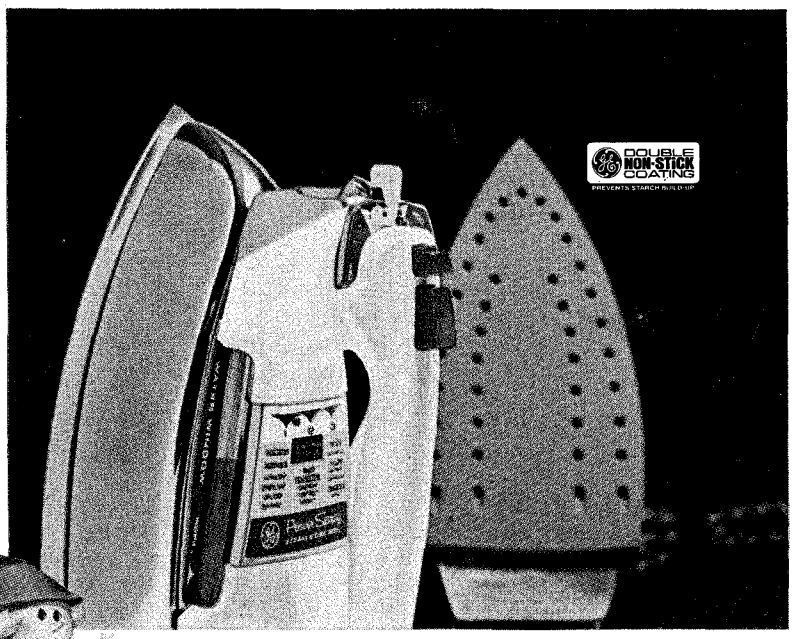

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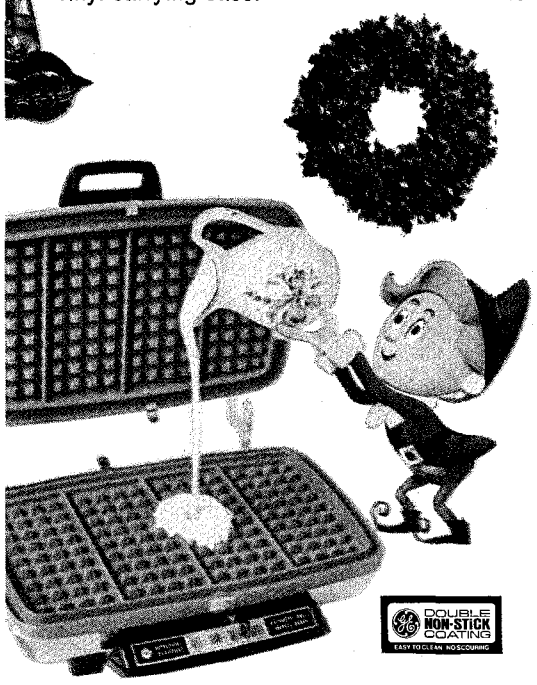

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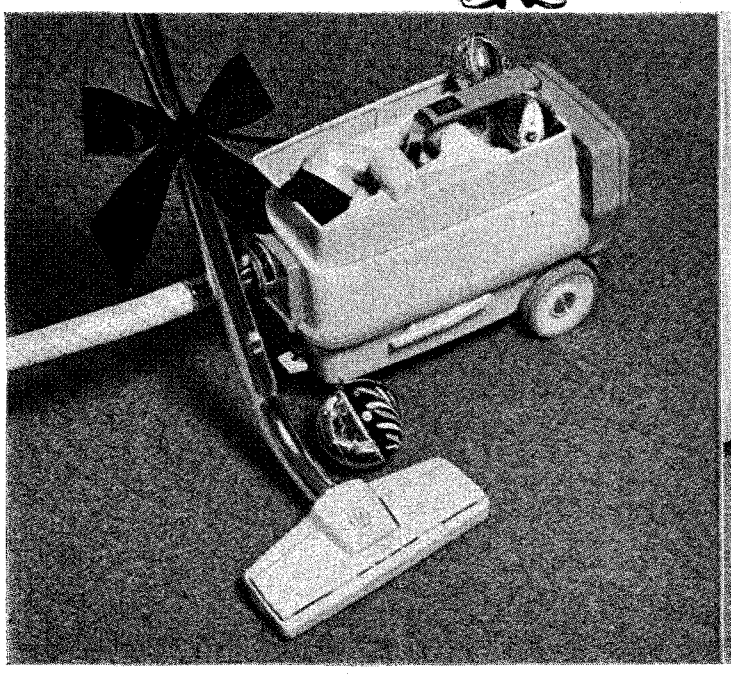

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(*continued from page 46*)

lack of "deformation of the bullet" alluded to by Dr. Robert Shaw, the Parkland surgeon who operated on the governor's chest. Although absent from the published record, documents recently discovered in the Archives show that members of the commission staff were aware of this as early as April, 1964. On April 14 a viewing of the Zapruder film was arranged for various staff members together with the autopsy surgeons and two experts from the Army's Wound Ballistics Branch at Edgewood Arsenal. The sense of this meeting was that the bullet was too perfect to have shattered a wrist.

A similar meeting a week later ended with wound-ballistics experts F.W. Light Jr. and Joseph Dolce urging even more strongly the same conclusion. The report of the meeting states:

"Drs. Light and Dolce expressed themselves very strongly of the opinion that Connally had been hit by two different bullets, principally on the ground that *the bullet recovered from Connally's stretcher could not have broken his radius without having suffered more distortion.* Dr. Olivier (another wound-ballistics specialist) withheld a conclusion until he has had the opportunity to make tests on animal tissue and bone with the actual rifle."

The results of Dr. Olivier's tests were to validate the conclusions of his two colleagues. Under his direction a slug from Oswald's rifle was fired through a cadaver's wrist to simulate the Connally wrist injury; the nose of the resulting bullet (*see illustration*) was badly smashed. This test bullet looks nothing like C.E. 399. Only the ballistic-comparison rounds (*see illustration*) resemble it, yet these rounds were fired into long tubes of cotton waste to prevent any deformation.

But C.E. 399 *does* exist; I have held it. And it *was* traced to Oswald's rifle. How can it be accounted for?

In answering this question, I think several considerations should be kept in mind:

(1) Bullet 399 is an *atypical projectile.* None of the other bullets fired from Oswald's rifle at *standard muzzle velocity* preserved their pristine state after hitting anything. Even one of the two ballistics-comparison rounds—projectiles fired into long tubes of cotton waste—was twisted along a longitudinal axis.

(2) The wound in the President's back was an *atypical wound.* Dr. Boswell told me that its depth could be probed only up to the first or second knuckle of the little finger—a depth of one to two inches, much shallower than would be expected of a high-powered bullet of this type.

(3) The ammunition used in the rifle found on the sixth floor of the depository was government-surplus ammunition last manufactured in 1944. A spokesman for the company that made the ammunition declared that "the reliability of such ammunition would be questionable today."

(4) At least 52 witnesses, including eight Secret Service agents, reported that the first shot sounded more like a "firecracker" or a "backfire" than a rifle shot.

What they heard as a "firecracker" might well have been the report of a "short charge"—that is, a cartridge whose explosive power was far less than standard. Such a supposition would explain many things in addition to its odd, firecracker-like sound. It would explain the copper traces on the President's jacket, while the very low muzzle velocity of such a projectile would explain the pristine character of the bullet as well as the otherwise inexplicable short penetration into the President's muscle.

Commander Humes was perhaps correct in suggesting on November 22 that "the one bullet [that] had entered the President's back . . . had worked its way out of the body during external cardiac massage." But even if the bullet did work its way out, how did it get to the stretcher where it was found? To answer this question we must appeal to an old American institution—souvenir hunting.

Penn Jones Jr., a Texas newspaper editor, was at Parkland Hospital shortly after the assassination. He reported that one of the hospital employees—in the general craze for souvenirs then reigning—actually had the nerve to ask Mrs. Kennedy if he might keep the President's undershirt.

In such a chaotic atmosphere, is it beyond the realm of possibility that some hospital employee found bullet 399 on the floor, in the President's clothes, or on his stretcher, and momentarily snatched it as a souvenir, only to recognize its importance and quickly secrete it on a stretcher where it might be found by someone else—no questions asked?

THE HEAD SHOTS

In November, 1966, there was an autumn chill in the air as a *Life* editor and I drove our rented car out of Dallas on our way to Irving, Tex., to interview S. M. Holland, signal supervisor for the Union Terminal Railroad and a critically important witness of the assassination.

Holland met us at the door of his home on Lucille Street and ushered us into the living room. He carefully inspected our identification and told us he had done some checking on us with his old friend, Dallas County Sheriff Bill Decker. He knew who we were, but he wanted to know just what our angle was, just what we wanted to prove. We told him that we only wanted to find the truth. At first he did not believe us, and with good reason. For the Government, too, had told him that it wanted to find the truth, and he had talked 20 to 30 times with its investigators. Yet finally the Government had chosen not to believe him and (so Holland told us) had even failed to print his testimony as he had given it. Finally Holland was able to see from our questions that we wished to plead no special case, and he opened up. He told us of the shooting, of the motorcade sweeping toward him as he stood on the railroad overpass, of the sound of shots. Holland had heard *four* shots, not three, and the third and fourth were fired so close together that they sounded almost like a double shot. I asked Holland about the effect of the shots.

Holland: "Well, the third and fourth bullets hit the President."

Thompson: "In the head?"

Holland: "In the head."

Holland's story fitted the last piece into a jigsaw puzzle that long had lain incomplete. It was a puzzle whose shape I had first perceived some four months earlier in the July heat of Washington.

I had gone to the National Archives to test the validity of a new way of viewing the Zapruder film. Developed by Philadelphia attorney Vincent Salandria, this technique consisted of using two slide projectors placed side by side and superimposing their images on the screen. By alternately inserting 35-millimeter slides of sequential Zapruder frames in the two projectors, it was possible to isolate the movement of people in the presidential car.

The screen and the two projectors were set up. Frames 313 and 314 were focused on the same screen, and I switched back and forth—the President's head appeared to move slightly to the rear. I tried 313 and 315—the movement became quite apparent. Frames 313 and 316 were fitted into projectors. Now there was a tremendous snap of the head backward and to the left. This was exactly the same movement I had seen earlier on the eight-millimeter movie film—a violent wrench of the head and shoulders backward and to the left.

Since frame 313 was somewhat indistinct, I decided to try 312 as a control frame. I switched between 312 and 313 and found something puzzling: The President's head seemed to move *forward*, not backward. I tried 312 and 314—hardly any change, but perhaps a slight forward movement. When 312 and 316 were viewed, the head could be seen to move backward quite obviously. Again and again I switched between 312 and 313; it was quite apparent that there was a definite forward movement of several inches between these two frame numbers. And it was just as apparent that there was an immediate sharp backward movement in the frames that followed. What I had discovered was a double movement of the President's head separated by only one-eighteenth of a second.

What could possibly cause such a movement? A nerve/muscle reflex to the first hit from behind? A sudden braking or acceleration of the car? An almost simultaneous impact of two bullets? Before speculating further, I knew I needed a very accurate measure of the magnitude of both movements.

With the help of Bill Hoffman, a bright young physicist, and the use of a dissecting microscope, I was able to measure with great accuracy the movement of the President's head.

Measured parallel to the axis of the car the President's head has been given a forward acceleration of 69.6 feet per second per second between frames 312 and 313. One-eighteenth of a second later this movement has been reversed, and the head has been given an acceleration backward and to the left of 100.3 feet per second per second. These accelerations are quite large (a falling body at the earth's surface, for example, accelerates at a rate of 32 feet per second per second), and what is even more striking is the brevity of the interval in which the movement is reversed. How could this violent double movement be explained?

Several alternatives present themselves:

(1) *The car suddenly accelerated or decelerated during this time, thus throwing the President either forward or backward.* This possibility can be ruled out by referring both to witness testimony and to measurements of the car's velocity calculated from the Zapruder film.

(2) *There was some neuromuscular reaction to the shot from behind that arched the President's body in the opposite direction.* The extremely small time factor combined with the relatively large mass of the President's head would tend to rule out such an explanation. The fastest reflex action known to science—the startle response—takes place over an interval of 40 to 200 milliseconds. An eyeblink takes 40 milliseconds. The change in direction of the President's head occurs in 56 milliseconds (one-eighteenth second), and involves not the negligible mass of an eyelid but the considerable mass of a human head moving forward under an acceleration of several g's.

Furthermore, after a violent acceleration at Z313, the velocity of the President's head remains nearly constant. If a neuromuscular reaction were involved, we would expect the muscles of the neck to keep accelerating the head; its velocity would not show the constancy it does after Z314. Finally, since the motor strip (precentral gyrus) was blown out by the entering bullet, the likelihood of any muscular reaction at all is considerably diminished.

(3) *There is some physical principle or law of nature that explains the double movement.* The physics of impacting bodies is quite clear. As Dr. A.J. Riddle of U.C.L.A. has pointed out in an unpublished study of the Kennedy assassination, the effects of such impacts are governed by Newton's second law of motion—an object hit by a projectile will be given a motion that has the same direction as that of the projectile. "At a shooting gallery, for instance," Dr. Riddle points out, "the ducks fall away from the marksman, not toward him."

Applying Newton's second law to the case in question, and supposing that a bullet fired from the rear struck the President's head, we would expect to see his head and body driven forward. We see the beginning of such a movement at Z312-313. But then it is suddenly interrupted and replaced by a movement in the opposite direction. What we see on the Zapruder film are the effects of a virtually simultaneous double impact on the President's head. One shot was fired from the rear, and the other from the right front.

This is just what S. M. Holland saw from his vantage point on the railroad viaduct ("the third and fourth bullets hit the President . . . in the head"). He had seen with his own eyes what I had only deduced with the help of photographs, microscopes and complicated mathematical equations.

The next stage was clear. If what Holland saw (and my measurements indicated) was really what happened, the President had been caught in a cross fire. The Bethesda doctors had found a bullet hole in the lower rear of the President's skull that would explain his sudden forward movement. Now I had to find evidence of a second bullet crashing into the President's head a split second later from the right front. I returned to the testimony of the witnesses.

Like S. M. Holland, a number of other onlookers reported hearing nearly simultaneous shots. Jean Hill, who was standing on the grass along the south curb of Elm Street, recalled two distinct flurries of shots as the car ap-

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proached. The first shots, she said, "were fired as though one person were firing . . . they were rather rapidly fired, but there was some small interval between them." Then there was "a distinct pause" followed by more shots. These later shots, Mrs. Hill remembered, "were different—I thought the sequence was different . . . quicker, more automatic." Her immediate impression was that more than one person was firing on the motorcade.

A number of the Secret Service agents, among them both agents riding in the presidential limousine, agreed that the last two shots sounded extremely close together. "It was like a double bang—like a plane breaking the sound barrier, bang—bang," testified Agent Roy Kellerman.

At one point in his testimony Kellerman described the finely shredded material blown into the front seat at the time of the head shot. Both Governor and Mrs. Connally likewise testified that they were covered with small particles of brain tissue. These reports describe a first umbrella of impact debris dispersed forward over the occupants of the limousine in a pattern that would be the natural outcome of a shot fired from the rear. But there is another pattern of debris, greater in magnitude, that distributed itself over the left *rear* of the car.

The main thrust of the impact debris was toward the two motorcyclists riding in convoy behind and to the left of the presidential limousine. Officer B. J. Martin, riding the outboard cycle some five feet to the left and six to eight feet to the rear of the presidential car, later noticed "blood stains on the side of my helmet . . . [and] other material that looked like pieces of flesh." Officer Martin's partner, riding the inboard cycle, was even more splattered. "It seemed like his head exploded," testified officer Bobby W. Hargis, "and I was splattered with blood and brain, and a kind of bloody water." The splash of this debris so established in his mind the idea that the shot came from the right front that he got off his cycle and led the chase onto the knoll (see pictures on pages 28 and 29).

Later that afternoon Deputy Sheriff Seymour Weitzman found a sizable piece of skull some 8 to 12 inches from the south curb of Elm Street—a location some 10 to 15 feet to the *left* of the car's path.

In addition, in February of this year I discovered documents in the Archives that show an additional piece of bone, previously undisclosed, had been found in Dealey Plaza. Late in the afternoon of November 23, Billy Harper, a student at Texas Christian University, was taking photographs of the assassination site when he found a piece of bone in the grass on the south side of Elm Street. Harper took the bone to his uncle, Dr. Jack Harper, who identified it as human skull bone and then took it to Methodist Hospital, where it was photographed and examined by the chief pathologist. On November 26 it was turned over to the FBI, and the following day was delivered to the presidential physician at the White House.

The crucial fact may be found in the report of the pathologist who examined the fragment. Dr. A. B. Cairns, chief pathologist at Methodist Hospital, told the FBI his examination disclosed that "the bone specimen looked like it came from the occipital [rear] region of the skull." It is difficult to understand how a shot from the rear could drive a piece of the occipital bone 25 feet to the left of the vehicle's path. It is not so difficult to understand how a shot from the right front exploding through the rear of the skull could produce precisely that effect.

The nature of the head wound itself should give some indication of the direction of the shot. Our most detailed description of the Kennedy head wound appears in the testimony of Parkland physician Dr. Robert N. McClelland:

"As I took the position at the head of the table . . . I was in such a position that I could very closely examine the head wound, and I noted that the right posterior portion of the skull had been extremely blasted. It had been shattered, apparently, by the force of the shot so that the parietal bone [in the rear of the skull] was protruded up through the scalp and seemed to be fractured almost along its right posterior half, as well as some of the occipital bone being fractured in its lateral half, and this sprung open the bones that I mentioned in such a way that you could actually look down into the skull cavity itself and see that probably a third or so, at least, of the brain tissue, posterior cerebral tissue and some of the cerebellar tissue had been blasted out."

Dr. McClelland is quite clearly describing the effect of a bullet that *exited* through the rear of the President's head

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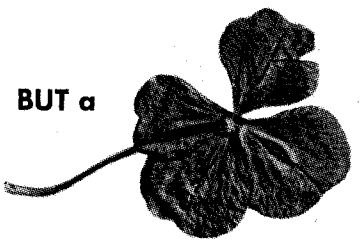

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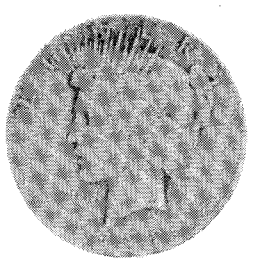

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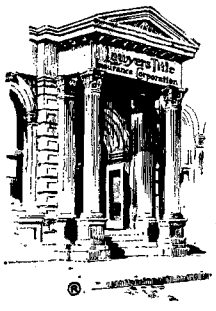

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and that therefore had entered through the front. Given such a wound, how could the Bethesda autopsy fail to reveal its true character?

First of all, the Bethesda doctors could have overlooked the entry hole, a common happening in such cases, according to Dr. Milton Helpern. "Often, very often, wounds of entrance in the head are completely overlooked because they are covered naturally by the hair," says Dr. Helpern. "The wound may barely bleed at all. If you don't take a comb and go over the entire scalp inch by inch, separating the hair carefully and meticulously, it's easy to miss a head wound entirely. There is no evidence that this type of examination was made."

Nor should the possibility be ruled out that the explosive impact of two bullets on the President's skull blew out all traces of the right-front entry. What the Bethesda doctors found was an enormous wound in the President's head (Commander Boswell told me that the President's brain was quite easily removed without recourse to surgery) with a small entry hole in the right occiput. On the basis of this information the Bethesda doctors concluded incorrectly, that the bullet that entered the back of the President's skull blew out the right top of his head.

The bullet that entered the rear of the President's head obviously was fired from behind the limousine. But what about the bullet that blew out the back of the President's head? Where exactly did it come from?

THE STOCKADE FENCE

A wooden stockade fence five feet high at the top of a grassy slope partially bounds the north side of Elm Street and then angles sharply back from the street. The evenly cropped branches of a hedgerow in front of the fence leave a gap some 18 inches high between the serrated fence top and their spreading foliage. Behind the fence a small parking lot for railroad employees gives way to the railroad yards beyond. Dominating the yards and controlling their maze of switches, tracks, and signal lights is the north tower of the Union Terminal Railroad.

On November 22, 1963, Lee Bowers worked the 7 A.M. to 3 P.M. shift as "tower man" in the north tower. From his perch 14 feet above the ground Bowers had a grandstand seat for observing some unusual happenings in the area of the stockade fence and the parking lot behind.

"At about 11:55 A.M.," he testified, "I saw a dirty 1959 Oldsmobile station wagon come down the street toward my building. This car had out-of-state license plates with white background and black numbers, no letters. It also had a GOLDWATER FOR '64 sticker in the rear window. This car just drove around slowly and left the area. It was occupied by a middle-aged white man with partly gray hair. At about 12:15 P.M. another car came in the area with a white man about 25 to 35 years old driving. This car was a 1957 Ford, black, 2 doors, with Texas license. This man appeared to have a mike or telephone in the car. Just a few minutes after this car left at 12:20 P.M., another car pulled in. This car was a 1961 Chevrolet Impala, 4 door, color white, and dirty up to the windows. This car also had a GOLDWATER FOR '64 sticker. This car was driven by a white male about 25 to 35 years old with long blond hair. He stayed in the area longer than the others. This car also had the same type license plates as the 1959 Oldsmobile. He left the area about 12:25 P.M. About 8 or 10 minutes after he left, I heard at least three shots very close together. Just after the shots the area became crowded with people coming from Elm Street."

(Apparently Lee Bowers was not the only person watching the parking lot and stockade fence to the north of Elm Street. About half a minute before the motorcade passed the corner of Elm and Houston streets, Ronald Fischer noticed a young man standing at a sixth-floor, southeast-corner window of the depository, staring transfixed in the same direction.)

Bowers had worked in the north tower for over 10 years, and hence knew by sight the railroad employees who worked in the yards. On that Friday morning he noticed two men he had never seen before standing behind the stockade fence. "They were standing within ten or fifteen feet of each other," Bowers told the commission, "and gave no appearance of being together, as far as I knew. They were facing and looking toward Main and Houston, and following the caravan as it came down." Just as the shots rang out, Bowers noted some "commotion" near the stockade fence. "I just am unable to describe [other] than it was something out of the ordinary, a sort of milling around," he testified.

S. M. Holland, who observed the scene from the overpass, told me how he had spotted a puff of smoke on the grassy knoll at the time of the shooting. "Right under these trees here," he said, pointing to a picture of the knoll, "right at that exact spot—just like somebody had thrown a firecracker and left a little puff of smoke there. It was white smoke."

In all, at least seven people standing on the overpass saw smoke in the area of the parking lot and the stockade fence. Holland and two witnesses were so sure a shot had come from the corner of the fence that (as soon as the President's car disappeared beneath them) they ran to their left off the overpass and into the parking lot adjoining the fence. Jumping over bumpers and crawling over hoods, they arrived near the corner of the fence a minute or two later. They recalled that "there were tracks and cigarette butts laying where someone had been standing on the bumper looking over the fence." Deputy Sheriff Weitzman joined the railroad workers at about this time and later reported noticing "numerous kinds of footprints that did not make sense because they were going different directions." Holland gave a similar description of these strange footprints: "They didn't extend further than from one end of the bumper to the other. That's as far as they would go. It looked like a lion pacing a cage."

If we suppose that someone was standing here (some 10 to 15 feet down from the fence corner) at the time of the shooting, then what happened to this individual? How did he disappear?

Holland himself has provided a plausible suggestion: "Just to the west of the station wagon," Holland told us, "there were two sets of footprints that

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left. . . . They could've got in the trunk compartment of this car and pulled the lid down, which would have been very, very easy." Since the trunk compartments of cars in the lot were not searched, a confederate may have returned to the area sometime later and driven the car away.

If the person did not secrete himself in a car trunk, then, since crowds were soon entering the lot from east and south, he must have made good his escape to the northwest. It is possible J.C. Price saw such a person escaping the area. Price was watching the motorcade from the roof of the Terminal Annex Building across Dealey Plaza from the knoll.

"I saw one man run toward the passenger cars on the railroad siding after the volley of shots," Price said. "This man had a white dress shirt, no tie, and khaki-colored trousers. His hair appeared to be long and dark and, his agility running, could be about 25 years of age."

There is one final possible solution to the mystery of what happened to the man behind the fence. He could have stayed right where he was, perhaps mingling with the crowd as it filled the parking lot. The strange adventure of Dallas patrolman Joe Marshall Smith lends credence to such an idea. Smith was directing traffic at the corner of Elm and Houston streets when the shooting occurred. Immediately afterward, a woman rushed up to Smith and yelled, "They are shooting the President from the bushes!" Smith ran down Elm Street and entered the parking lot behind the stockade fence. An FBI report from December 9 tells part of the story of what he found there: "He stated that he did smell what he thought was gunpowder in the parking lot near the T.S.B.D. [the book depository]."

Smith also testified about his meeting a man at the scene. "I pulled my pistol from my holster, and I thought, this is silly, I don't know who I am looking for, and I put it back. Just as I did, he showed me that he was a Secret Service Agent." By checking the individual reports of the Secret Service agents who accompanied the motorcade we know that *none* of them remained at Dealey Plaza, but that *all* went with the motorcade to Parkland Hospital. Who was the man? To this day no one knows.

RECORDS BUILDING

Quite clearly the fourth bullet—the one that exploded the President's head—came from the stockade fence. But where did the other three come from?

We know a good deal about the path of the second shot, the one that hit Governor Connally. From the Zapruder film we can determine the position of the governor's body at the instant of impact. The trajectory of the bullet through the governor's body had a declination of 27 degrees—an angle too steep to permit a trajectory from the sixth-floor window of the depository at the time the governor was shot. This angle, however, would match the roofline of the buildings along Houston Street. And Governor Connally had his back to these buildings at the time he was shot.

Is there any independent evidence that a shot came from any of these buildings?

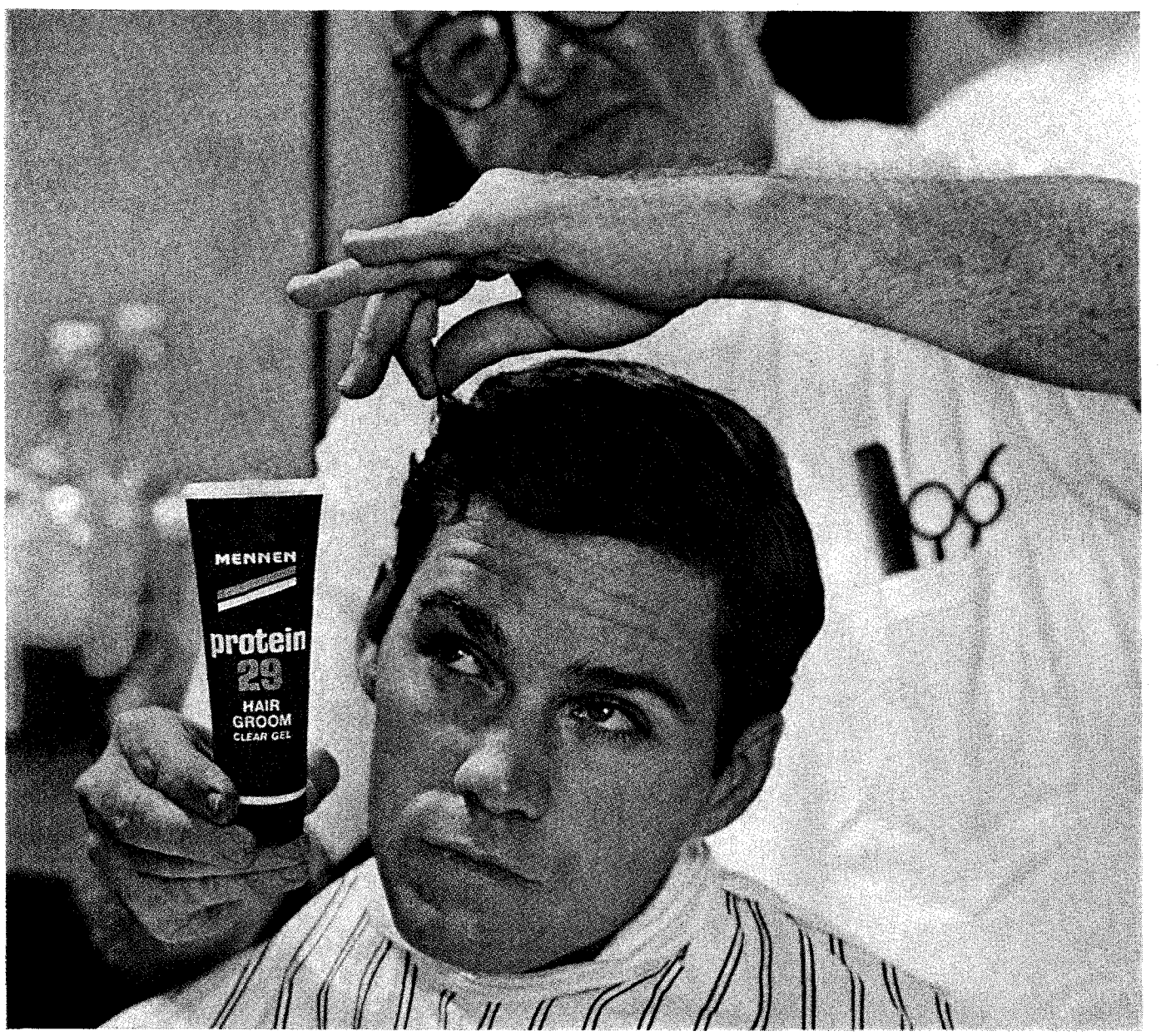
F. Lee Mudd later reported that he thought one or more of the shots came from the direction of the Dal-Tex Building. Standing at the north curb of Elm Street, he dropped to the ground when the shots were fired and looked toward the Elm/Houston corner.

Within minutes of the assassination a young man was arrested by police in the Dal-Tex Building. The police report states only that the suspect "had been up in the building across the street from the book depository without a good excuse," and that he had been taken to the sheriff's office. Curiously enough the sheriff's office interrogation report shows no record of this man or what alibi he gave. He apparently arrived at the sheriff's office and then disappeared in the confusion of the moment.

Eyewitness Charles Brehm told the FBI that "it seemed quite apparent to him that the shots came from one of two buildings back at the corner of Elm and Houston streets." Assistant District Attorney Sam Paternostro told the same agency that he recalled hearing a shot that "came from the depository or the Criminal Courts Building or the triple overpass." Other witnesses pointed more directly to the Records and Criminal Courts buildings.

Elsie Dorman watched the motorcade from an open fourth-floor window of the depository. Two days after the assassination she told the FBI she "felt that these shots were coming from the area of the Records Building."

Otis N. Williams watched the motor-



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cade from the steps of the depository. Just after the presidential limousine had passed the building and dipped out of sight down Elm Street, Williams "heard three loud blasts." The FBI report goes on to say that Williams "thought these blasts came from the location of the courthouse." Both the Dallas County Records Building and the Criminal Courts Building would lie between Williams and the "courthouse."

Putting all the available data together, it is possible to infer the trajectory of the bullet that struck the governor. As the photograph that opens this article indicates, the most probable point of origin for such a bullet would be the roof of the Dallas County Records Building.

THE DEPOSITORY

We still have to trace two bullets to their origins: the shot that hit the President in the upper back, and the one that struck him in the lower part of his skull, driving his head forward.

The paucity of information concerning the Kennedy back wound makes it impossible for us to establish the trajectory of the first shot from medical evidence alone. However, other evidence can establish the location of the gunman who fired the first shot. Two photographers, Robert Jackson and Malcolm Couch, riding in an open press car on Houston Street, looked up at the depository just after the final shot and saw a rifle barrel being withdrawn from the corner window of the sixth floor. At least four other witnesses declared in sworn affidavit or testimony that they also saw a rifle being fired from the depository. Of these witnesses Howard L. Brennan gave the most detailed description of the shots. Sitting on a retaining wall at the corner of Elm and Houston streets, Brennan had an unobstructed view of the motorcade and the depository towering behind it:

"After the President had passed my position . . . I heard this crack that I positively thought was a backfire. . . . Well, then something, just right after this explosion, made me think that it was a firecracker being thrown from the Texas book store. And I glanced up. And this man that I saw previous was aiming for his last shot. . . ."

DID OSWALD DO IT?

We are left with one obvious question. If there were at least three assassins, was one of them Lee Harvey Oswald?

The chief objections to the commission's case against Oswald have been known for a long time. The lack of fingerprints on the rifle, the extremely small time interval between the last shot and Oswald's encounter with Superintendent Roy Truly and police officer Marrion Baker on the second floor of the depository, the difficulties in accounting for when and how he brought the rifle into the building, his relatively poor skill as a marksman—all these points had long led assassination researchers to look with skepticism on the presumption of Oswald's guilt.

For an equally long time I was skeptical of the skeptics. For if Oswald was not the gunman in the depository, then who was? Not a trace of another gunman or his means of escape had turned up. And Oswald *was* in the building, and his gun *was* used. Surely, even in spite of the objections raised, it seemed more reasonable to believe in Oswald's guilt than in the existence of some shadowy "other assassin."

Over the last year I have been forced to revise this earlier judgment. My researches in the National Archives together with discoveries in Dallas suggest that Oswald may not have been the gunman in the sixth-floor window, that during the shooting he was quite likely where he said he was (on the first floor), that two conspirators other than Oswald may well have been on the sixth floor of the depository during the shooting, and finally, that both of them could have made their escape in a light-colored Rambler station wagon.

Where was Oswald during the shooting? Charles Givens, an employee of the depository, testified that he saw Oswald at 11:55 A.M. on the sixth floor with a clipboard in his hands. Five minutes later Eddie Piper saw him on the first floor. Carolyn Arnold also thought she saw Oswald on the first floor "a few minutes before 12:15 P.M."

The time factor is critical, for at exactly 12:15 Arnold Rowland, standing on Houston Street, was already observing a gunman at a sixth-floor window.

The gunman was standing at the far southwest window; he had dark hair in a close cut, was of undetermined height and slender build, and had on dark pants and "a very light-colored shirt, white or a light blue or a color such as that . . . open at the collar." Rowland was able to pinpoint the time exactly as he had just noticed the Hertz clock atop the depository—it was 12:15 P.M.

Clearly if Oswald was on the first floor at 12:15—as he later said he was—he could not be the gunman Rowland saw on the sixth floor. Moreover, there is other evidence that suggests that two other men were on the sixth floor at the time of the shooting.

A clue that two men may have been involved is first provided by a meeting some days before the shooting that was witnessed by Frances Hernandez, a seamstress in the Dal-Tex Building. An F.B.I. report recently discovered tells her story:

"Frances Hernandez, 1917 Annex, advised she, Josephine Salinas and Henrietta Vargas, all employees of McKell Sportswear Company, second floor, 501 Elm Street, Dallas, while on their way home about 5:10 P.M. on November 19, 1963, and after leaving the parking lot near the Texas School Book Depository, observed two men with an automobile, about a 1956 Buick, color light blue. The older of the two men was observed to hand a rifle to the younger of the two men, who then walked from the Buick toward a white car which was a compact, but she did not know the make of it. She stated the younger man might have been Lee Harvey Oswald, but she is not able to say definitely it was Oswald."

In addition to the resemblance of the younger man to Oswald, two items in this account stand out: (1) Two men were involved, one older than the other, (2) the younger man took the rifle and walked toward "a white car which was a compact."

On the day of the assassination, Carolyn Walther watched the motorcade from the east curb of Houston Street, 50 to 60 feet south of the Elm/Houston corner. Shortly after the shooting she talked to the F.B.I., whose report states:

"She looked back toward the [depository] building and saw a man standing on either the fourth or fifth floor in the southeast-corner window. This man had the window open and was standing up, leaning out the window with both his hands extended outside the window ledge. In his hands this man was holding a rifle with the barrel pointed downward, and the man was looking south on Houston Street. The man was wearing a white shirt and had blond or light-brown hair. . . . In the same window, to the left of this man, she could see a portion of another man standing by the side of this man with a rifle. This other man was standing erect, and his head was above the opened portion of the window. As the window was very dirty, she could not see the head of this second man. She is positive this window is not as high as the sixth floor. This second man was apparently wearing a brown suit coat, and the only thing she could see was the right side of the man, from about the waist to the shoulders."

It is not disturbing that Mrs. Walther is mistaken about the floor. Others have also been confused about which floor they were looking at. In point of fact, the southeast-corner window on the fifth floor was occupied at that time by three Negroes. But whatever happened to the brown-coated man seen by Mrs. Walther?

James Worrell, who was walking along Houston Street, saw a man run out the back of the depository shortly after the shooting. In later testimony, Worrell said the man was wearing a sport or suit jacket, possibly brown.

The last time Worrell saw his man, he was moving quickly south along Houston Street. Trying to trace this man's movements, I discovered in the Archives the testimony of a steelworker named Richard Randolph Carr. Around noon on November 22 he was climbing

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a steel stairway of the new courthouse building, then under construction at the corner of Houston and Commerce streets. Looking over toward the depository, he saw a man at a window on the top floor, who, he said, "was wearing a tan sport coat and horn-rimmed glasses." Was this the same man Worrell saw leaving the depository a few minutes after the assassination? We cannot be sure—a coat that appeared to be brown to Worrell might have looked tan to Carr—but we do know that shortly after the shooting Carr saw the man he had seen earlier in the book depository.

He told the FBI: "This man, walking very fast, proceeded on Houston Street south to Commerce Street, then east on Commerce Street to Record Street, which is one block from Houston Street. This man got into a 1961 or 1962 gray Rambler station wagon which was parked just north of Commerce on Record Street. The station wagon, which had [a] Texas license and was driven by a young Negro man, drove off in a northerly direction."

This is our last glimpse of the tan-coated man. It is not our last glimpse of a light-colored Rambler station wagon, with a Texas license plate and driven by a dark-skinned man.

On November 23 Sheriff's Deputy Roger Craig told what he had seen:

"About this time I heard a shrill whistle, and I turned around and saw a white male running down the hill from the direction of the Texas School Book Depository Building, and I saw what I think was a light-colored Rambler station wagon with luggage rack on top pull over to the curb, and this subject who had come running down the hill got into this car. The man driving this station wagon was a dark-complected white male. I tried to get across Elm Street to stop the car and talk with subjects, but the traffic was so heavy I could not make it. I reported this incident at once to a Secret Service officer, whose name I do not know, then I left this area and went at once to the building and assisted in the search of the building.

"Later that afternoon I heard that the city had a suspect in custody, and I called and reported the information about the suspect running down the hill and getting into a car to Captain Fritz, and was requested to come at once to city hall. I went to the city hall and identified the subject they had in custody [Oswald] as being the same person I saw running down this hill and get into the station wagon and leave the scene."

Later, Craig amplified his report before the commission. The man running down the incline was "a white male in his 20's, 5'9", 5'8" . . . about 140 or 150 . . . blue trousers . . . and a light-tan shirt." The man driving the station wagon "was very dark complected, had real dark short hair, and was wearing a thin white-looking jacket . . . my first glance at him he struck me as a Negro. The station wagon was a light-colored Nash Rambler with a luggage rack and a Texas license."

We know Oswald could not have been the man Craig saw running down the incline—at that very moment he was riding in William Whaley's taxicab to his Beckley Street apartment. With this in mind, Government investigators have scoffed at Craig's testimony and his claim that Oswald made his getaway in a Rambler station wagon.

But in the spring of this year I discovered corroboration for Craig in an FBI report, dated November 23. "Marvin C. Robinson advised that between 12:30 and 1 P.M. on the afternoon of November 22, 1963, he crossed the intersection of Elm and Houston streets shortly after the assassination of President Kennedy. Robinson stated that after he crossed Houston Street and was in front of the Texas School Book Depository building a light-colored Nash station wagon suddenly appeared before him. He stated this vehicle stopped and a white male came down the grass-covered incline between the building and the street and entered the station wagon, after which it drove away in the direction of the Oak Cliff section of Dallas."

Who was this individual who looked so much like Oswald that Craig mistook his identity? It has been suggested that he may have been the "second Oswald" who figured so prominently in preassassination activities.

What is intriguing about this pattern of evidence is the way in which the details interlock. None of these witnesses could have known of the others' reports. Yet Carolyn Walther described the two men in the window in such a way that the gunman could have been the "second Oswald" Craig and Robinson saw entering the station wagon, while his accomplice could have been the figure seen by Worrell and Carr. Worrell, moreover, described the man fleeing from the back entrance of the depository as moving in a direction that would bring him into contact with Carr. Finally, Carr's description of the station wagon and its driver dovetails perfectly with the descriptions that were furnished by Craig and Robinson. And this vehicle, we recall, Carr saw headed in a northerly direction on Record Street—two blocks north, a left turn, and it would be headed down Elm Street in front of the depository.

What does this collection of new evidence prove? It does not *prove* that the assassination was a conspiracy, and that two men were together on the sixth floor of the depository at the time the shots were fired. Nor does it *prove* Oswald's innocence. What it does suggest is that there are threads in this case that should have been unraveled long ago instead of being swept under the Archives' rug. It also shows that the question of Oswald's guilt must remain—four years after the event—still unanswered.

With few exceptions, all the evidence discussed in this study was available to the Warren Commission. But the commission, in its haste, its uncritical evaluation of the facts, and its predisposition to prove Lee Harvey Oswald the lone assassin, overlooked much of it.

Who did kill President Kennedy? This question also remains unanswered. It is beyond the scope of this examination. The purpose of this study was to perform a task of archaeology, to lay bare a whole level of contradictory evidence (much of it never published) that lay buried beneath the facile conclusions of the Warren *Report*. Now it has been brought to light. If its introduction makes necessary the emergence of new conclusions, then so be it. □

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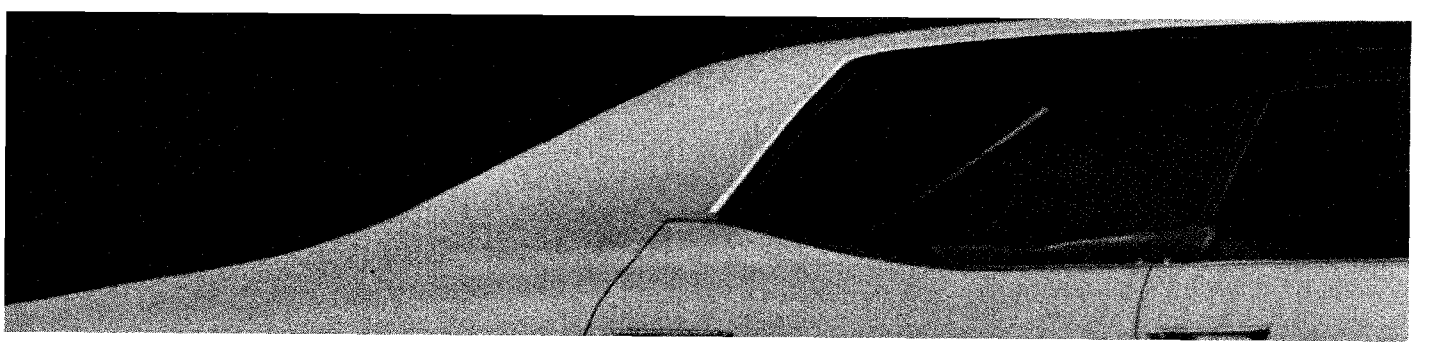

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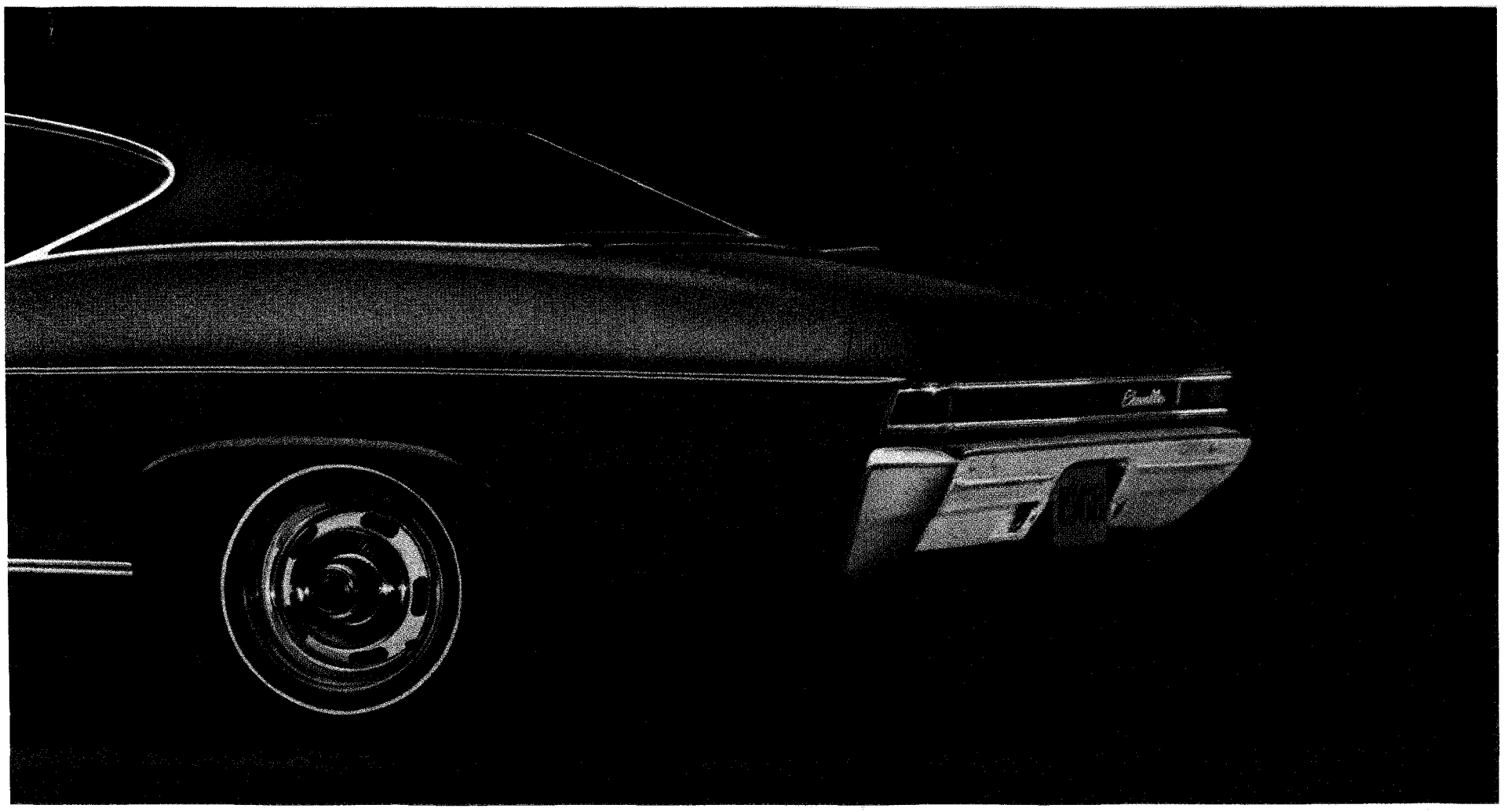
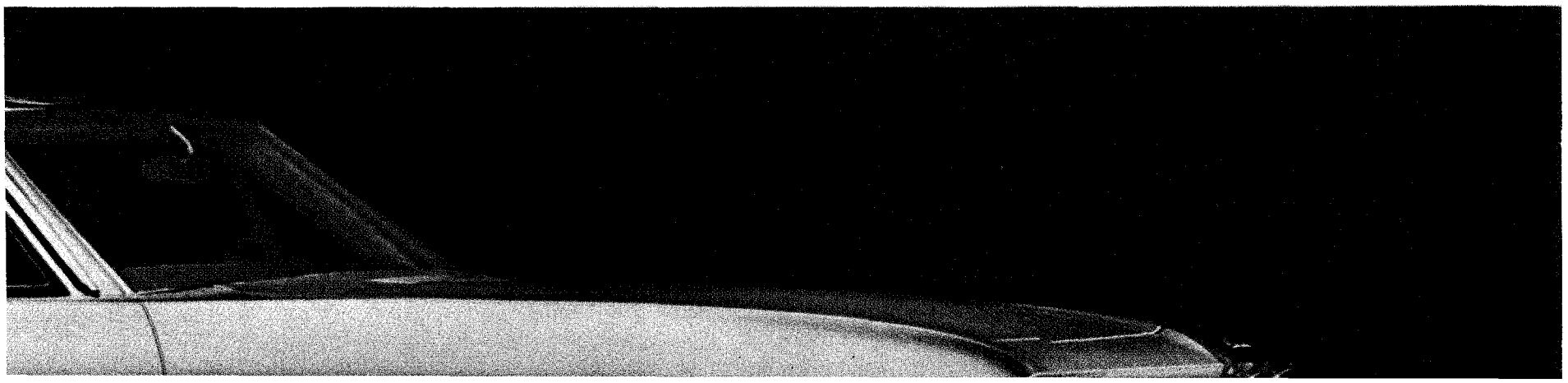


Aiming left: Malibu Sport Coupe. Heading right: Malibu Sport Sedan.



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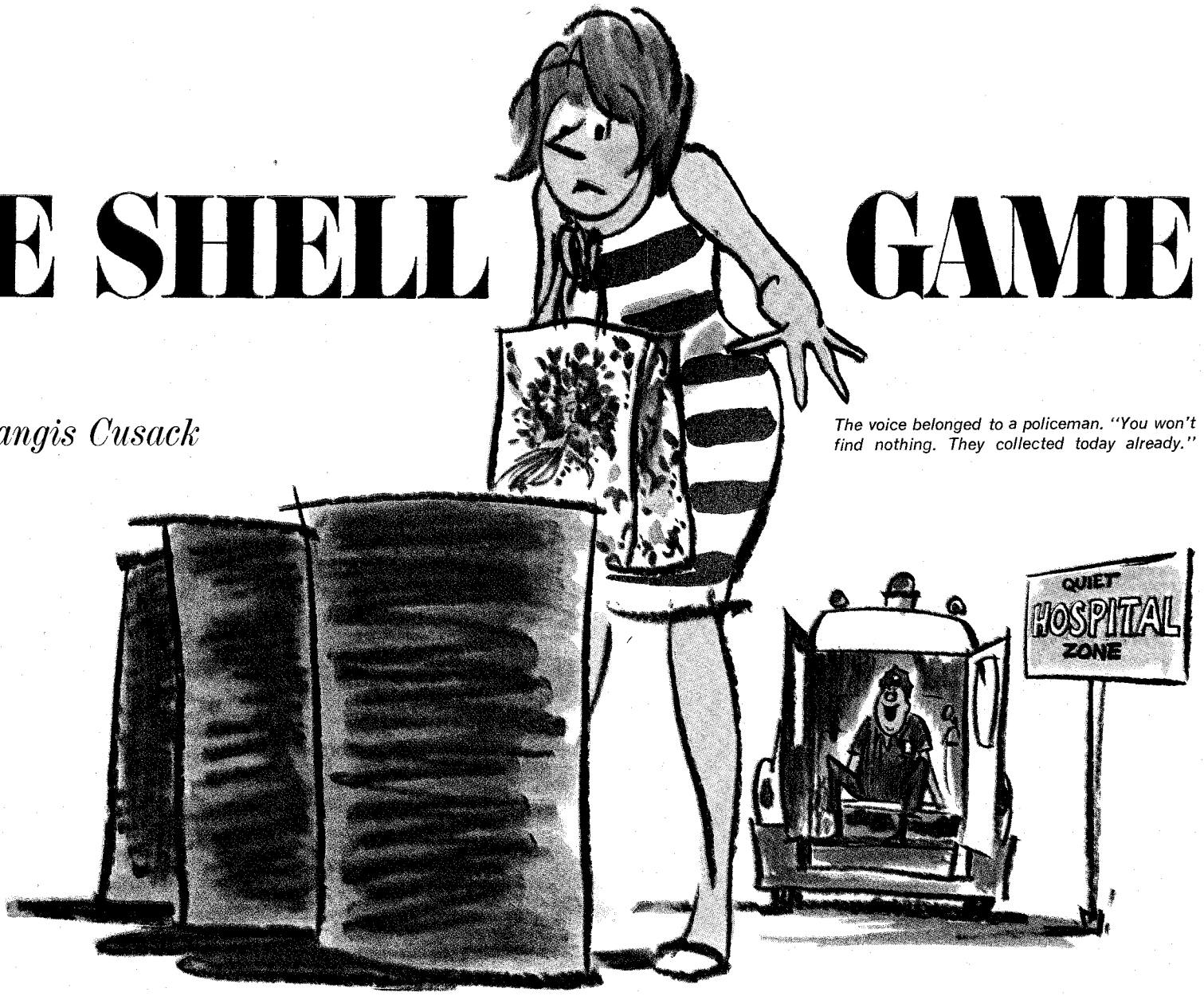
THE SHELL GAME

By Isabel Langis Cusack



The voice belonged to a policeman. "You won't find nothing. They collected today already."

Friday began like any other day. After Murray Wilmot had kicked the left front tire of his Mustang and driven off, as he did two hundred and fifty days a year, Jean Wilmot swept the kitchen floor. When the floor no longer crackled underfoot from the Shredded Wheat Murray ate for breakfast every day, Jean went to the door, still carrying the broom. She dislodged the morning paper from the breezeway roof with a few practiced maneuvers of the broom. The paper boy was coming down the Stevensons' front walk, having just placed *their* paper neatly in the mailbox. He waved to her cheerily. She waved back. She started to say something to him, but by the time she had composed a simple, friendly request that he not throw the paper on the roof, he was at Betty Irvine's, putting her paper neatly in the mailbox. Jean sighed. For four years she had started to say something to him and never finished.

Her appointment at The Bandbox was not until ten, so she poured a second cup of coffee, opened the paper to the Letters to the Editor, and reached for a cigarette. The pack on the kitchen table was empty. With the drowning feeling that only a dedicated smoker, suddenly deprived, knows, she realized she had forgotten to buy cigarettes. A quick check of all the hiding places in the house—coat pockets, handbags, including the winter ones—turned up only matches, tissues, wadded shopping lists, and her Blue Cross card. In a beach bag she found one left from last summer. It had obviously got wet and was brown and brittle. She still had some pride. She went next door to Betty Irvine's. Betty cadged a pack a week from her, and now this was a chance to return the favor.

"Darling, I *am* sorry," Betty said, blowing smoke in Jean's face. "Irv took the last pack. I was just about to go through the wastebaskets for long butts. Try the Stevenson boy, if he's up, which I doubt, the lump."

Jean returned home, composing a simple, friendly speech which she would deliver the next time Betty appeared at her door, glassy-eyed and panting and out of cigarettes. She had forgotten that Betty only answered her door if she was certain it wasn't going to cost her anything. When Jean collected for M.S., C.P., March of Dimes, Red Death, and every other ailment known to man, Betty hid behind the television. Jean decided against trying Buddy Stevenson. He would sell her either tickets or a subscription to something.

Jean lighted the brown cigarette and drank the cold coffee. All the Letters to the Editor were particularly incensed and vehement this morning, and when she finished reading them, she felt better. Then she thought of the refrigerator. Sometimes she put a pack of cigarettes in there in hot weather. That was when she noticed the lobster shells.

Every Thursday night Murray stopped by the fish market and brought home a couple of lobsters for dinner, and in the morning he took the shells with him and dropped them off at the dump, which he passed on his way to his office. This morning he had forgotten them.

"Now what am I supposed to do with you?" Jean asked aloud.

Like any housewife, she was familiar with the niceties of trash and garbage disposal and the delicate differences between the two—branches and tree trimmings collected twice a year, neatly tied in bundles not over four feet long; no garbage in the trash and no trash in the garbage; garbage pickup twice a week; trash collection every two weeks. To refresh her memory, she reread the manifesto taped to the side of the refrigerator. Oyster, clam, and lobster shells, as well as various

Illustrated by Robert Weber

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other items unsuited to a cuisine for hogs, were not to go in the garbage.

Therefore they went in the trash. The next trash collection was two weeks from yesterday.

She went to the telephone and dialed Murray's office. Miss Watts, his austere secretary, said he was in conference and asked if she might take a message. This question always left Jean at a loss. From Miss Watts it was less a formality than a challenge.

"Well," Jean said, "it's about . . ."

"Yes?" Miss Watts said, almost eagerly. She knew Mrs. Wilmot did not make bring-home-a-loaf-of-bread calls, and Jean could almost hear her waiting for the golden words "our divorce," "my morning sickness," or "his embezzlements." She said hastily, "There's someone at the door. I'll have to call back later."

The disposer was extraordinarily picky and choosy. It could vaporize a coffeepot and ignore a bread crumb. So that was out. Driving to the dump was even more out. The dump was not at all the nice, elegant dump with the tidy brick cottage and electronic marvels that had been the pride and joy of the suburb where they had lived previously. There, going to the dump on Saturday morning was one of the ceremonies of life, like Easter eggs or trimming the Christmas tree. You even hung around to chat with neighbors and speculate on why Mrs. So-and-So was throwing out those perfectly good snowshoes. This town's dump was an obstacle course of rusty bedsprings, disemboweled refrigerators, ironing boards in rakish postures, and other unlovely objects, some of them animate. On her only solo flight to the dump, a few months before, Jean had even seen a wig—and hoped forever after that it *was* a wig.

As she dressed to go to The Bandbox, she decided to put the shells in a public trash barrel. What else were public trash barrels for? With some qualms about the answer to this question, she took the shells with her in a Bonwit Teller shopping bag. She left the house in plenty of time to look for a trash receptacle but was waylaid by the Stevenson boy, who came over to ask if they could borrow her portable picnic cooler, her barbecue grill, Murray's golf clubs, and a couple of bottles of bourbon. As she rounded up everything but the golf clubs—she didn't dare—she composed a simple, friendly request. The Stevensons went to the country every weekend, lavishly outfitted by the Wilmots, and taking with them Buddy's girl friend, Linda. Before leaving, Linda always carefully parked her car across the foot of the Wilmots' driveway. This meant that the two Wilmot cars had to be left on the street. Murray had spoken to Buddy, with no results.

She went to get a cigarette out of the refrigerator, and that was when she noticed the lobster shells.

"There you are," she said. "Buddy, one thing—would you ask Linda not to park across our driveway? Maybe she could leave the car in your driveway."

"You bet," Buddy said. "My mother says if it rains, you'll remember to close the living-room windows?"

Once Buddy was on his way, Jean gathered up her pocketbook and the Bonwit Teller shopping bag, got into the car, and drove to the drugstore. Then, after buying cigarettes, she reconnoitered. The trash receptacle in front of the bank and the one at the railroad station were bursting at the seams. She cruised slowly down Main Street, eyes darting to right and left, and horns blowing behind her, and when she spotted the welcome words HELP KEEP OUR CITY CLEAN, her heart leaped. She could have backed into the one available parking space, but by now the honking from motorists dissatisfied with her progress was making her nervous, and she bolted up a side street. It was quarter to ten.

Passing the hospital, her eagle eye, now oriented to nothing but barrels, spotted three by the emergency entrance. She parked in the visitors' parking lot, and with her imposing shopping bag on her arm, approached the entrance. There was no one in sight. Should anyone appear, she would coolly walk in the emergency entrance, moaning softly, out through the lobby, and back to the car. No one appeared. She passed the ambulance and approached the three barrels.

"You won't find nothing," a voice said. "They collected today already."

It was a policeman. He had been cunningly concealed inside the ambulance and was now sitting up on the stretcher, grinning at her. She stared at him, open-mouthed and turning purple. She held up the shopping bag, pointing helplessly. He looked interested and, worse, sympathetic. She turned and fled. A well-dressed, not unattractive woman of thirty-four, carrying a most impressive shopping bag, and he had thought . . . It was the *kindliness* in his expression that had undone her. She was still shaking slightly when she reached The Bandbox.

She decided against leaving the lobster shells in the car. The Bandbox was air-conditioned, and the temperature indicator in front of the bank had said eighty-three.

Miss Francine was the best hairdresser in town, and her assistant, Miss Angie, was the worst. For two years Jean had faithfully made her appointment with Miss Francine and had been as faithfully turned over to Miss Angie. Miss Francine gushed apologies—every major public figure in the city, from the mayor's aunt to the water commissioner's niece, required her services at just the hour of Jean's appointment, and would Mrs. Williams mind? In two years Jean had prepared many of her simple, friendly little speeches, but with Miss Angie standing there, scissors in hand, what could she say? Today, Jean thought, I absolutely *will* say something.

Today, at least, Miss Francine had come up with something refreshingly different. He was conservatively got up in dark glasses, a velour shirt, seersucker shorts, and an ankle bracelet. "He's in summer stock out here, and he just needs a little touch-up on the sides, but they told him to have no one but me personally. However, Miss Angie can take you."

Buddy Stevenson was always mooching. "There you are," she said.

Jean made the ritual inquiry about the health of Miss Angie's parakeet, who was getting along in years and whose GI disorders Jean had been privileged to hear about at some length. Miss Angie said he was fine. Jean drew a breath and prepared to relax during the shampoo. A visit to the hairdresser was supposed to be therapeutic, a serene oasis in the busy week. However, it seemed that Miss Angie's father-in-law had been up to his old tricks of turning in false alarms, and Jean was forced to sit and cluck her tongue over police brutality. Why *me?* she asked herself. Does Elizabeth Taylor listen to her hairdresser rant on about a bird with intestinal flu? Elizabeth Taylor does not! Well, Jean consoled herself, Heartburn in Parakeets was the one charity she had not been asked to solicit contributions for. Yet.

And suddenly, as Angie's father-in-law was drawing a good crowd in front of the public library, Jean had the most glorious idea.

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Miss Francine and Miss Angie both deserved punishment—Miss Francine for walking all over a customer too weak-willed to assert her civil rights, and Miss Angie for just being Miss Angie. At the rear of the shop, by the door to the parking lot, was the ladies' room. It was not air-conditioned, and it contained a wastebasket. One need only walk in, carrying one's shopping bag, and come out, still carrying the bag, and by morning . . .

As Jean passed Miss Francine's booth en route to the rear of the shop, Miss Francine cried, "Ah, isn't she the smart one! Already been in town and bought a new dress. You know, Mrs. Wilbur, we get a lot of good dressers, we get *all* the doctors' wives, but we always say you have the snappiest clothes of any girl who comes in here."

"I *do?*" Jean said. "*Well.* That's a horse of—that's certainly nice to hear. Thank you."

"And Miss Angie has made you look as lovely as ever," Miss Francine went on, plucking away at the gentleman's eyebrows while his ankle bracelet twitched compassionately.

"She always does," Jean heard herself say, disputing her private conviction that the finger wave was not exactly the rage.

"Next time," Miss Francine said, "we'll look forward to seeing you in your new dress."

"Oh," Jean said. "Yes, indeed, if I can find just the right accessories. Dear me, I wonder why I came this way. I'm parked in the front."

In the car she was firm with herself. All right, so they had got away with it today. But next Friday. . . At the very least she *was* going to tell them that her name was not Williams or Wilbur. Then she laughed. ". . . of any girl who comes in here." *Girl.* Williams, Wilbur, Schildkraut—what did it matter?

She sat there for a moment, looking thoughtfully at a U.S. mailbox. But aside from the fact that they sometimes sent her home to put more string on packages, she really had nothing against the post office.

She had quite a bit of shopping to do, but the bank thermometer had already climbed to eighty-six, so she decided to postpone everything but the hat. She and Murray were going to a wedding on Sunday, so the hat was urgent. She drove once again down Main Street, but this time there were barrels and no parking spaces. She could have parked in front of an outdoor telephone booth, but she was not ready to stoop quite that low. She almost persuaded herself to settle for a Goodwill Industries box, justifying it on the basis that those people were very adept and could probably use the shells for charming novelty earrings. She imagined that the Bonwit Teller bag was beginning to waft fumes the like of which had not yet been dreamed of by Chanel.

She entered Slawson Brothers, determined that she had taken enough guff for one day. Here the clerks—except at the perfume counter, where they were apparently all mistresses of exiled kings or Greek shipping magnates—were nice. If anything her favorite salesgirl was a little too sweetly

cajoling. Today Jean had no intention of buying some monstrosity that the girl had set aside for her that very morning, even though it had obviously been in stock since the First World War. She could not charge her purchase, either. For the past year she had been receiving the statements for a Mrs. Maurice Wilmot in another suburb. These she had patiently returned to Slawson Brothers' credit department with a note of explanation. Since Mrs. Maurice Wilmot was not so accommodating and presumably threw away Jean's bills, it got to a point where Jean was receiving sly hints about the legal department. In a desperate bid for freedom, Jean called the credit department and asked if there weren't some way the two Mrs. Wilmots could be differentiated. She suggested that her charge card be made out in the name of "Mrs. M. J. Wilmot."

"Dear me, no," the girl said. "Initials could lead to all kinds of confusion."

"Well, we certainly don't want that," Jean said. "How about 'Mrs. Jean Wilmot'?"

"That's for widows," the girl explained.

Since it seemed to be a choice between closing her account and doing away with her husband, Jean closed the account.

The store was not air-conditioned, and by the time Jean had tried on two hats, she felt as if she had just emerged from a bath in drawn butter. The lobsters were obviously on her mind. Her favorite salesgirl was not around, and the one whose attention she finally managed to attract was presumably on loan from the perfume counter.

". . . something with flowers or petals—you know, summery," Jean explained. "Like that one over there?"

He wore a velour shirt, seersucker shorts, and an ankle bracelet.

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It was perfect! Jean was sure no one knew her in this neighborhood. Then a voice cried, "Hi, Mrs. Wilmot."

The divinity in the pink smock gave her the sort of look one ordinarily reserves for a hair in one's vichyssoise.

"That's a bathing cap," she said, yawning. She reached into a deep drawer and came up with a brown velvet beret. This, Jean was quite sure, dated back to the Boxer Rebellion. "*This* is what you want."

"Velvet? In July?"

This time the expression said, Why do *I* always get the ones on their first trip below the timber line? Madam, Jean thought, you are going to regret that look. Slawson Brothers is going to regret that look. The next time you open that drawer . . . If she deposited the lobster shells in there, and if the drawer remained closed until velvet hats did come into season, her revenge might well extend to the credit department on the third floor.

"I think not," Jean said. "I'll just look around and let you know if I find something."

She browsed, waiting for the salesgirl to disappear. The Duchess of Windsor, realizing that anyone who mistook a bathing cap for a hat and did not know enough to wear velvet in July was obviously capable of all manner of degenerate acts, remained a vigilant three paces behind Jean in her wanderings. Jean left Slawson Brothers hatless, clutching her shopping bag and grinding her teeth.

She was quite sure that the aura from the bag was now unmistakable. She even fancied that one or two people on the street glanced at her strangely.

She detoured by the hospital, but the ambulance was still stationed by the three barrels, no doubt with the policeman crouched on the floor awaiting her return. As she turned up Orchard Lane, she saw a sight of beauty beyond belief. Barrels. Barrels and cartons and plastic wastebaskets, bursting with goodies. It was collection day on Orchard Lane. Imagine that.

She parked near a mailbox. She was simply stopping to mail a letter. Her self-consciousness at this point was such that she required an obvious reason for stopping, as if every eye on Orchard Lane were on her. She didn't even know anyone on Orchard Lane, so she would be no more than the Mysterious Stranger of the Rubbish Pails. Now what did one do? Hurl the bag into a barrel and drive like mad? It seemed logical, not even illegal. She sat, waiting for two women pushing a baby carriage to go by. They didn't go by.

"Hi, Mrs. Wilmot," one of them cried, and Jean started.

"I was just going to mail a ——" She collected herself. "Well, hello. What a surprise."

"I haven't seen you in ages," the girl said. She was young and had on a mini-skirt and huge pink hair rollers, and Jean hadn't the faintest idea who she was.

"It has been ages," Jean agreed, heartily. "And that must be your little boy."

"I'm not married, and you know it," the girl said, laughing. "He's my sister's. Give me your letter, and I'll drop it in the box for you. Save you getting out. I imagine you want to get your fish home on a day like this."

Your fish! So it did! "Thanks, but I think I'll take it to the post office. Nice seeing you." Jean drove off, hurriedly. She would go home, have a glass of iced coffee and two Bufferins, and drive to the dump. There was no other way.

Buddy Stevenson's girl friend's car was parked across the foot of the Wilmots' driveway.

For some time Jean just sat and glowered. I am not going to *ask* them again, she thought, I am going to *tell* them. But she knew she would do no such thing. She had never Told Anyone in her life. Her mother's rules that we do not Whisper, Boast, or Talk Back had been as inexorable as that every day must begin with stewed prunes. Jean had survived the prunes but not the injunction against Talking Back. People brought up according to her mother's creed, Jean had observed, were usually quiet, amiable, and went on shooting sprees. She figured she would start with Buddy Stevenson.

Then she noticed something.

The car windows were open.

. . . the look one ordinarily reserves for a hair in one's vichyssoise.

Careless girl. She wouldn't be back until Sunday, and it would undoubtedly rain before then. Jean explained to the postman that she was rolling up the windows for just this reason, although he really didn't care. He left her most of the neighborhood mail, as usual.

The next evening Murray happened to mention that the price of lobsters had gone up.

"I don't care if they go up to ten dollars a pound," Jean said, with spirit. "I want them."

"Well, sure," Murray said. "But I thought your great love was pizza."

Jean didn't answer. How did you explain to a well-adjusted, aggressive, articulate person that you have been saved, have been spared a future of talking to yourself or putting tacks on chair seats, of ulcers or shingles, of writing letters to the editor, of setting fires in warehouses, or of making obscene telephone calls, or wearing a GOD IS MISSING IN ACTION button?

No need to explain. Murray wasn't listening. He was wondering aloud why all the cats in the neighborhood were howling. □

She said she was just rolling up the windows in case of rain.

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THE RAINMAKER

By William Humphrey

Illustrated by Jerry Pinkney

'I am not here to mystify you good people with a lot of hocus-pocus,' cried the one and only Professor Orville Simms. 'Rainmaking is a science.' He did not believe a word he was saying, but this was the most trusting crowd he had struck yet. And this was where his troubles began.

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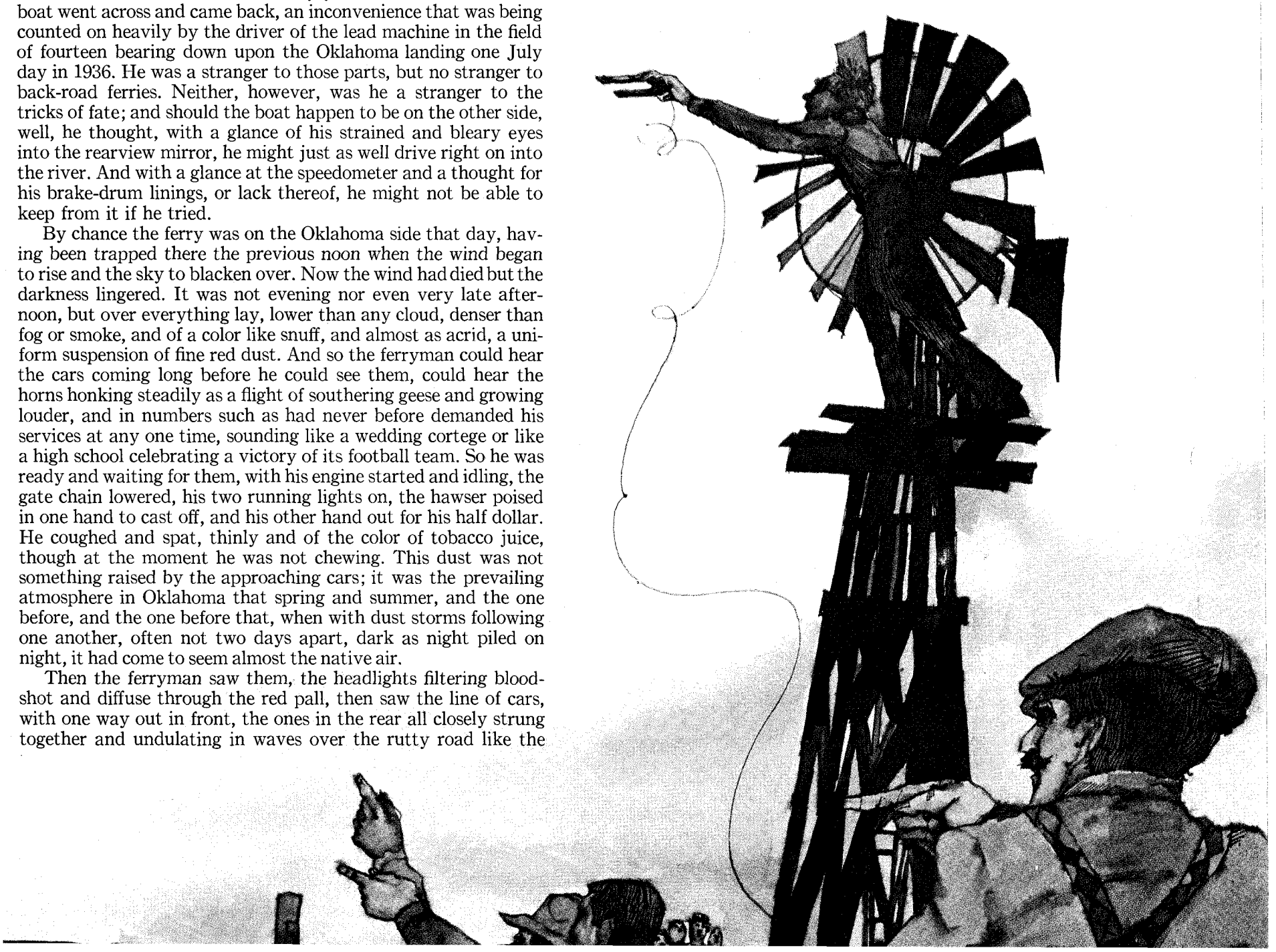
The hundred-mile stretch of the Red River from Texarkana, Texas, to Hugo, Oklahoma, was served by a single ferry: the one on the Clarksville-Idabel road. You were always on the other side from the side the ferryboat was on when you pulled up at the landing; and, as it had no schedule, not even one to fall behind, you could sit there honking till the cows came home, and the ferryboat would cross over for you whenever its owner felt like it and not before.

The ferryboat—a raft, really—took but one car at a time. If there should be more than one they just had to wait while the boat went across and came back, an inconvenience that was being counted on heavily by the driver of the lead machine in the field of fourteen bearing down upon the Oklahoma landing one July day in 1936. He was a stranger to those parts, but no stranger to back-road ferries. Neither, however, was he a stranger to the tricks of fate; and should the boat happen to be on the other side, well, he thought, with a glance of his strained and bleary eyes into the rearview mirror, he might just as well drive right on into the river. And with a glance at the speedometer and a thought for his brake-drum linings, or lack thereof, he might not be able to keep from it if he tried.

By chance the ferry was on the Oklahoma side that day, having been trapped there the previous noon when the wind began to rise and the sky to blacken over. Now the wind had died but the darkness lingered. It was not evening nor even very late afternoon, but over everything lay, lower than any cloud, denser than fog or smoke, and of a color like snuff, and almost as acrid, a uniform suspension of fine red dust. And so the ferryman could hear the cars coming long before he could see them, could hear the horns honking steadily as a flight of southering geese and growing louder, and in numbers such as had never before demanded his services at any one time, sounding like a wedding cortege or like a high school celebrating a victory of its football team. So he was ready and waiting for them, with his engine started and idling, the gate chain lowered, his two running lights on, the hawser poised in one hand to cast off, and his other hand out for his half dollar. He coughed and spat, thinly and of the color of tobacco juice, though at the moment he was not chewing. This dust was not something raised by the approaching cars; it was the prevailing atmosphere in Oklahoma that spring and summer, and the one before, and the one before that, when with dust storms following one another, often not two days apart, dark as night piled on night, it had come to seem almost the native air.

Then the ferryman saw them, the headlights filtering bloodshot and diffuse through the red pall, then saw the line of cars, with one way out in front, the ones in the rear all closely strung together and undulating in waves over the rutty road like the



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segments of a caterpillar, the horns whooping now like a pack of hounds, and all of them coming at considerable speed—considering, that is, the visibility, the state of the road, and the fact that the combined age of the fourteen cars and pickups running the race was in the neighborhood of two hundred and fifty years.

The river level during the past three rainless years had dropped steadily, so that now there was a long, sandy incline down to the ferry dock. When it reached the top of this bank, the winning car, a truck or a van or a bus, was a good hundred yards in the lead. If the driver even paused to see whether the boat was there, it was not apparent to the ferryman. The truck came down the bank, lurching and swaying from side to side, out of control or with a flat tire or, as was entirely possible from the look of it, with no brakes, picking up momentum as it came and headed for the boat as if with deliberate intent to sink it. The ferryman had no time to shout and barely time to jump. He sprang onto the boat rather than aside onto the bank; had he not, he would surely have been left ashore, for with the propulsion imparted by the truck, the boat shot twenty feet out into the water at one bound. It slapped down, scattering spray, bounced again and then again, skipping like a flat skimming stone. The front end leaped so high that, whereas in the first moments it had seemed certain the truck would plunge over the wheel chocks and through the forward chain, it seemed certain the next moment to roll into the river off the stern. Now with the deck awash the truck began skidding sideways, heaved a final burp from the radiator, sputtered, and died. The ferryman—all this while down on his knees looking as if a mule had kicked him—staggered to his feet, fetched breath, and commenced cursing. Clenching his fists, he started forward. From behind him on shore came a chorus of derisive honks and laughter and shouts.

"You sorry, low-down, no-good, smart-alecking son of a ——" he said.

By then he was alongside the cab. And what so suddenly silenced him was not the bandit's mask, a spotted red bandanna covering, from the eyes down, the face of his passenger; that was a sight to which the ferryman had grown so accustomed that he hardly noticed it any more during this and the last two dusty summers, when often the entire population of both sides of the river would appear, when they must issue out of doors, gotten up as desperadoes, male and female, large and small; only by oversight—for this had been a bandanna day if ever there was one—was he not wearing one himself. No, what stopped the ferryman's tongue, while opening still wider his mouth, was that between the two fingers sticking out of the window of the cab was something that looked like a ten-dollar bill, and unless his ears deceived him the voice from behind the bandanna had just said to keep the change. At that price he was welcome to take another shot at sinking the boat! Meanwhile there came no shooting from the shore, no *Halt! in the name of the law*. Evidently his passenger was not a fugitive.

What he was, what the whole gang was, the ferryman concluded after a quick appraisal of the vehicle, coupled with the continuing whoops and catcalls from the shore, was a road show of some kind, a small-time carnival, a tent show or a medicine show. The truck was really a house on wheels, with a curtained window in the body just above the cab and, sticking out the roof, a stovepipe out of kilter and, hanging off the rear, a rickety flight of steps leading to a door. Along the side was painted a picture (the other side, he would find as he passed it later, coming forward to dock in Texas, was, as nearly as an amateur hand could make it, a duplicate) in colors whose kindergarten brightness not even the thick coat of dust nor the prevailing duskiness could dim. Hard to say just what the moment intended to be depicted was—the coming of a storm or the passing of one. The sun, of a fiery orange and spoked with beams, was either just emerging from or just going behind a huge inky cloud rent by a jagged bolt of lightning the shape of a flight of stairs in profile, sharpened at the point, rendered in aluminum. Out of the cloud a shower of raindrops was falling, a direct hit from any one of which was apt to prove fatal to the people living in the farmhouse down below or to the two-legged animal—one hind, one front—in the barn lot. Above and below the depicted scene, in a mixture of print and script and small letters and capitals, all staggering and wavy, falling steadily downhill and bunched together at the end, was a hand-lettered sign.

"Say," said the ferryman, "you fellers a tent show or something?"

"Say," said his passenger, "don't it seem to you like we're kind of drifting?"

The ferryman scooted back to his tiller and nosed back upstream. He shifted gears on his engine. Now he could see the lights from the cars on the Oklahoma shore only dimly, but he could still hear, though unable to make out the words, shouts and laughter. Bunch of cutups, he said to himself, who had had a bet among themselves which would get across the river first, not caring a damn how many lives they endangered along the road and obviously not whether they sank his boat and him along with it. Drinking, probably. Road-show people. He had ferried their kind across before. Free spenders always. Easy come, easy go. He would really rake in the money tonight!

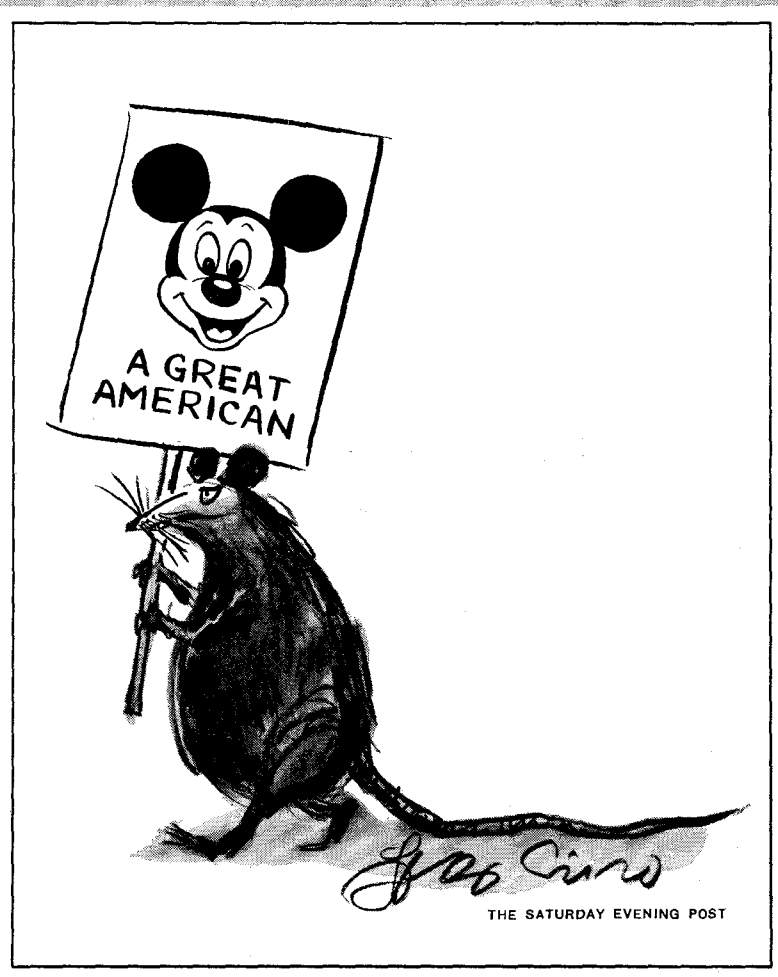
The old engine was in high gear, and presently the ferryman discerned, down at the bottom of his vision, like the sediment at the bottom of a glass of the river water, a darkening, a shoreline: Texas. Then for the first time his passenger poked his head out. He inched it out cautiously as a turtle and looked back toward Oklahoma. There was nothing to be seen; yet, in the light of the running lamp on its pole, above the mask the eyes smiled. As Moses must have smiled on reaching the far shore of another body of red water and looking back.

"Say," said the ferryman, stopping on his way forward to dock, "tell me, what does it say here on the side of your truck? I seem to have mislaid my specs." (The letters were a foot high.) He could hardly see the man, not only because it was so dark and so little of him was unmasked, but also because of the height of the cab.

"Lost your glasses, eh? Your reading glasses, was they?"

The ferryman said nothing, only gritted his teeth.

America, America



"Well, I'll tell you. See that picture? That thundercloud? That bolt of lightning? Them raindrops? What the words spell is, 'Lightning rods for sale.'"

"Can't read a word without my specs," said the ferryman, squinting. "But now that you say so, I can make it out for myself. Lightning rods for sale." Thinking of that ten-dollar bill and of the weather for the last several years, he said, "Hmm. I wouldn't have thought your business had been so good here lately."

They bumped the dock. The driver started his motor. He revved it. The ferryman threw his hawser and dropped the chain with a clatter. As the driver went past, the ferryman said, "Pull over to the side of the road there if you like and . . ." The rest was finished on a falling cadence—the spoken equivalent of that line of lettering along the side of the truck—as, with a low-gear growl, taillight wigwagging over the bumps, the truck shot up the hill. " . . . and come . . . back with . . . me . . . to . . ." The taillight disappeared. " . . . pick your buddies up."

When it had gone about a mile down the road, the truck turned right onto a side road running parallel to the river. Over this it jounced and swayed for about a mile until it turned down an even rougher road—"gully" would be a better word—an old logging trail, hacked through the tall pines, that led back to the river. He was not driving fast now, not only because the road was rough and the dust in the air such that he could not, but because he was safe now. He knew what the ferryman did not know, that the ferryman would find no more customers waiting for him when he got back to Oklahoma.

He came out of the trees and into a clearing at the river's edge. He drove down as near to the water as he could. Leaving the headlights burning, he got out. Had anybody been there—in which case he would not have got out—that person would have seen that the mask and a pair of ankle-top shoes, with socks and supporters, was every stitch the man had on. Not that he was exactly nude, but there are no seams in a suit of feathers and tar.

Basically he was White Leghorn, but there was an intersprinkling of barred Rock, Rhode Island Red, some gray goose, some guinea hen, even some bright Bantam rooster, all fluffy and fine, being pinfeathers and eiderdown from the stuffing of a feather bed. The man's long, red, wrinkled, leathery neck, notched with bones, his crawlike Adam's apple, the wattles underneath his chin, and his beak of a nose enforced his resemblance to a chicken—one in moult. His eyes, probably blue, were so bloodshot they were purple. He was bald on the crown, though his straggling, reddish-gray hair was long enough to drape over the bare spot, ordinarily. But upon his pate someone had recently wiped a paintbrush well charged with creosote, and there a solitary pinfeather now stuck up like a cowlick. He was around forty-five years old, a stringy man of medium height who looked taller because of the stoop in his shoulders, the unmistakable stoop of one who from boyhood has followed the plow. He was in a state far past mere weariness, bordering on collapse, and he was swearing steadily, possibly unconsciously, a sort

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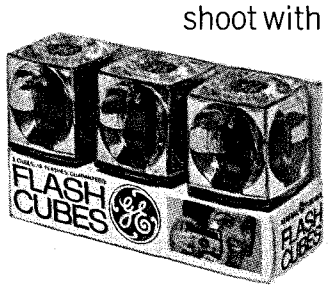

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of unedited imprecation, almost as if he were humming to himself without any tune.

He went now around to the back of the van and hauled himself up the steps, opened the door with his shoulder, and fell inside. A crash sounded and a yelp of pain as he stumbled over something. He was out again shortly with a battered pail and a three-foot length of frayed garden hose. He removed the Irish potato that served as a cap to the gas tank, poked the hose down the hole, put the end in his mouth, sucked, spat, and directed the flow into the pail, all with a polish that showed a good deal more practice than could have been gained on a single gas tank. He stepped into the light of the headlamps and, raising the pail shoulder high, poured half the contents over himself. He commenced plucking. In time a pile of sodden feathers lay at his feet; it looked as if half a dozen fryers had been scalded and plucked on the spot. He went back inside the van, returning this time with a thin cake of soap and a napless, threadbare towel.

He eased himself into the tepid, opaque river water, his head sticking up like a turtle's on that long seamy neck. Taking a deep breath, he ducked under. He came up spitting. He lathered his head and his underarms and his chest and ducked under again and came up spitting once more. He climbed out on the bank and rubbed himself down. The smell of tar and gasoline had by no means been washed away.

He returned to the van and went inside and lighted a lamp, revealing some kind of broken machine in a heap in the middle of the floor, a huge, round, one-legged, claw-footed dining table, a high-backed, hickory-splint rocking chair, an oval dirt-colored rag rug, an immense chifforobe of black wood, three cylinders of cooking gas, a small pot-bellied stove, a woodbox (empty), a two-burner Coleman range on a shelf, and on the floor beneath the shelf a coal-oil can with a sodden corncob stopper, and in one corner an unmade daybed. A shelf ran high along one wall, and he began searching among the stuff on it. While his back was turned, a small tarred-and-feathered dog, possibly of the rat-terrier breed, divided about equally between dog and long feathered tail, recently very wet and still very moist, slunk up the steps with its tongue lolling and into the room and, trying to make itself still smaller than it was, stole unnoticed underneath the bed.

The assortment of paraphernalia on the shelf included some half-dozen road flares of the kind left by night alongside detour signs, three or four old automobile batteries, two wooden boxes, one opened, the other unopened, labeled EXPLOSIVES—HANDLE WITH CARE, and a collection of apparatus vaguely electrical-looking, including coils and switches and fuse boxes and a hand-cranked generator with a much worn armature, rather resembling a large, old-fashioned coffee mill. Behind all this he found what he was looking for—though success in his search brought no pause in that steady mumbled cursing—and began taking them down: quart cans of paint. He pried the lids off. There, scummed over, was the orange of that sun on the side of the van, and there the blackish-blue of the cloud, and there the red of the barn and the white of the raindrops. When all dumped together into a pail and stirred, it was the color of mud.

Still naked, he went outside carrying the bucket and a brush, a worn-out broom, and a rickety stepladder. He swept down the side of the truck, coughing at the dust he raised. He stood the ladder beside the truck and climbed to the top, carrying the bucket. The paint was thick; one coat was going to have to do. He started at the top, first turning up the volume of that constant maledictory static he was making, and with three broad strokes of the brush, one of which he had to stretch so far to complete that he almost toppled off the ladder, he slashed through the words:

THe 1 & OnLY ProF. ORViLLe SiMMs

He coughed, stepped down a rung, and painted out the ascending sunrays. Stepping down another rung, he painted out the cloud, the base of the lightning bolt, the face of the sun. He rested a moment—coughing, rubbing his eyes, swearing—then stepped down and painted out the tip of the bolt of lightning and the remainder of the cloud. Then he had to come down off the ladder and rest. He had not slept in thirty-six hours. Not slept? He had not drawn one unterrified breath in all that while! His eyes felt as if all the dust in the world, or at least in Oklahoma, was underneath the lids. He climbed the ladder again and blotted out forevermore the falling raindrops. Stepping down, he painted out the farmhouse and barn and that one *sui generis* head of livestock. Then, dipping his brush in the paint and not even wiping it on the lip of the pail, with a curse (he would have all this to do again around on the other side), a vicious swipe, and a spattering of mud-colored drops, he painted out the large bottom word:

RAiNMAKeR

Just plain unemployed Orville Simms, dressed now in khaki pants and shirt, drove that night until he could drive no farther, until his eyelids began to anneal, his hands to palsy on the wheel, until he began to have waking nightmares of windmill derricks, whole forests of them alongside the road and stretching away into the night. He went south now through Red River County and into true night, the vast Texas night, with stars overhead, not the daytime night of dust; and then, after he had awakened barely in time to keep from going off into the ditch for the third time, he pulled off into somebody's cow pasture, started to get out of the cab to go back to his bed, and passed out at the wheel. His sleep was deep—too deep—comatose. He moaned, he whimpered, he twitched. Throughout the night frequent shudders shook him, jerking him almost awake, as in his dreams he felt himself falling from a height. . . .

Two days earlier, in Oklahoma, Prof. Simms had been driving along a country road when his radiator had come to a boil. The truck was an old enough model to have for a radiator cap one of those round glass gauges with a mercury column inside. It was older than that: Not only Prof. Simms but numerous previous owners, though occasions had not been wanting, had come too late to their ownership ever to see that thermometer rise. What the radiator had long done instead was steam up inside the glass, as now, when the whole cap was hidden, the whole front end of the truck.

This boiling of the radiator was a frequent occurrence, and, what with that sign along the side of the truck, Prof. Simms had grown timid about stopping at farmhouses to ask for water, even for a dipperful to drink. Especially he sought to avoid crossroad stores, with their one gas pump and their garden watering can meant for radiators, but with also, along their porches, the usual group of whittlers and spitters. To pull up with that radiator going like a factory whistle at noon and shooting up like Old Faithful when the cap was loosened and, beneath that collective gaze, to go and get the watering can was more than the 1 & OnLY ProF. ORViLLe SiMMs could take. At such times he especially regretted that self-conferred title of Professor.

Meanwhile, the sight of that steaming radiator was a joy to Prof. Simms, and the farther he drove without finding a drop to pour down it or down his own long, dusty gullet, the more joyfully he licked his parched lips with his dry tongue. For fifteen miles he had been driving alongside fields where the cornstalks slanted earthward and the brown leaves hung tattered and limp and where cotton in scraggly rows stood with bolls that ought long since to have burst white and were instead whole and hard, the shape and the color of, and not much bigger than, bottled olives. Once he stopped and got out to look closer and found the earth pimpled and pocked from the last light shower, each pebble perched upon a column of dirt half an inch high and conforming exactly to its outline: a sort of microscopic badlands. Not God's country, perhaps, but the 1 & OnLY ProF. ORViLLe SiMMs's country for sure. If not too far gone even for him.

Just *how* far gone he learned when he stopped at what he thought was an abandoned farmhouse for water. He learned then, too, that the countryside was blessed with the only other thing it needed to make it ideal for his purposes: a long mental drought. He pulled up at the sagging gate and got out and went around back of the house to the well. From its rusty pulley hung a bucket that even folks giving up and leaving would not bother to take along. He let it drop and listened and heard a sound that, though it augured well for his business, could not but strike an old farm boy as sickening: not the expected sideways slap of an empty bucket striking water, but the dull, dry *kachunk* of the bottom of the bucket upon hard dirt. Then, behind him, he

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heard a snort of dry, unamused laughter.

"Wasting your time there, mister," the man said. "Been bone dry since last fall a year. If you're thirsty, step into the house here."

"Thank you just the same. If your well's run dry, then I don't expect you've got much water to spare."

"Enough to give a thirsty man to drink. When we ain't got that no more then I'll pull out."

"Thank you kindly. But . . . Well, I hate to ask it, but what I need is more than just a drink. My radiator's dry. If you're having to haul water, why, I'll be glad to buy a bucketful from you."

This suggestion the farmer did not even bother to spurn. Out of the drum he hauled it in, he dippered a bucketful of water and, to Prof. Simms's embarrassment, himself toted it out and opened the explosive radiator and poured it in. Poured it in, that is, after letting the radiator cool down. While waiting, he came round and silently studied the picture and text on the side of the truck. After a bit he spoke. He did not ask why a man who presumably could call it down from the skies whenever he felt like it had had to stop and beg a bucketful of water from a man who had to haul it in an oil drum from eight miles off, but, without even trying to disguise his illiteracy, apparently unconscious that it was a handicap, or that any stigma attached to it, asked to know what the words meant. Prof. Simms told him.

"Is that a fact! Well, mister, I mean Professor, we can sure use you around here! You have sure come to the right place!"

Prof. Simms believed he had. It was almost too good to be true.

"Yes, sir, we been just waiting for you to come along. We been trying to drum us up a rainmaker."

"Is that a fact?"

"Yes, sir. Preachers done all prayed theirselves hoarse. Methodist. Baptist. Campbellite. Adventist. None of them done any good. Last week a gang of us men even went out to the reservation to ask the chief out there if he would have a try. The Indians, you know, they always pray for rain. Not to God, to the Great Spirit. But, hell-fire, we wasn't particular who sent it, as long as it come. So, the men in town, they thought it just might do some good and surely do no harm to ask the chief to see what he could do."

"Yes? What happened?"

"Why, be derned if that old buck didn't turn out to be a deacon in the Presbyterian church! Called us a pack of heathens and run us off his place. As we was piling in the truck to leave, another one come up, claimed he was the medicine man and could make it rain pitchforks and nigger babies, but he never looked like he could even make water. The only spirits it looked like he had been in touch with was liquid all right but not water. So it sure looks like you have come to the right place all right, Professor."

"Just when was the last time you folks had rain around here?" Prof. Simms asked.

"Last is right. Last it's ever going to, I was beginning to think. Before you come along, that is."

So Prof. Simms never even had to go to the farmers. All he had to do was drive into town—it was called Arrowhead; he hardly noticed the name, though he was never to forget it—and leave the truck sitting in front of the feed-and-grain store, and, when he came back from the diner, picking his teeth, half an hour later, they were there waiting for him, some two dozen of them.

At first he gave them a flat no. Said he was just passing through their town on his way to another one where his services had been contracted for. He had to agree when one of them said they couldn't need rain over there any worse than they did right here. And furthermore, he said, he never guaranteed a thing. He had his methods, and his methods had been known to work. To work where prayer and witchcraft had failed. Because his were scientific methods. But they ought to know that rain did not come down just whenever you stood up and snapped your fingers. He knew a few more things to do than just snap his fingers. Still, he never guaranteed a thing. He had been known to fail.

This he had learned to say, as he learned everything, the hard way. At first, when he was just starting out, he had tried to sell himself to the doubters. A big mistake. Once you had done that, you had painted yourself into a corner. Then the only way out was to produce. The thing to do was to act as if nobody knew better than you what the odds were against your succeeding. Laugh at them if they even hinted that you set yourself up as infallible. Make them look like fools. Rain? Hardest thing in the world to produce on demand. Yes, that *was* his business. It was a doctor's business to get you well, too, wasn't it? But sometimes you died, didn't you? And when they said they had not had rain in six months or twelve and had begun to think it was never going to rain again and didn't see how he or anybody else could hope to make it, say, that's what I think myself. If you folks haven't had rain in all that long a time it looks to me like you ain't never going to get no more, and make as if to leave. Then it was *they* trying to convince *him* that he could make it rain if he just would; saying, yes, they understood how hard it was, the odds were all against it, they didn't expect the impossible, they would have no kick coming if he failed, only just take their money and do his best, for God's sake.

But this was the driest, dustiest, thirstiest-looking crew he had ever struck across yet! And the trustingest. They gawked at him, as if to say, Yes, we understand you don't want to brag. We appreciate it. But you've made your point and shown your manners, and so would you please just take our money and say the charm and start the rain. We've been waiting a right long spell. No doubters here. He doubled his usual fee. They swallowed hard all around and looked at one another and licked their lips and promised to have it for him in the morning—in advance, that is to say, of his performance. A site was fixed upon, one answering to his specification for a windmill or a silo or some similar elevation. In parting, he reminded them again that he didn't promise a thing. As a matter of fact, having *(continued on page 70)*

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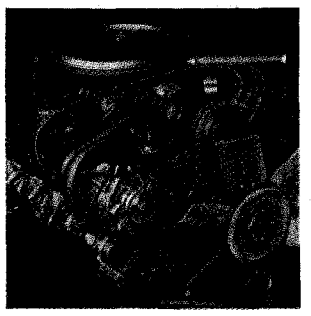

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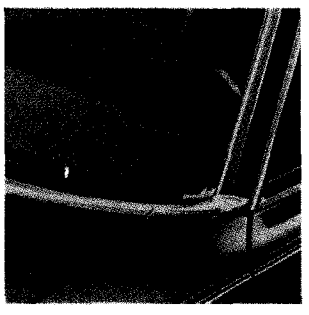

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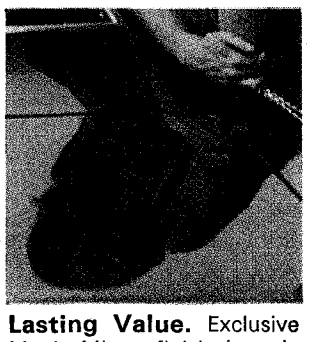

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THE RAINMAKER

(continued from page 67)

consulted *Dr. Miles Almanac*, he knew that light showers were forecast for the morrow. He hoped *Dr. Miles* was righter for once than it generally was. He pitied these folks, and his pity was heightened by the thought of what he himself was doing to them. He knew what it was like. He had been a farmer once himself. And he knew what it was to be taken in. His old farm had sat just far enough inside the Arkansas-Oklahoma line to justify the sign that hung on the gap-toothed paling fence, which, once the s's and the e's and the n's and the y's had been unreversed, read:

TRy yOUR LUCk
HUNt fOR OZARk DiMoNDs
BIG 1S HAVE BeNN FOUNd
1$ PeR HR.

For which, in all the years the sign hung there, the only taker he ever got—and this was after he had scratched out the 1$ and made it 50¢—was one wiseacre in a car with a Missouri license tag who stopped one day and then said on second thought he believed he wouldn't after all, because he could tell, just by looking, that he, Simms, had done already found all the real big ones. Nor had he ever had any much better luck with his other attraction, the cave. Because nobody could stand to set foot inside it, and he always had to refund their dime. Even before you stuck your head in, even from fifty feet away, the smell was enough to knock you down. It was the smell of guano, though he learned to call it that only after he had sold out and was packing to leave. The first to call it guano was the man who had bought the place from him, a stranger whom he had taken to be the second diamond prospector, and the first one to think he could tell by looking that he, Simms, had *not* already found all the big ones, until the man said (this after he, Simms, had tried everything, including drilling another dry hole every time a fresh breeze blew up from Texas with a whiff of petroleum on it, including even farming the damned place), "Diamonds? You trying to be funny? I'm going after that guano. There must be half a million tons of it in there."

"That what?" said Simms.

"Bat dung to you. Most valuable fertilizer in the world. My God, you have got a gold mine in that cave! I mean, *I* have got a gold mine in it."

And so, feeling sorry for these Arrowhead folks, he determined to give them a good show for their money. The rainmaker's art, as Prof. Simms had been quick to learn, consisted entirely in making the audience forget what they had come to see—then getting away before they recollected. Providentially, it worked out that the people most willing to pay for rain were those who were the easiest to beguile, the ones to whom amusements and spectacles were the greatest rarity.

The production, or as Prof. Simms preferred to style it in order to stress its experimental nature, "the trial," was set to take place on a farm known as the old Maddox place, chosen because it answered to the professor's stipulation for a windmill, and because it stood on what passed in those parts for a hill. From his overnight campsite on the edge of town, Prof. Simms set off next morning bright and early—and a very bright morning it was, with the sky glowing behind the sun like the reflector of a heater—to find the place. He did not have to ask the way. He had only to fall in with the traffic already clogging the road. The line included passenger cars and pickups, motorcycles with sidecars, buggies and wagons, more than one of them loaded with empty barrels, oil drums, and washtubs to catch the rain and carry it back home in. This testimony of simple faith in his powers touched Prof. Simms. Seeing his van, the drivers of the vehicles pulled off into the ditch and the people on foot stood aside to let him pass. Kids sitting along the tailgates of the wagons dangling their rusty bare feet gaped at him as he went by, the women ducked their chins in a quick, shy curtsy, the men bared their heads. They were certainly a dry-looking bunch! Their lips chapped and cracked from constant licking, their mouths hanging open, their expressions fixed, baked on, they looked like those characters in the moving pictures shown stumbling across Death Valley toward some mirage of an oasis. Near the head of the procession, he passed two wagonloads of people all dressed in white nightgowns. In his or her hands each clasped a small black book. These folks in their nightgowns looked like wanderers in the desert, their eyes trained on a vision. Converts, believers in total immersion, they had been a long time waiting for baptism; now beatific smiles wreathed their parched and peeling lips. Prof. Simms was moved, and he renewed his vow to put on a good show for these folks, take their minds off their troubles for one day at least.

Waiting on the site already were still more. Some looked as if they had spent the night there. Prof. Simms had barely arrived when, passing among the crowd on his inspection of the grounds, he overheard the following exchange:

"When is the rain going to start, Papa?"

"In a minute, son. Give the man time."

"Brung along the family, have you, Dunc?"

"Just this'n here. He ain't never seen rain. Not that he remembers."

Looking down, Prof. Simms saw a boy of four, going on five. He was dressed for the outing in a new, yellow oilskin slicker, with a matching sou'-wester and a pair of rubber boots. The slicker had been bought three or four sizes too big, so that he might grow into it, and the little boy rattled around inside it like the clapper inside a bell.

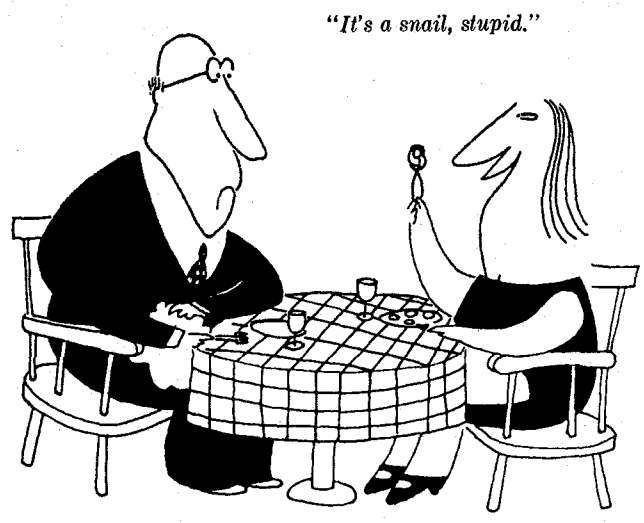
By eight o'clock it looked as if everybody had come who was going to come. Gathered on the field were five to six hundred people, young and old, white, black, and red. From the top step of his van, Prof. Simms, his fee in his pocket, addressed the crowd in these words:

"Folks, if we're all here I will ask you now to give me your attention, please, while I explain just what we are going to do."

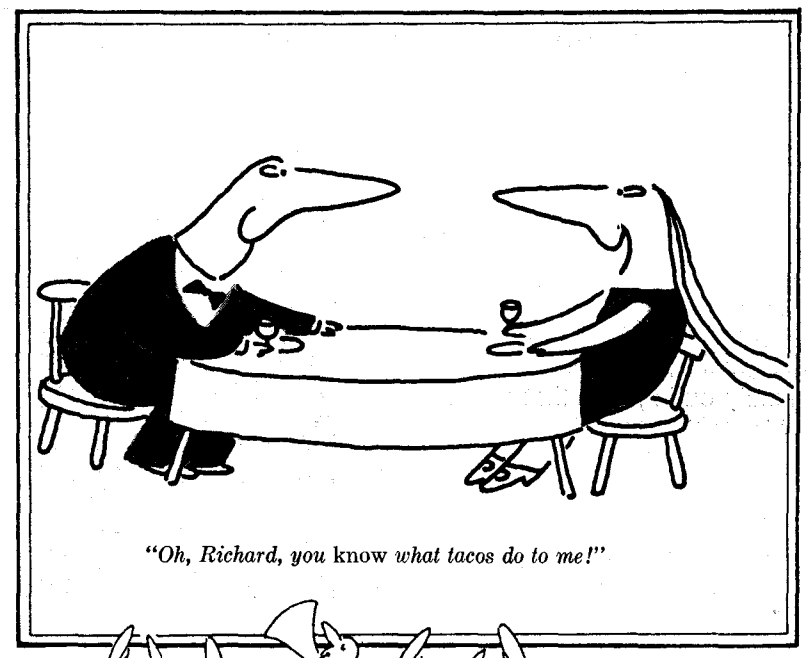
From the audience arose a silence so profound that he could hear the regular, breath-like swish of the palm-leaf fans with which the ladies fanned their faces. Before him were ranged five hundred open mouths, as though awaiting the consecrated Host.

"I will tell *(continued on page 74)*

MY KIND OF PEOPLE by Barsotti



"It's a snail, stupid."



"Oh, Richard, you know *what tacos do to me!"*

"Make that to go."

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(continued from page 70)

you everything," he continued. "I mean to keep nothing from you. There is no mystery, no magic, to making rain. It is a science, and science has no secrets. I am not here to mystify you good people with a lot of hocus-pocus. I am not going to lead you all in prayer. I am not going to daub myself with paint and dance around in a ring rattling a gourd. All that is known of the science of rainmaking I mean to put to use here today for the benefit of you folks. Any man who claims to know more is either fooling you or fooling himself."

Prof. Simms paused to wipe his forehead with his bandanna. Lord, it was a scorcher of a day! Imagine anybody simple enough to believe that anybody else could make rain fall from a sky like that!

Rain, the professor mused out loud; what was rain? Not being scientists, they perhaps thought that rain was water. Well, they were only partly right. There was something else in rain besides water, as anybody could testify who had ever let a bucketful of rainwater settle for a while: dirt. And he proceeded to explain how, according to the findings of science, every drop of rain contained, was formed around, a single grain of dust. So the first thing they were going to do this morning was to raise a little dust.

He turned and disappeared into the recesses of his van. When he came forth again some moments later he was carrying a crate on which in large, red letters was stenciled DYNAMITE. On top of the crate were a detonator and several coils of wire.

Prof. Simms directed the digging by volunteers of four holes, one at each corner of the field, and the placing therein of half a stick of dynamite each. Wires were then laid from these to the detonator. Even as he went about this first number on his program, Prof. Simms was mindful to raise an occasional glance to the bright, blank heavens and to follow this with a slow, slight shake of his head. This show of doubt cost you nothing of your expert standing; it lent you a human touch; meanwhile it opened, by a crack, the door out by which you were going to have to excuse yourself later on.

When the charges had been laid, capped, and fused, the crowd was advised to draw close together and to sit down on the ground. Children were gathered to their mothers. An expectant hush settled over them. Prof. Simms pushed the plunger. Four simultaneous, muffled booms went up, raising four geysers of red dust. Gravel rained down upon the people's heads. Pebbles rattled on the hard ground. As the dust cleared, Prof. Simms studied the faces of his audience. Usually the dynamite blasts could be counted on to loosen a crowd up, enliven them, begin to distract their minds. This bunch, however, just lifted their dust-powdered heads and gaped at him, waiting to see what was coming next. Among five hundred faces scarcely half a dozen smiles were to be counted. Even the kids were a solemn lot. It was a very single-minded crowd.

Having astonished his audience with the information that rain was something more than water, Prof. Simms next informed them that water was really a gas in liquid form. Rather, two gases: hydrogen and oxygen. H_2O. To make this go down he employed another homely illustration. When you boiled water on the range, what happened? It went off into the air in the form of a gas, a steam. And when you put a lid on the pot it condensed back into a liquid. Now they had the dust that was needed for the drops to form around up there in the atmosphere; the next thing was . . .

Again he went inside his van, emerging this time with three cylinders of cooking gas on a handcart, two of them labeled HYDROGEN, the third OXYGEN. He went inside once more and came back with a carton of rubber balloons.

For the next three quarters of an hour, Prof. Simms was kept busy inflating balloons and tying their necks and passing them to the kids who had volunteered to hold them. When all the balloons were blown up, he again went inside his van, returning this time with an automatic .22 rifle. He called for a volunteer from the audience who was a crack shot. Nominations closed upon a single name, and after some coaxing a cross-eyed youth of twenty came forward, dragging one foot and grinning bashfully. Prof. Simms gave him the rifle and a box of cartridges.

The balloon holders were divided into teams, like contestants in an unequal spelling bee, Oxygens on one side, Hydrogens, two to one, on the other.

"Now then, when I say, 'Go!'" said Prof. Simms, "the first of you Oxygens and the first two of you Hydrogens let go of your balloons, and you"—turning to the rifleman—"hold your fire till I tell you. Then, as quick as you can, bust all three balloons. Don't miss any or we'll get the wrong proportions. Go!"

Three balloons—a blue one, a red one, and a yellow one—soared aloft. The cross-eyed youth raised his rifle to his shoulder, blinking at the glare, wetting his lips. Up, up, the balloons soared, smaller and smaller. The rifleman licked his lips more rapidly.

"Fire!" said the professor.

Three cracks: three clean hits. The balloons disappeared. Tatters of colored rubber fluttered to earth. *Go! Fire! Go! Fire!* So for the next half hour. The kids were diverted, but, as for their parents and grandparents, they turned their faces up, observed the bursts high overhead, then looked down, looked at him to see what was coming next. There was not a smile among them, not even a kindling of interest, just patience, stolid, dumb, unimaginative patience. Not that they were skeptical. On the contrary, with these people a problem different from the one he was used to coping with began to disclose itself to Prof. Simms. Folks generally had to be convinced that he could make it rain; these were going to have to be convinced that he *couldn't*. Prof. Simms felt a moment's panic. He had put down his toe and found that he was swimming in depths of gullibility over his head.

Prof. Simms next brought out his rockets. The first of these was launched at half past ten. It burst with a satisfying bang, placing a puff of white smoke high above, the only thing visible in the vast, empty sky. He sent up, at a dollar and thirty cents apiece, two dozen of them. As each went off he studied the upturned faces. Ordinarily a fireworks display tickled them so they forgot everything else; when they remembered and realized that in fact no rain had fallen (by which time he was in the neighboring county), they said, well, he had put on a dern good show, that alone was worth the price. But though fireworks must have been a rarer event in their lives than in most, this crowd could think of just one thing. Dynamite, balloons, rockets: All this excitement they had had and still they stood there solemn as a convention of cigar-store Indians, waiting for rain. He had, however, one trick left: a performance on Old Magnet. If that didn't get them, nothing would.

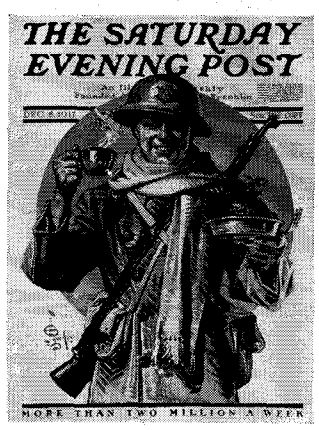
Magnet, the *pièce de résistance* of his act, was an invention, rather a collage, of Prof. Simms's own. Ordinarily Old Magnet had merely to make her appearance for somebody in the crowd to declare, "'Fore God!" or words to that effect. "Would you just look ahere what's coming now! I George, Sam, if that contraption can't make it rain, be about the only thing it can't do, won't it? Sounds," the speaker was apt to observe, as soon as Prof. Simms began fiddling with the dials, "like she's clearing her throat to get ready to say something." Which in fact she once did. Suddenly remembering her long dormant, not to say dead, function, she brought in station KRLD, Dallas, and gave out five whole minutes of Chicago cotton and grain futures before she could be tuned out. However, an early-model, battery-set radio was merely a part of Old Magnet. Above a bank of switches like the manuals of an organ were arrayed needle gauges, fuses, the works from a telephone box, the exposed coil from a Model-T Ford, vacuum tubes, an electrical rheumatism cure, and a great deal more junk the origin of which Prof. Simms himself did not know. Leading off all this was a long coil of wire attached to a large horseshoe magnet.

For, as Prof. Simms explained, it was your magnetism that drew all your other elements together. That charged your dust particles and made them draw your atoms of oxygen and hydrogen together to form drops which your clouds then soaked up. For a cloud was nothing more nor less than a sort of sponge, as you might say, a dry sponge looking for some water. There were your clouds (the puffs of smoke from his rockets still hung there, unmoving, not a breath of wind to stir them, hardly a breath of breath); your dust and your oxygen and your hydrogen were there. Now the thing was to send up some magnetism. If that didn't do it . . .

Well, if that didn't do it, then the only thing to say was, there were times and places when all the advancements of science were to no avail. Time to begin to take the moral approach, or rather *re*proach. Half jokingly now, before Old Magnet was put into action, to be borne down on harder a little later on. But as of now to say, "Well, if what we're about to do next don't turn the trick, then it's for you folks to say why, not me. I don't know what you all have been up to, but if the Good Lord is displeased with you—and that's about the only thing I can think of to explain a sky like that after all we've done—why then you realize, of course, that Albert Einstein himself, if he was here, couldn't make it rain. It's for you all to say why He is down on you. But till you folks make it right with the Lord, why, I'm just wasting my time and talents. When all's said and done, He's the one that's got His hand on the hydrant, you know."

To this, as to everything else, they

Fifty years ago in The Post



Sticking up for the ladies:

'More Voters,' editorial, December 8, 1917

If you fairly owe a man ten dollars you must not refuse to pay him because you suspect ten dollars will do him no particular good. In the same way, suffrage is fairly due to women—a thing they can claim as a right. Withholding it is an ungrateful cheat on man's part and an affront to womanhood. Women should have suffrage as a right, and we are heartily in favor of giving it to them. But we should not think it will do them any particular good, except that paying a just debt is always good.

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listened without so much as nodding their heads. Never even scratched them. Even that little boy in the slicker, following at Prof. Simms's heels as he played the wire off the coil to the base of the windmill, just gaped solemnly at him.

An assistant from the audience was instructed in what order to throw the switches once Prof. Simms was up on top of the windmill. He stood at the base of it, the horseshoe tucked into his belt, the wire trailing from him, looking up at the fan. Prof. Simms disliked heights, and he never failed at this point to think, Surely there must be a better way than this to make a living. Taking a deep breath, he commenced hauling himself up the rungs of the tall, narrow ladder.

Just beneath the fan blades a narrow platform ran around the derrick. Standing on this platform the professor signaled to his assistant down on the ground. Grasping the derrick with one hand, with the other he pointed the magnet out into space. Hardly was the last switch thrown when over the horizon appeared a huge, black cloud.

"Great God!" gasped Prof. Simms.

Recovering himself at once, he said, "Don't be a fool, like those down there on the ground, Orville."

But even as he said this the cloud doubled in size. "If you didn't know better," said Prof. Simms, "blessed if you wouldn't almost believe there was something in it." And, despite himself, a small shudder of fear, of awe ran through him—fear of, awe of himself.

Meanwhile, the people down on the ground had not yet seen his cloud. He leaned as far out from the derrick as he safely could, holding out his magnet. Slowly he drew it back to his chest. Be damned if the cloud didn't leap to follow it! He repeated the gesture. Again the cloud raced nearer as if in response. "Well! If this don't beat anything I ever saw!" said Prof. Simms.

Now the people down below saw it. Heads snapped around in that direction, and fingers pointed, and even up on his perch Prof. Simms heard the universal intake of breath. Three or four times more he repeated his gesture of drawing the cloud on with his magnet, and each time it leaped obediently to follow. The whole sky in that direction, from the ground up to the dome, was now solid black.

A gust of wind whipped his face, followed by another that shook the derrick and turned the fan blades over a couple of revolutions. Prof. Simms looked down. "There! That ought to satisfy you!" he said. He laughed to see them scurrying for shelter down below, drawing their jackets over their heads, whipping up the teams of their wagons, some diving underneath the wagon beds. He had not long to gloat, however; a blast of wind shivered the derrick, very nearly plucking him off. The fan blades spun. He decided to climb down. He put his foot on the first rung of the ladder, looked down, and saw nothing. People, wagons, his own van, the base of the windmill—everything had disappeared. At that moment he got an eyeful of dust. In another moment all thought of getting down was put out of his mind by the blast.

And there, like a possum up a persimmon tree, clinging for dear life, while the derrick shook and shuddered, and the dust came at him like a sandblast, and the fan blades whirred like an airplane propeller, his eyes squeezed shut, the 1 & OnLY ProF. ORViLLe SiMMs spent the next twenty-four hours.

At the end of that time, when the dust storm had died and over everything had settled a Pompeian silence, Prof. Simms ventured down to reconnoiter. Halfway down he still could not see the ground. At that point he paused to listen. It was then that he noticed for the first time the smell, like a freshly surfaced asphalt road; but, hearing no sound, he figured they were all still indoors or in the storm cellar, unaware that the storm had stopped, and that this was the moment to make his break. So he went down farther. Then he saw them. They were squatting around the base of the derrick waiting for him like a party of hunters waiting for a treed coon to come down. Like himself, they wore bandannas over their faces, only to them it lent the sinister look of a band of vigilantes. Halting in his descent, he called down, "Well, I told you all I never guaranteed nothing, didn't I?"

No one responded. They didn't even look up. In the silence he heard the familiar whimper of a dog. That smell that he had noticed earlier rose more sharply on the still air. Like asphalt, or like a new telephone pole, freshly creosoted. He saw a fire; on it an oil drum steamed. The society below, he now noticed, was exclusively male. He scampered hastily back up the ladder four or five rungs. "Dern it!" he cried.

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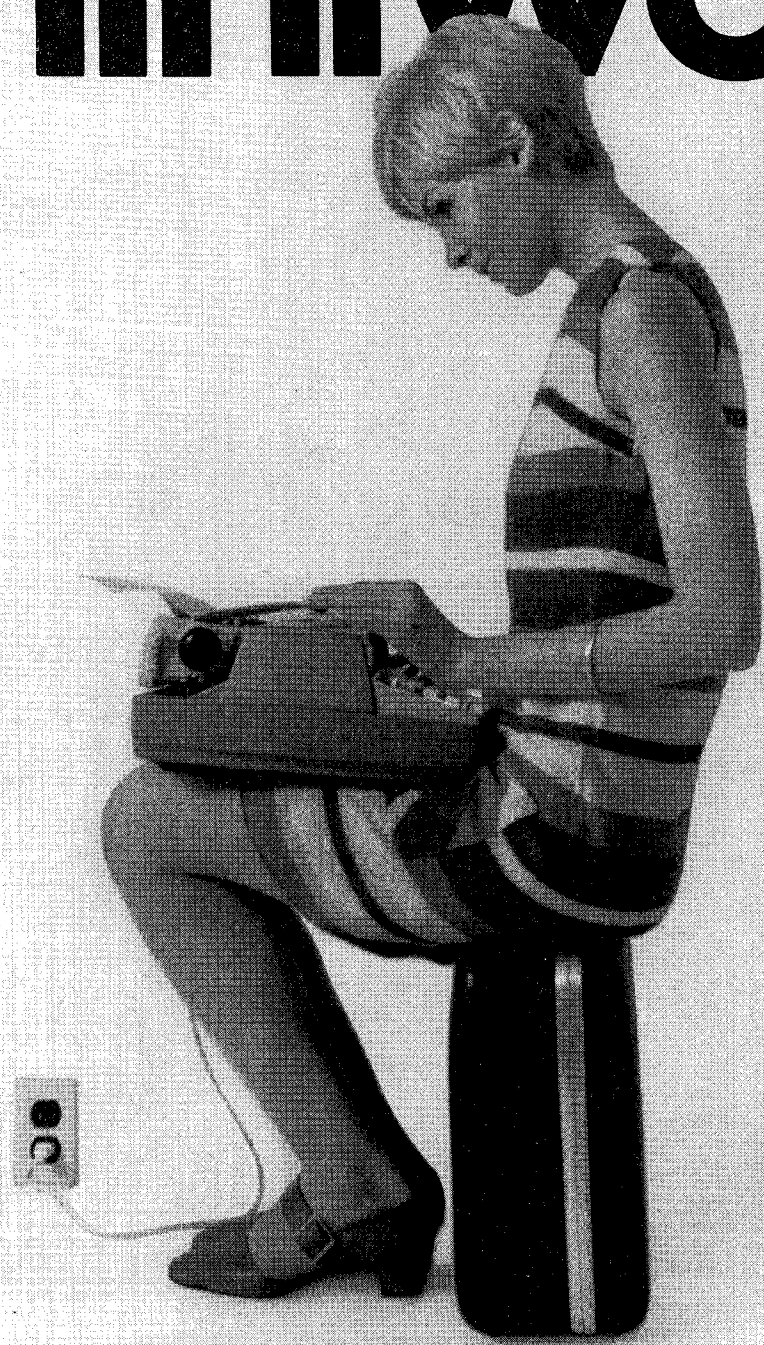

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"Whose idea was this anyhow, y'all's or mine?" He clambered back up into the protective gloom, and to the top rung of the ladder he clung for another hour, calling down from time to time, "Maybe you all would like a refund? Hey? What do you say to that? Maybe you all would like a refund, hey?"

When Simms woke up in Texas, still stinking of tar and gasoline, he thought at first that he was still asleep and having nightmares. All around him for as far as the eye could stretch stood windmills thick as trees. He closed his eyes with a shudder, opened them, and looked again. They were still there, but now he noticed that they lacked fans. Not windmills, then: oil-well derricks.

After breakfast, at which he was reunited with Samson, his dog, and after plucking Samson of his feathers, Simms drove down the road to the first gas station and general store he came to. Along the porch sat half a dozen men. Simms thought he had seen ignorant, backwoods, gate-mouthed, dull-eyed faces in Oklahoma, and before that in Arkansas, but here . . . Well, he was about ready to restore the sign on his truck. Memories of Arrowhead braked that thought. But, before he knew it, he had asked, "Been this dry hereabouts for a good spell, has it?"

"Dry? Mister, 'dry' don't cover it. They haven't invented the word yet for the weather we been having."

"Crops all burnt up, are they?" asked Simms, trying to look sympathetic and not grin.

"Ain't much left in the way of crops around here."

"Folks having to haul water, are they?"

"If they are I just wish you'd tell me where they're finding it."

"Ain't nobody much trying to raise crops around here no more. Folks in this section have done all give up farming, just about."

"How much rainfall you folks had this year?"

"Oh, Lord, mister, we done all just about forgot what rain looks like, ain't that right, O.B.? When do you reckon was the last time we seen rain?"

"Well, let's see. I remember it was raining when my wife was fixing to have our last boy. And only yesterday she had to warsh his mouth out with soap for using dirty talk. He's precocious, still that'll give you some idea."

"What did she use for water?" asked one of the six others.

"Well, sir," said a third, "I have paid up to six bits a pint for it right on the streets of Delco. R.D. Blair, that's got that deep artesian well, why, my godamighty, he's made more money off of that thing than most men has off of oil wells. I've seen bottled water go for twenty-five cents, one of them little bitty old Dixie cups full. It's got so around here we dilute our water with whiskey, stranger. Costs too derned much to drink it straight."

"Is it water you're talking about? Selling drinking water on the streets? In bottles? In paper cups? Like soda pop?"

"Naw, sir, not like soda pop. Soda pop don't cost but two bits a bottle. And if you take my advice you'll keep away from it. Won't nothing raise a thirst like a bottle of that damn pop. Worse than salted peanuts."

"Well! I thought I'd been in dry sections of the country before, but this sure beats them all."

"Yes, Lord, I reckon the man that comes up with a way to turn crude oil into drinking water will make him a killing here in Texas."

"I hear they're fixing to bring it out in powdered form soon now," said another man.

"Fixing to bring what out in powder form, Gus?"

"Water. Powdered water. Dehydrated. When you're ready to use it you take and mix it with a little water. They say it makes a pretty fair substitute. Tastes a little flat, they say, but does all right for mixing."

"Lord, what won't they think of next, eh?"

It was true what those men said, thought Simms; people thereabouts had all given up farming, but drought was not their reason. They did not need to farm, not with oil wells pumping away in front and back yards and stretching away over former cotton fields for as far as a man could see. If they needed water it was not for the sake of their crops. They could use some to float those cabin cruisers in the one-time lakes that Simms had passed on his way toward Delco. A bit for an occasional bath, maybe, and to water their flowerbeds. Mainly to wash those big Cadillacs and Packards and Pierce-Arrows that stood, sometimes double-parked, outside their cabin doors. They could pay for it, too, as no dirt farmer worried about his crops and his thirsty livestock could ever afford to pay. So, in the hardware store in Delco, Simms said to the clerk, "Paint. Want some paint. Gimme a gallon of the white, quart of red, quart of yellow, quart of blue, and a pint-sized can of aluminum. Don't bother to wrap them."

The day Prof. Simms fixed upon with the oilmen for his performance was just the worst sort of day. With no assistance from him, the sky had clouded over, and now thunder commenced to rumble. It was going to rain. You could smell it, could read the signs: birds bunched together along electric wires, leaves of trees showing their undersides, smells sharpening, sounds deepening. After three unbroken years of drought, today it was going to rain, and before he could lay claim to it. He pitched in frantically, trying to get his show set up and going before it actually started coming down, to make it look as if he had had a little something to do with it; but, even as he tore around, the first drops fell, fat, warm drops that struck the hard, unabsorbent earth with a *spat* and scattered in droplets like quicksilver. Prof. Simms only hoped there were others in the audience like the one he had just overheard say, "Well, if this feller ain't a cutter! He don't even hardly have to do nothing to make it rain, does he?"

The elevation this time was the tower of the county courthouse, seven stories tall. The crowd, the biggest he had ever drawn, was gathered on the courthouse grounds. It was to have been the grandest production Prof. Simms had ever staged: a Texas-sized production. Was he not being paid a Texas-sized fee? What a stupendous plan he had devised for the dynamite blasts! What a store of skyrockets he had provided! Magnet, inconsiderately tossed inside the van by the mob at Arrowhead, had been refurbished, improved by the addition of a sparkplug tester and something else found on the town dump, which Prof. Simms judged to be part of the works of an X-ray machine, and which, when a current was sent through it, reacted with a most impressive crackle. He had been looking forward to the show himself. Was anything in the world as undependable as the weather?

There was no postponing it: no rainchecks on a rainmaking. The timing was set. Ready or not, rain or shine, on the stroke of ten from the courthouse clock, things would get under way with a bang. Four bangs, to be exact.

Observing that the signs looked promising, Prof. Simms, face dripping, soaked to the skin, began his address to the crowd. He disavowed magic and mystery. His was a science, he said, and science—here he had to raise his voice to make himself heard above the patter—had no secrets. It was coming down harder every moment as he explained the origin and composition of raindrops, the need to raise some dust. The clock overhead wound itself up to strike. Prof. Simms brought down his upraised hand, and the earth shook as sixty sticks of dynamite, fifteen to each of four charges, went off. But instead of the cloud of dust that was to have arisen, down fell a torrent of rain.

Just my luck, thought Prof. Simms, looking down from the top of the courthouse steps upon the umbrellas popping up like mushrooms all over the grounds. Maddening to think that those umbrellas, faded from disuse, dotted with holes, had been brought there out of faith in his powers. His hand stole to his pocket and fondled the fat roll of bills nestled there, his fee paid in advance. For a moment he toyed with the thought of absconding with it, claiming it as his own, even though it was apparent, must be apparent even to these people, that the rain was not of his making. For only a moment, though; then he remembered the tales he had always heard of Texans, how mean they were, how dangerous it was to trifle with them. In tones forlorn he silently chanted, Rain, rain, go away. Come again another day. Little Orville wants to play.

Will wonders never cease! Prof. Simms exclaimed to himself when the rain promptly complied with his request. The sky brightened by several shades. It was probably as well, however, that precipitation did not cease entirely, just slackened off to a steady drizzle, for Prof. Simms was not there to prevent rain, after all, as to some credulous minds he might appear to have done. Moreover, this was only a lull in the storm. From the west, fresh battalions of clouds were moving up, dark as the one in the sign on his van. Could he—perhaps by dropping one act, say the skyrockets, from his program—be ready for it when it got there? Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

In his race against the advancing storm clouds, Prof. Simms explained the molecular structure of water, while at the same time inflating his balloons. For the occasion three marksmen, instead of just the usual one, were recruited and armed with rifles. The first release of balloons numbered nine, but before a shot could be fired, even as the word "Fire!" was already in Prof. Simms's mouth, such a cloudburst poured down it was enough to make a person wonder whether God had broken the promise He made to Noah of old.

This was no passing shower; this was the real thing, good for all day and into the night, if Prof. Simms was any judge. Well, old hoss, he consoled himself, you did your best. The elements were against you. Better luck next time. Giving the bankroll one last feel, peering through the gaps in the curtain of rain, he searched the crowd for the faces of the men with whom he had contracted for today's performance, intending to refund their money. He did not dis-

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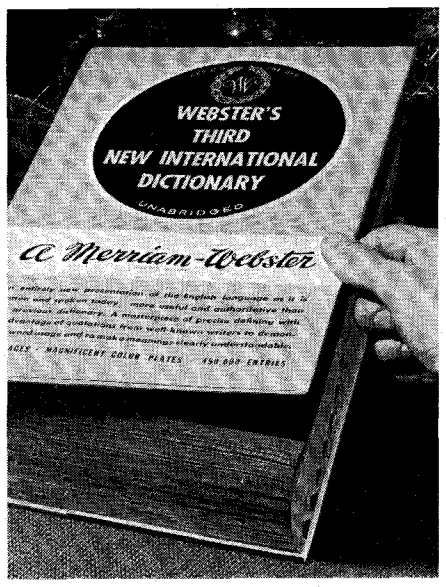

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cover them. What Prof. Simms discovered instead was one of those insights that can change the lives of men and alter the shape of history. He saw all those faces looking up at him, streaming wet, waiting patiently to see what he was going to do next, cupping their ears to hear him, hushing up their children whining to be taken in out of the wet, their heads still nodding in conviction, comprehension of his last-spoken words. Modesty, and a lifelong inclination to think too well of people, almost made Prof. Simms deny the moment of his greatness. Nobody could be that stup—— He looked again. You could have heard a pin drop in the silence of Prof. Simms's mind.

Orville, my friend, he said to himself, awestruck, *if you had just half the belief in yourself these folks have in you, you could be governor of this state.*

By seven o'clock that evening, the county records had been twice removed: first from the flooded basement of the courthouse to the ground floor, thence to the second floor. Since half past four the building had been without electricity; at six, telephone service was disrupted. To have stepped outside would have been to commit suicide by drowning; therefore, those who had taken shelter and were now trapped inside were resigned to going supperless and to spending the night sleeping on the floors, the women and children in the offices, the courtrooms, and the judges' chambers, the men in the corridors.

By that hour Prof. Simms had for some while felt himself to be the target of resentful looks and the subject of discontented mutterings. So when the committee of three men who had contracted with him for his services came seeking him out, he was expecting them. One look at their faces and Prof. Simms thought he detected the odor of warm tar, and he felt himself break out all over in goose feathers.

"Well, Professor!" said the first man, and stood waiting for an answer. He was a burly six-footer whose bone-crushing grip Prof. Simms remembered from the handshake with which they had sealed their agreement.

"Kind of let things get out of hand, ain't you, Professor?" said the second.

"Rain, we said," said the third. "But this!"

All were silent; Prof. Simms in expectation of violence, the three men awaiting some practical proposal from him. This was revealed when, none forthcoming, they made their own. Speaking one after another, the three said:

"So without further ado, maybe you better climb back up the tower——"

"—and put that machine of yours into rearverse gear——"

"—and *de*magnetize things, 'fore you drownd us all."

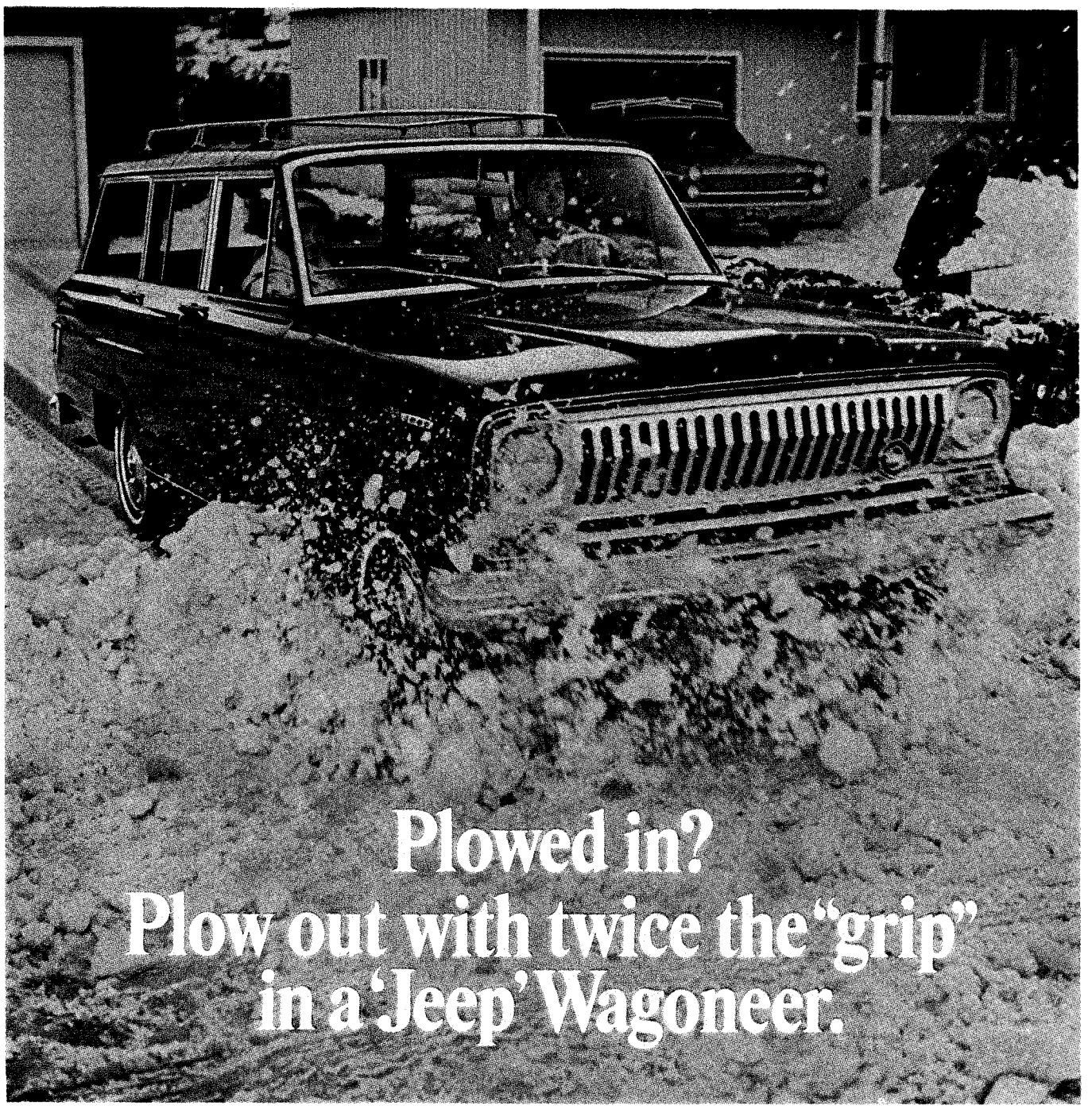
He had learned his lesson, and, in commending himself to his Maker, here is what Prof. Simms said:

"Dear Lord, listen to a con man's prayer. Looking to the future—if I am allowed to have any—please show me the way to some other part of Your creation where You distributed a little bit more sense. Some place where—how does it go?—where you can fool some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time, but deliver me, Lord, from a place where you can fool all of the people all of the time. Amen."

The river, after three days and nights, had returned to its banks, and on both sides the roads to the ferry landing were now passable. But anybody who thought he was going to buck that current for fifty cents or for that matter fifty dollars had another think coming to him. They could sit there honking till their arms dropped off.

A ferryman's life was just one blamed thing after another. A week ago you couldn't see to blow your nose for the dust; now this. Not a drop of rain for three blessed years, then, all of a sudden, floods. It was like God had been out of the office all that while and returned to find all those prayers for rain piled up on His desk. It did seem like He might have used a little better judgment than to answer them all at once.

What a time it had been! Rain, rain, rain—you couldn't see to blow your nose for the rain. River rising, and the banks crumbling in, and the levees washing out. Cabins coming floating down, some with families sitting on the roof tops, black and white, men, women, children, babies at the breast, old grandfolks. One with a nanny goat astraddle of the peak. Later, town shanties with street numbers on the doors. Trees. Wagon beds. Chicken coops. Barrels. Cows. Hogs. Mules. And there were people who expected him to ferry them across this! Like that one in a truck over on the Texas side right now—truck or van or bus or whatever the hell it was, with some sort of sign painted on the side—honking as if his life depended on it. □



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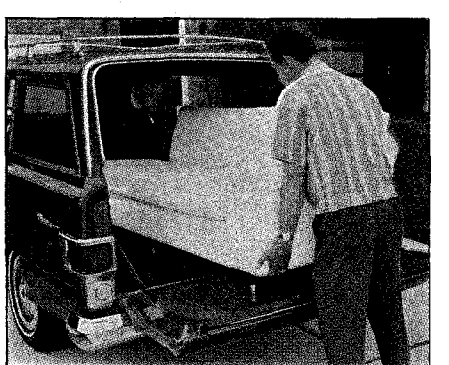

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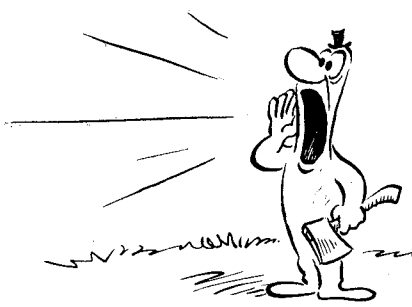
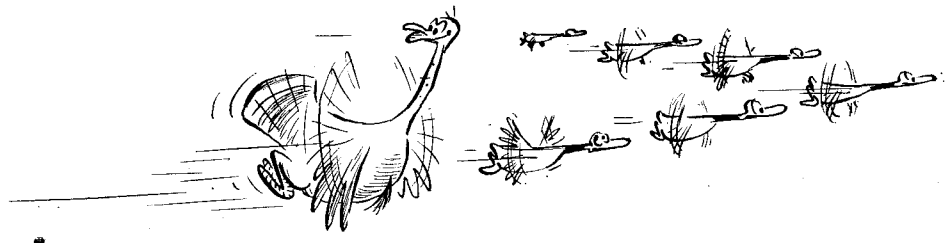


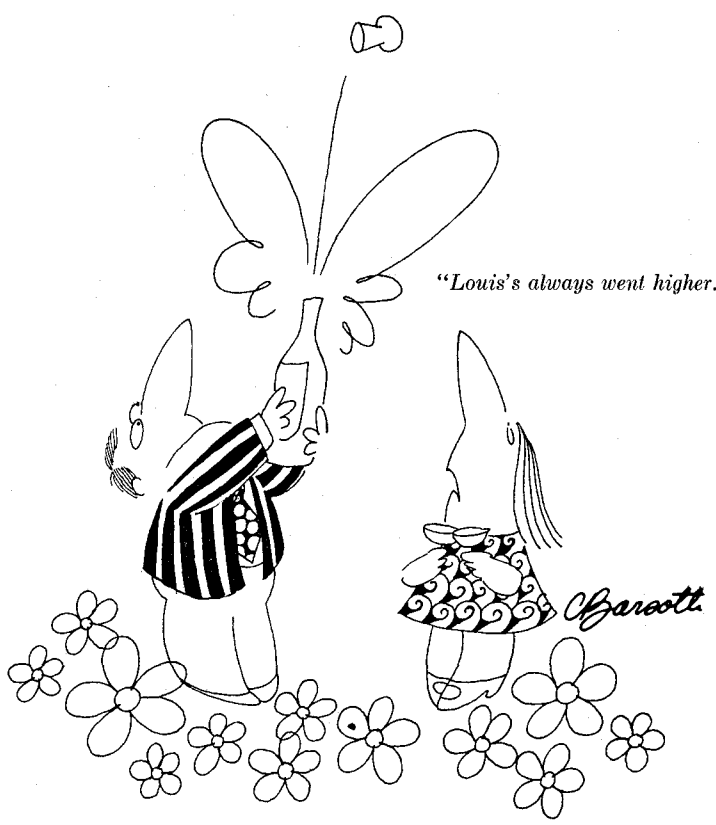


Post scripts

"He's wonderful with anyone under thirty."

"Martha, we don't know one *fun couple!"*

"I'll tell you what Daddy brought you—a willing hand and a loving heart, that's what."



"Louis's always went higher."

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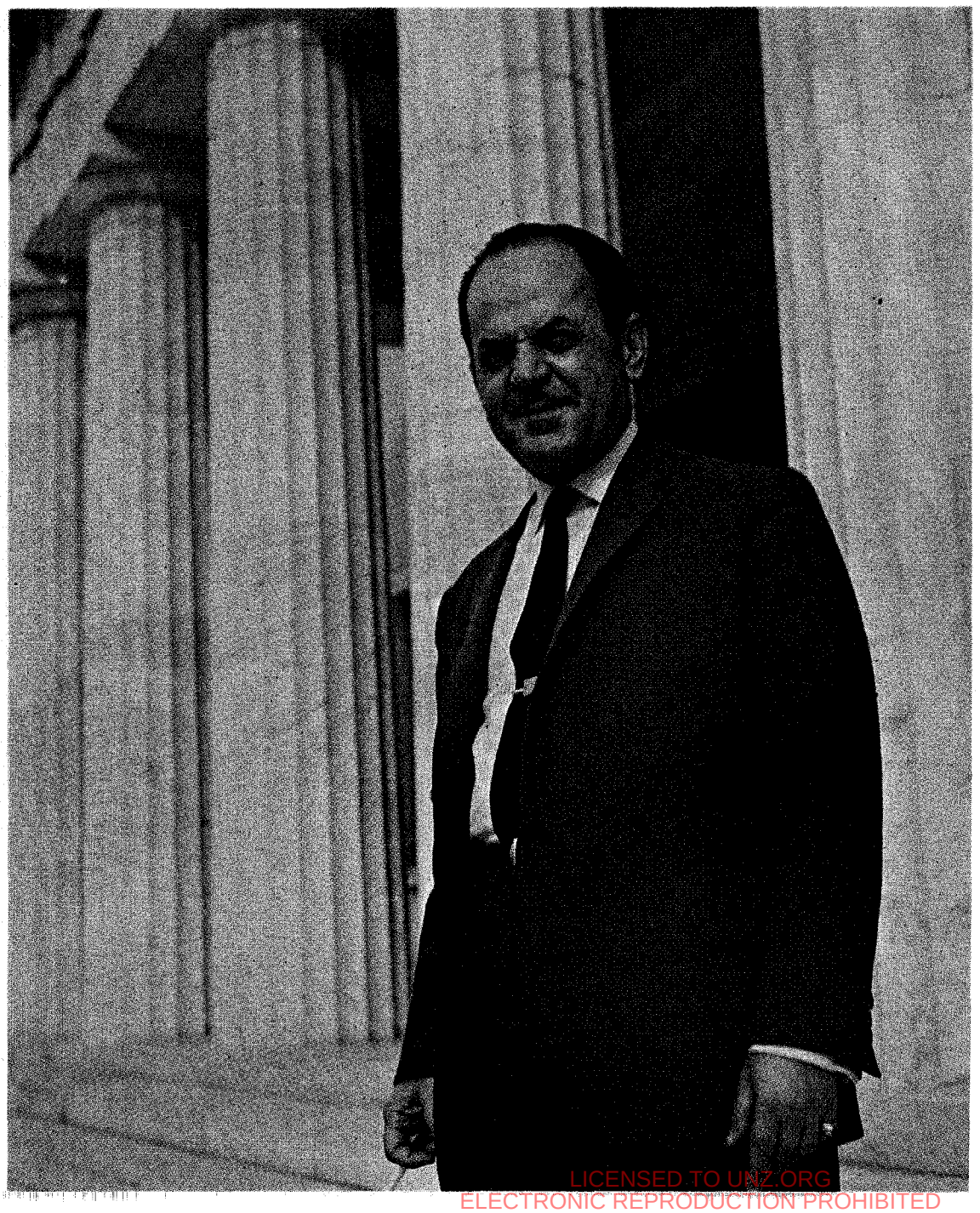
Greece:

THIS WINTER OF DISCONTENT

For more than six months a military dictatorship has ruled over the birthplace of democracy. Will the Greeks accept it—or fight?

By David Holden



We were sitting on the beach outside Athens, with the Aegean glittering in front of us and the girls in their bikinis spread like starfish on the sand around us, when my Greek friend glanced over his shoulder for about the 14th time and said, "Let's have a swim. It's safer to talk in the water."

And so, in a sedate and gentlemanly breaststroke, we swam side by side through the crystal sea to talk of politics and the sad state of Greece. "Goddammit!" said my friend, through the cocoon of water noises that now surrounded us. "Look what we have to do to escape the police! These colonels are intolerable!" I grunted in sympathy above the waves. "We're helpless," he went on in mounting anger. "And the Americans do nothing for us!" I wondered aloud what he thought they ought to do. He spluttered in what seemed half rage and half despair: "Land the Marines! Bring in the Sixth Fleet and march a battalion on Athens! The colonels would run for their lives. . . ."

I have not made it up. Many people in Greece have been saying that kind of thing since a handful of middle-rank army officers, commonly known as "the colonels," staged a military *coup d'état* last April 21 and made the country a police state.

My swimming friend went on to put the current Greek problem in terms of bleak alternatives. "The colonels," he said, "have got us all beaten. If we fight them we may have another civil war. If we don't we may be stuck with them for a generation."

Either possibility is reminiscent of years that Greece would rather forget. The first threatens the sort of calamity that everyone over 30 remembers from 20 years ago, when the country was laid waste in the civil war against the Communists. The second recalls the humiliation of the German occupation in the Second World War and the prewar dictatorship of General Metaxas, when Greece learned just how stifling military rule could be. Most Greeks would like to find another way out, yet by invoking the *deus ex machina* of foreign intervention they show how close to absolute is the dilemma that now confronts them.

It is a dilemma that has existed ever since the April coup showed how the decision of a few men could overcome the indecision of many. In theory the coup might have been stifled at birth; in fact, as the tanks rolled into the streets of Athens to surround the radio station, the post office, the parliament buildings and the palaces, the men who might have opposed the colonels faltered, uncertain on whose authority these men had acted, undecided what their real intentions were, and uneasy about the consequences of resistance.

At once the colonels proclaimed they were acting for the young King Constantine II, commander in chief of the Greek armed forces. They had moved, they said, to protect the country from the imminent threat of political chaos and a Communist take-over. Their fellow officers, mostly right-wing sympathizers anyway, were impressed. Not for 24 hours did it become clear that the king had not supported the colonels after all, and that several senior officers in Athens were under arrest.

By then it was too late. The right-wing prime minister, Panayotis Kanellopoulos, had also been arrested, hauled from his bed by soldiers who shot open the door of his apartment. Other politicians had been rounded up, including Kanellopoulos's chief opponents, the aging liberal leader, George Papandreou, and his Greek-American son, Andreas. The security lists were being combed for the addresses of all Communists and other potential opponents. The press and radio were under military control, and Athens was under curfew. Within a

Ringleader of the rebel colonels, George Papadopoulos long ago gained the nickname "Nasser" for his plotting.

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day or two, more than 6,000 people were held in jail, and the coup was virtually complete—bloodless, efficient and apparently unopposed.

The king had meanwhile been faced immediately with the dilemma that has dogged Greek minds ever since. At 3:30 in the morning of April 21 several of the rebel officers arrived at his palace in the suburb of Tatoi to demand his support. With his telephone lines cut and his aides already arrested, the king was forced to meet them alone, not knowing the extent of their strength within the army. Should he refuse to recognize them, risking his own expulsion and, as his resistance became known, the onset of civil war? Or should he capitulate to the apparently accomplished fact, accepting the collapse of constitutional government and the rule of the men who now confronted him?

He did neither. Instead, the king stalled, exacting as the price of his acquiescence the acceptance of civilians in the colonels' government—including a right-wing lawyer, Constantine Kollias, as prime minister—and putting out feelers to the American and British governments for help in resisting military rule. But when he saw the British and American ambassadors a day later he was disappointed. By then the colonels were all-too-clearly in command. And although the British envoy, Sir Ralph Murray, thought his government would take a "hard line" against them, American Ambassador Phillips Talbot was less sure. Could there not, Talbot suggested, be some compromise that would enable the new junta to return peacefully and quickly to parliamentary rule?

The United States was not simply displaying its characteristic acceptance of right-wing, anti-Communist regimes. American diplomats were also probably frightened of provoking civil war and skeptical about bringing pressure to bear upon the colonels. These were a determined-looking lot, especially the man who seemed to be their leader, George Papadopoulos, a stocky and saturnine artillery colonel of 48 who had held a senior post in army intelligence and was known among his colleagues for his Puritanical views, his contempt for the Greek ruling class, his passionate anti-Communism and his penchant for conspiracy. As much as 10 or 12 years earlier Papadopoulos had acquired the nickname "Nasser" because of the resemblance between his ambitions and the achievements of Gamal Abdel Nasser in Egypt. By last April Papadopoulos and his friends had not only the support of about 300 of the younger officers who were party to the coup, but also the chance to win the acquiescence, and even the active encouragement, of at least half the people.

The allegations of an imminent Communist take-over were, as it turned out, wildly exaggerated, but there were enough popular memories of the civil war and its aftermath to gain them a sympathetic hearing. Moreover, the colonels insisted at first that as soon as they had averted this menace and cleansed the country of the folly and corruption of the politicians, they would restore parliamentary life on a "healthy" basis, and Greece would be her true democratic self again.

One of the major factors in the coup's success was that this explanation contained enough truth and enough promises to convince many Greeks. For at least four years the politicians, with few exceptions, had pursued a series of internecine conflicts so devious, deep and disastrous as to suggest a collective death wish. Many of them were personal, but most of them crystallized around two of the oldest arguments in modern Greek politics—about the meaning of independence and the role of the king. To the Greek left, the monarchy has always been a symbol of privilege and of subservience to foreign powers; to the right it is the symbol of stability and security. And although some men of the center have tried to make it a focus of national unity by removing it from politics, they have not succeeded. In recent years these divisions had penetrated even the army, traditionally a right-wing institution loyal to the king. The immediate cause of the "impasse" that the colonels took as their excuse for action was the quarrel that broke out in 1965 between the young King Constantine II and Prime Minister Papandreou over allegations of a plot by some left-wing army officers in cooperation with Andreas Papandreou, the premier's political heir apparent. The quarrel caused the collapse of the Papandreou administration, the elevation of Andreas as a hero of the Greek left, and the clear emergence of the army as the likely arbiter of Greece's future.

Andreas, a professor of economics who returned to Greece in the 1960's after 20 years in the United States, was no Communist. But his attacks on the king, on the Americans who were said to support him, and on the alleged domination of Greek interests by the demands of NATO, inflamed all the traditional bitterness of the left and all the old fears of the right. As one weak government succeeded another after the fall of the elder Papandreou's administration, parliamentary life degenerated. The Parliament, in the words of one of its most respected members, was "run like a cross between a whorehouse and a coffee shop." Strikes and street demonstrations became a favorite form of political argument. Meanwhile, the fundamental weaknesses of Greece as an underdeveloped country persisted. The civil service was overstaffed, inefficient and corrupt. And although the Greek economy had been booming for some years, the villages were emptying, Athens was overflowing, and 100,000 Greeks were emigrating every year to seek a better life abroad.

Greece was ready for almost anything new, but perhaps most of all for a sense of national leadership. The rich were thankful because they thought Communism had been defeated. Many of the poor were grateful because they felt more secure under strong government. "Believe me," an old and fairly humble acquaintance told me, "I think it's better now. I'm not a politician. I'm only interested in my job and my family. And for me, it's better. When I leave for work, the bus is there to bring me. Nobody strikes. Nobody throws stones. Not like before—that was terrible, terrible!"

The colonels swept the country with an instant mixture of parade-ground discipline and old-fashioned pork barreling. Within a week of the coup they increased farmers' pensions by 70 percent. Soon the villages and mountainsides of

Young King Constantine faced a choice: his own expulsion, civil war, or acceptance of the colonels' ultimatum.

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Greece were daubed with grateful slogans: LONG LIVE THE ARMY—SAVIOR OF GREECE! Although officially inspired and executed, the slogans probably represented a significant feeling in parts of Greece.

Where political bribery would not serve, military orders were barked at the populace. Schoolgirls shall not wear mini-skirts. Civil servants shall answer all letters within three days. The mail shall be delivered. Music shall cease in public places after midnight. Those who disobey shall be locked up. A whole nation was jerked to attention and ordered to count cadence, and although a lot of girls went on wearing mini-skirts, the letters did get answered and the trains began to run on time. And if a few thousand people had to be locked up, a whole lot of others felt all right, Jack. As long as the sun beat down, the sea beckoned, and the cicadas shrilled in the olive trees, that was enough to be going on with. Hope, relief or a mindless indifference could, and largely did, prevail.

But with the approach of winter the tone has begun to change. "Greeks only start to think when the first rains fall," said one ex-politician. When the beaches are cleared, the tourists have gone home and the schools have reopened, life in Greece acquires a more earnest flavor than many summer visitors suspect. And now, after months of the colonels' rule, there are grounds for trouble. These are only marginally connected with the absurdities of some of the colonels' actions—such as depriving the actress Melina Mercouri of her citizenship because she staged a protest in New York, or banning the music of Mikis Theodorakis, composer of the score for *Zorba the Greek*, because he was a Marxist youth leader. Nor are the troubles caused primarily by the steady flow of arrests and heavy sentences for such offenses as "insulting the king," and "criticizing the army." All this might be borne if the regime seemed to be fulfilling its two fundamental promises—to make radical social changes and to restore democracy soon. Unhappily it has made little progress toward either.

The early justification of the coup as reaction to a Communist threat is heard less now, although it is still produced whenever anyone asks about the fate of the political prisoners. Instead, the colonels now present themselves grandiosely as the agents of a popular revolution dedicated to nothing less than national regeneration and the rebirth of the Hellenic-Christian tradition. That they really staged no more than a military *coup d'état* with the support of about 300 army officers out of a total of 9,000 is obscured by a cloud of heady rhetoric. Day after day, in official speeches and newspaper handouts, the colonels harp on their pure Greekness. Ironically they often sound remarkably like the man they consider their enemy, Andreas Papandreou. They reject foreign interference in Greek affairs with a vehemence equal to his if not greater. They express the same determination at Greece should stand on its own t. Before the coup Papandreou used ay that Greeks could not continue to nation of waiters, with napkins over arms. Since the coup Colonel opoulos has said, "We must not become the summer resort of t powers."

igins of the coup suggest that the plotting began at least as early as 1956. It would be inconsistent with both their past preparations and their present aspirations for the colonels to surrender their power voluntarily now—and they show little disposition to do so. When I asked Brigadier Stylianos Pattakos, the normally voluble minister of interior, to tell me the approximate timetable for the return to normality, he looked affronted. "Nobody will answer that," he said, "and you should not ask." As this attitude sinks in through the summertime euphoria, the regime's critics increase, and their underlying dilemma grows more acute. In northern Greece, where civil-war memories are perhaps sharper than elsewhere, I heard one man, almost in tears, debate what to do: "We mustn't fight. We *can't* fight. But, oh God! What else *can* we do?"

The short answer is, nothing much. The colonels are in command, and they have already consolidated their grip on power. If the junta seems unlikely to disappear, what means exist for expelling it from power? Force is the most obvious answer, and a few bombs have been exploded and a lot of pamphlets have been distributed, calling for resistance. Most of the participants are young, for the young have few memories of the civil war to deter them. So far the colonels have had little difficulty in arresting active opposition groups and sentencing them to substantial terms of imprisonment, 20 or 30 at a time. And even if violent opposition became serious, half the current critics of the colonels would hasten to their support. "I was wounded three times by the Communists," one expelled civil servant told me. "Do you think I'd let them win now? I'd rather have these bastards, if I *have* to choose!"

Caught thus between the devil and the deep blue sea, Greeks who were most critical of King Constantine in the days before the coup now pin their hopes on him. The king has made his displeasure with the colonels obvious, in spite of their attempts to hush it up. But the king's failure to make any dramatic break with the colonels is beginning to reduce his credibility as a serious opponent, and the longer he continues to accept the colonels, however reluctantly, the more he must appear to be their stooge.

There remains the possibility of foreign intervention, especially by the United States. One view, held by left-wing Greeks, says that the United States has already intervened, and that the colonels came to power in a CIA plot. Another view, held in the center and right of Greek politics, is less conspiratorial but equally convinced of American omnipotence. It assumes that the United States had nothing to do with the coup, but claims that it now has the power to dispose of the colonels if it wants to. The more extreme believe—like my swimming friend—that Washington should simply send in the Marines. Subtler men say that American disapproval and a financial squeeze would be enough. "After all," said one former politician of this school, with unconscious irony, "Nobody's ever heard of these colonels before. You can't tell me a bunch of peasants like that can stand up to the United States!"

All these views are understandable. In a country like Greece, which has not known untrammeled independence for centuries, it is hard not to believe that other people and other nations always hold the strings of power. Since 1947, when President Truman inaugurated his famous Doctrine by undertaking to help Greece against the Communists in the first major confrontation of the cold war, the United States has indeed been the arbiter of many Greek developments, and the CIA has accordingly become the most powerful demon in modern Greek mythology. But this time it is hard to see what more America could have done or can do, short of actually landing the Marines. It has withheld half its normal military aid ever since April, and President Johnson has expressed his wish to see Greece return to democracy. There is no American economic aid to be withheld; and the idea of expelling Greece from NATO—with all the implications that could have for Western security in eastern Europe and the Middle East—sends shivers up the spines of American diplomats. In any case, there is no proof that such punishment would restore democracy to Greece. It might just as easily make the colonels heroes.

Moreover, the United States is no more confident than King Constantine about what sort of Greece might emerge from enforced change in the near future. A return to stability on the old pattern looks like a dream, for the bitterness that the coup has created is likely to make the former political system even less workable than before. A stable new pattern, on the other hand, is equally hard to envisage—especially if it were conceived through foreign intervention, thus perpetuating the deep-rooted Greek belief that everything is really someone else's fault.

With this American bafflement and uncertainty, probably the most that the possibility of foreign intervention can achieve is to discourage the colonels from going too far in dictatorial nastiness. This will seem small comfort to those Greeks who hate the colonels' guts. But to many others it will be better than nothing, for the alternative is to return to that confounding dilemma of resistance or total surrender. If foreign pressure fails, only one force seems likely to remove the colonels against their will, and its existence was foreseen on the night of the coup by the deposed prime minister, Panayotis Kanellopoulos. Forcibly paraded before the colonels at the Athens army headquarters, he was joined by two generals who were also under arrest for refusing to assist the coup. In an outer room were some 50 lieutenants, captains and majors to whom the colonels reported their various decisions throughout the night. There was hubbub and argument among them, and when Kanellopoulos was led away at last, still protesting that he was prime minister and refusing to acknowledge the colonels' authority, these younger officers jeered at him. Turning to the colonels who were escorting him, Kanellopoulos said, "Gentlemen, I have only one thing more to say. What you have done tonight to your superiors, those men there will one day do to you."

Now, more than six months later, that remains a distinct possibility. But as "those men there" would probably want only more military rule anyway, there is not much comfort to be derived from their ambitions. They would still pose that menacing question—to fight, or not to fight? The best that is left therefore is for Greece's friends to keep up what pressure they can in the hope that Greeks may yet avoid a straight and possibly tragic answer. If they fail, this present Greek winter of discontent may be only the prelude to a decade of disillusionment. □

"Pilgrims..."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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WHY DO YOU DREAM?

Science charts the strange, sensuous world of adventure that man must drift into when he sleeps.

A telephone rings in the middle of the night. A startled sleeper wakes, rolls over in bed, gropes for the phone and picks it up.

"Hi," he mumbles into the mouthpiece.

"Hello, Bill," says a cheerful voice. "Anything going through your mind?"

"No. Yeah. Wait a minute. . . . Yeah, I guess I was dreaming. It was—um . . ."

There is a long silence. Finally the cheerful voice says, "You still there, Bill?"

"Yeah, I'm trying to reconstruct it. See, it was kind of weird. I was in, like, a garden with a lot of these white gates. There was a girl with me, and we were trying to go someplace. To a store, or something. The gates only opened toward us. We had to step back when we'd pull a gate open, you know? It seemed like the whole place was on a steep hill, and when we'd step back we'd kind of slip down the hill, and then it was hard to go forward and get through the gate. The girl was mad at me for some reason. I was trying to be helpful, open the gates for her and everything, but I was bungling it."

"Do you have any other thoughts or feelings about the dream?"

"Well, I don't know. It wasn't actually a nightmare. But it was, like—you know, unpleasant."

"All right, Bill, thanks. Go on back to sleep."

The sleeper hangs up the phone and returns to his dreams. Miles away the owner of the cheerful voice makes some entries in a thick logbook. He is Gabriel Rosen, a graduate student in psychology at New York's Downstate Medical Center. He has curly hair, blue eyes that look sleepy, and a fair complexion made all the more pale because he doesn't see the sun as much as most people do. An explorer of other people's dreams at night, he must do much of his own dreaming in the daytime.

At the moment he is conducting a project that involves waking paid volunteers ($25 for eight nights) in their own beds at home. He works in a laboratory where other volunteers sleep with electronic sensing devices taped to their skulls, eyes, chests, sex organs and other body parts. In scores of similar labs throughout the country hundreds of palefaced researchers like Rosen and thousands of volunteer dreamers have begun a determined effort to unravel, at last, the centuries-old mystery of the strange, lonely adventures that visit man when he sleeps.

"What is a dream?" asks internist Dr. Arthur Shapiro, the amiable, balding director of the lab where Rosen works. "A question so old, so universally asked, has got to be answered some day. For centuries people have sought to answer it with intuition, with superstition, with deduction. What we're trying to do now is get at the answer by direct investigation—watching people dream, monitoring them with electronics, waking them up and asking them questions."

In fact, this hunt for answers has become a major scientific safari. Dream exploration was once the lonesome province of psychoanalysts, who sometimes found it hard to convince other scientists that the effort was wholly respectable or truly scientific. But in the past three or four years platoons of physiologists, psychologists and other researchers have joined the expedition, backed by big universities and philanthropic institutions. The National Institute of Mental Health is siphoning federal money into more than 60 research projects having to do with sleep and dreams. Says Dr. Frederick Snyder, chief of the NIMH Section on Psychophysiology of Sleep: "One would almost think that dreams were only recently invented."

The main driving force behind this quest is a simple though powerful curiosity. But there are also some more pragmatic hopes. "If we can understand dreams, we'll be that much closer to understanding the human mind in general," says Joseph Muzio, formerly of the New York State Psychiatric Institute. "It now turns out that sleep isn't just a switching-off of the mind, a simple idling or restorative process. Indeed, sleep can't even be considered a single state of being anymore. Dreaming sleep seems to be as different from dreamless sleep as it is from the state of being wide awake—different physically, tangibly. If we knew more about all this, we might have a key to other mysteries of the mind."

Insanity, for instance. Says Dr. Snyder of NIMH: "Analysts since Sigmund Freud have noticed resemblances between the dreaming state and certain states of psychosis. It may be that psychosis represents a partial extension of the dreaming state into waking life. By exploring dreams, we may learn much about waking aberrations." Other doctors think dream studies could yield new data about such diseases as epilepsy and asthma, which often display their worst symptoms during certain stages of sleep, and about nocturnal disorders such as insomnia and bed-wetting.

This surge of interest in dreams began quietly and by accident in the early 1950's. At the University of Chicago, physiologist Nathaniel Kleitman and graduate student Eugene Aserinsky were studying muscle movements and other phenomena of sleep. Monitoring a newborn baby's sleep one afternoon, Aserinsky noticed an odd fact: Every once in a while the baby's eyes jiggled about rapidly beneath their lids for several minutes. Neither Aserinsky nor any other sleep researcher had ever paid serious attention to this phenomenon before, but he and Dr. Kleitman grew curious. They checked other subjects—both infants and adults—and found that these periodic eye movements were apparently common to all human sleepers. The closed-eye jigglings came to be called Rapid Eye Movement periods, or R.E.M. periods for short—or, in casual lab talk, rems.

Casting about for ways to explain rems and remming, Aserinsky and Kleitman—joined later by medical student William Dement, who now directs his own dream lab at Stanford University—turned up new facts. They discovered that when a sleeper was awakened while remming, he was far more likely to remember a dream than when he was awakened at other times. This led to the theory that remming is caused by dreaming, or is in some other way linked with it.

A second fact turned up by the Chicago team was that rem periods have their own characteristic brain-wave pattern, easily spotted in the wiggly tracings of an electroencephalograph, or EEG. There are four fairly distinct types of brain-wave patterns during sleep. When you first drift off to sleep, the EEG shows a pattern much like that of the waking brain. This is called "stage 1," the state of lightest sleep. You spend the rest of the night rising and falling rhythmically, several times, between stage 1 and three deeper stages of unconsciousness. The Chicago group discovered that remming occurs only during stage 1, and that with most sleepers it occurs in every stage-1 period except the first—the "drifting-off" or "descending-stage-1" phase. The average adult begins to rem 60 to 90 minutes after he falls asleep, rems for 10 to 20 minutes, waits another hour or so, rems again for a slightly longer period, and continues in this orderly way all night. He often wakes for a few seconds during or after each rem. Shortly after his fourth to sixth rem, he wakes up for good.

These discoveries intrigued other psychologists and physiologists. What intrigued them still more was the new idea that by watching rems and EEG tracings, and perhaps other things yet to be discovered, a scientific observer could watch a person dream. These were objective evidences of dreaming—harder, more tangible than the subjective matter that had occupied psychoanalysts.

Thus the scientific probe into dreamland began. It gathered momentum gradually. By the mid-1960's it was in full cry.

Many rash statements were made in the early days. Probably the most rash, publicized in magazine articles and several popular books, was that remming and dreaming are synonymous: You rem only while you dream, and dream only while you rem. "This was only wishful thinking," says Dr. Shapiro in New York. "It made things nice and tidy, made the researcher's job easy. But the truth doesn't seem to be quite that simple."

What does seem to be true is that people recall dreams most vividly when awakened in rem periods—recall full plotlike episodes and details of clothing, color, conversation. But they often recall dream fragments or "thought-like material"—and sometimes full-plotted dreams too—when awakened at other times.

"Maybe rem periods are the periods of most vivid dreaming," says Gabriel Rosen. "Or maybe they are only periods when, for some reason, you *recall* dreams vividly." Like all dream explorers, Rosen at present is mystified by his own research results. He rounded up 15 volunteers and instructed them to phone him just before they went to bed at home. Early in each volunteer's sleep, and then again a couple of hours or so after that, for four weeks, Rosen phoned him and asked what he was thinking or dreaming about. There was no

By MAX GUNTHER

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way of telling whether the sleeper was remming at the time. Statistically Rosen's phone calls should have hit rem periods about 20 percent of the time. But the volunteers reported dreams or dreamlike fragments in nearly 90 percent of the awakenings.

There is other evidence that some kind of dream-like activity may go on all night. At the Downstate Medical Center, where volunteers sleep wired with sensing devices, a central monitoring machine draws a picture of each man's and woman's physical changes through the night. On graph paper, automatic pens trace a continuous record of the sleeper's brain waves, eye movements, breathing patterns and other phenomena. In these irregular weaving lines some odd new mysteries appear.

Take sexual dreams, for example. Freud believed that many or most dreams have some sexual content, either overt or symbolic. It indeed turns out that the typical male sleeper has several erections each night. But, puzzlingly, these don't always coincide with rem periods. They may take place at almost any time—usually starting or ending in a rem period but sometimes nowhere near it. Volunteers awakened during nonrem erections sometimes report vividly erotic dreams or fragments.

Another puzzling fact is that sleepwalking, traditionally thought to be linked with dreaming, doesn't usually take place in rem periods. In fact, a study in California two years ago showed that it most often begins in the deepest phases of sleep—stages 3 and 4, when no remming ever occurs.

Among the few reasonably sure facts to come from such research so far is that virtually everybody dreams, at least a few times and maybe dozens of times, every night. When anybody claims he seldom or never dreams, the more likely truth is that he doesn't remember his dreams in the morning.

Of all the thousands of sleepers who have been wired, watched and awakened in the past 10 years,

Photographs by David Attie

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only one possible nondreamer has ever been found. He turned up this year in a midwestern dream lab. The three researchers who are studying him intend to keep him a secret until they are sure of their conclusions. "Frankly," says the group's spokesman, "we find it hard to believe our own instruments." This mysterious sleeper goes through nights without showing stage-1 sleep or remming.

At the University of California and in other labs, people who claimed never to dream have been studied, and in all cases their claims seemed dubious. All remmed. All showed sexual arousal. All, when awakened, sleepily admitted to dreams or at least dreamlike images. Sometimes they believed they'd been awake and thinking, rather than dreaming. "I was just playing with images," one housewife told a researcher. "You know, the way you do when there isn't anything else to do. I was wide awake, really." But the EEG showed that she was sound asleep. "In fact," the researcher noted in his report, "she was snoring."

Freud held that dreams represent a welling-up of subconscious drives—and that each morning the prudish conscious mind, embarrassed or disgusted by the night's revelations, tries to forget the worst of them. Some researchers today think this may help explain differences in dream recall between one sleeper and another—and in the same sleeper on different nights. It may be that bland dreams ("I walked around the block") are easiest to recall, while those with high emotional content get blocked out of the waking memory.

Dream researchers note that a sleeper can often be gently prodded into revealing more and more details of a dream—and that, when he needs prodding, the dream often turns out to be a bizarre one.

"I was just thinking about money," one college girl reported when awakened from remming. "Coins, mostly. Silver coins."

"Were you handling them?"

"No, I—yes, I guess I was. I seemed to be catching them in the air. It was sort of dark. But that's all I remember."

"Were there other people in the dream?"

"No. Yes, I think there were. I was in a theater of some kind. There were people—strangers, I think. No, my mother was there, and one of my professors. There was a man on a kind of balcony up above, and he was throwing coins at us."

"Did you know the man?"

"I think I did, in the dream. I remember calling his name. He had no clothes on, and he had tattoos or some kind of bright-colored paint in places. He had a very long neck, like a swan, and his head hung down over the balcony railing. I was sitting on the floor between seats. It was a very dirty floor, but I couldn't stand up because all I was wearing was a kind of long apron. . . ."

Dreams like this may tend to get forgotten—or, if recalled, may not always be candidly reported. In an attempt to test this theory, Dr. Donald Goodenough and other experimenters at the Downstate Center have been showing gory, nightmarish movies (of tribal initiation rites, for example) to volunteers at bedtime. The hope is that the movies will induce bizarre, highly charged dreams. It turns out, as expected, that the sleepers report fewer dreams on these nights than on nights when they watch bland movies. They rem equally often on all nights. The suggestion is that after seeing dramatic movies they have dramatic dreams that they either don't remember or don't report.

Meanwhile, other experimenters are pursuing what might be considered the main question: Why do we dream?

All mammals so far tested have remmed in regular cycles through their sleep: cats, dogs, rats, horses. Dr. Snyder of NIMH has even detected rems in an opossum, which is low on the evolutionary scale and has primitive brain development. "There is a strong suggestion," he says, "that dreaming is or once was necessary for survival. What that necessity might be we don't know."

'I was in a theater . . . there were people—strangers. . . . There was a man on a kind of balcony . . . throwing coins . . .'

Dr. Snyder's tentative theory is that, millennia ago, an animal or prehuman who slept too long and deeply was too easy a prey for his enemies. On the other hand, he needed the energy-restoring benefits of a long sleep. These conflicting requirements could have been satisfied by the sleeping-yet-excited state of rem sleep—which is, in fact, often called "paradoxical sleep." The dreaming period served to work the sleeper up to a state of high nervous activity, so that, though still asleep, he was ready to fight or flee rather than being deeply unconscious. After dreaming he awoke for a few seconds—alert, not groggy—and quickly scanned the environment. If he found nothing threatening there, he instantly went back to sleep and sank to deeper levels. In partial support of this theory, Dr. Snyder has shown that sleepers awakened in rem periods react to instructions faster, solve puzzles better and generally behave less groggily than when awakened in nonrem time.

Dr. Shapiro of the Downstate Center has an equally plausible theory. He thinks dreaming may be part of a "catching-up" phase in the organization of data, much like the activity that goes on in a bank after its doors are locked at 3 P.M. In dreams, says Dr. Shapiro, we may compare the latest day's events with past events and, in the light of the new data, subtly change the way in which we'll approach similar events in the future. We may not have time to do this while we're awake and taking in a steady stream of new data, so it must be done in sleep when the data stream is shut off. Dr. Shapiro points out that dreams often mix people and events and feelings from the near past with those from the remote past, all the way back to early childhood. This could be a manifestation of a data-filing and cross-referencing process.

Freud's theory was that "dreams are the guardians of sleep." He held that dreams protect us from both internal and external disturbances. They guard us from scary subconscious material by disguising it in symbolism; and from noises, physical discomforts and other outside irritations by incorporating them into dream stories and thus explaining them away. Nobody has seriously challenged the first part of this theory, but the second part may need rethinking. If dreaming occurs in regular cycles, it would have little to do with random outside events. In fact, researchers have tried to influence dreams by ringing bells, dripping water on sleepers' faces or repeating suggestive words to them—"mother," "breast," and so on. Sometimes the sleepers would report dream narratives containing these elements, but most often the dream had only a farfetched relationship, if any, to the outside event.

Whatever the reason for our dreams might be, there is small doubt that we've got to have them. Psychologist Dr. Michel Jouvet in France and Dr. Dement in California have both experimentally deprived cats of their dreams (by prodding them when they remmed, among other techniques) and the results have often been dramatic. Often—but, puzzlingly, not always. Some cats seem to stay quite serene even after two months without remming. But some grow surly and fiercely unapproachable after two weeks. Some develop ravenous appetites and eat themselves sick. Some males get obsessed by sex, attempt homosexual acts, stubbornly annoy females who have made it plain with claw and fang that they aren't interested. "To put it plainly," one experimenter says, "some of them go nuts. They do things which, if a human did them, would land him in a padded cell." Some have simply sickened and died. By contrast, cats awakened an equal number of times in nonrem periods merely get mildly grumpy.

Experimenters have also deprived humans of their dreams, but only for limited periods of time. One of the longest human dreamless marathons lasted for about three weeks, and the story of this unpleasant experiment illustrates why nobody has since tried to push humans much farther.

The experiment took place in the early 1960's at New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital, under veteran dream explorer William Dement. Working with him was graduate student Joseph Muzio, a dark, athletic, cheerful young man in his mid-20's. Muzio had a young artist friend who needed money, and when the lab began calling for volunteers to take part in dream-deprivation studies, Muzio brought the friend in. The pay was about $20 a night. The artist promptly signed up.

Previous volunteers had gone for about a week without rems. The procedure was to wire them up with rem-detecting and EEG equipment, ring bells in their ears or shout at them as soon as they began remming, then let them go back to nonrem sleep. They slept fairly normally on the first night: started to rem five or six times, awoke in the morning feeling refreshed. But on the second night they began apparently trying to make up for lost dreams. They tried to rem eight or nine times. By the end of a week they were trying to rem 20 times a night. This by itself seemed to show that the human organism needs dreams and will fight to get them. Moreover, when the dream-deprived volunteers were finally allowed a night of undisturbed sleep, they spent much more than the normal amount of time in remming. It was as though they were starved for dreams and needed to get back what they'd lost.

None of them, however, showed any significant changes in daytime behavior, beyond the grumpiness that would be expected in anybody blasted awake 20 times a night. There was still no clue to the question of what dreams are for. Hoping to get such a clue, Dement asked Muzio's artist friend to try a longer dreamless stint—to try it, if possible, until some palpable psychological or physical result showed up. The artist agreed.

He was told to go about his normal business during the days, but to show up at the lab for sleep each evening. To make sure he wouldn't steal secret dreams during the day, Dement gave him a night watchman's check-in clock, told him to punch it every quarter hour, and bring this proof of awakeness to the lab at night.

For the first few nights he behaved as expected, attempted increasing numbers of rems. Then, oddly, his rem attempts stopped increasing. De-

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ment and Muzio at first thought they'd stumbled on a fascinating new phenomenon, but in theorizing they came down to earth with a mundane explanation: The artist was probably sneaking daytime naps while friends punched his clock.

"There's only one way I know of to be really sure a man stays awake," said Dement to Muzio. "Somebody has got to watch him all day."

"Who?" asked Muzio, but he knew the answer. There followed a ghastly two-week period during which Muzio dogged the artist's footsteps from morning to night. "He had been a very pleasant, easygoing guy," Muzio says, "but now he grew surly, snappish, bad tempered. After a few days we hated the sight of each other. Little annoyances would throw him into a rage. He tried endless tricks to get away from me and sleep. It was like holding an eel. He'd complain that he had to spend time alone with his girl friend, but I couldn't let him, and we'd have to make it a threesome. He'd try to tiptoe out of rooms. It was hell." Toward the end of the ordeal the artist sometimes seemed to be trying to dream standing up.

Meanwhile the nights in the lab were—as Muzio puts it—"even worse, if possible." The artist's rem attempts soared to 30 times a night, 40, 48. His urge to dream seemed so intense that he became almost impossible to wake. The experimenters shook him, pushed cotton swabs up his nose to make him sneeze, yelled "Fire!" He didn't move. He clung to his dreams so tenaciously on the 13th night that he remmed continuously. The experimenters would haul him upright and shake him until his eye movements stopped, but the remming would begin again the instant he lay down. It was no longer possible to deprive him of dreams without completely depriving him of sleep. The experiment was obviously finished.

Except for the recovery period. In his first full stretch of uninterrupted sleep, the blissful artist spent more than three fifths of the time remming. The normal quota of rem time is about one fifth.

"We still don't know what dreams are for," says Muzio, who is now studying dreams in a lab at New York's Montefiore Hospital. "My artist friend's unsociable behavior may have resulted from lack of dreams. Or it may have resulted from lack of sleep, or simply from having me shadow him all day. The case showed that human dream-deprivation studies are devilishly hard to do. Most researchers have backed off from that line of inquiry for the time being."

But there may be other ways to find out what a lack of dreams might do to people. Several kinds of mental illness, for example, seem to be linked in some way with dreamlessness. At NIMH, Dr. Snyder has been studying the sleep of depressed patients. "The more depressed they are, the more disturbed their sleep is," he says. "They wake themselves up at the beginning of rem periods—a kind of self-induced rem deprivation. It seems as though they're caught in a vicious circle. The depression disturbs the sleep, and the poor sleep aggravates the depression."

These patients behave in other ways as Muzio's artist friend did. Unlike normal sleepers, they sometimes attempt to rem almost as soon as they fall asleep. And in recovery periods when they're regaining their optimism and sleeping undisturbed they spend more than the normal one fifth of the night remming. "The indication is that dreaming and good health are related," says Dr. Snyder. "The problem, of course, is to find what that relationship is."

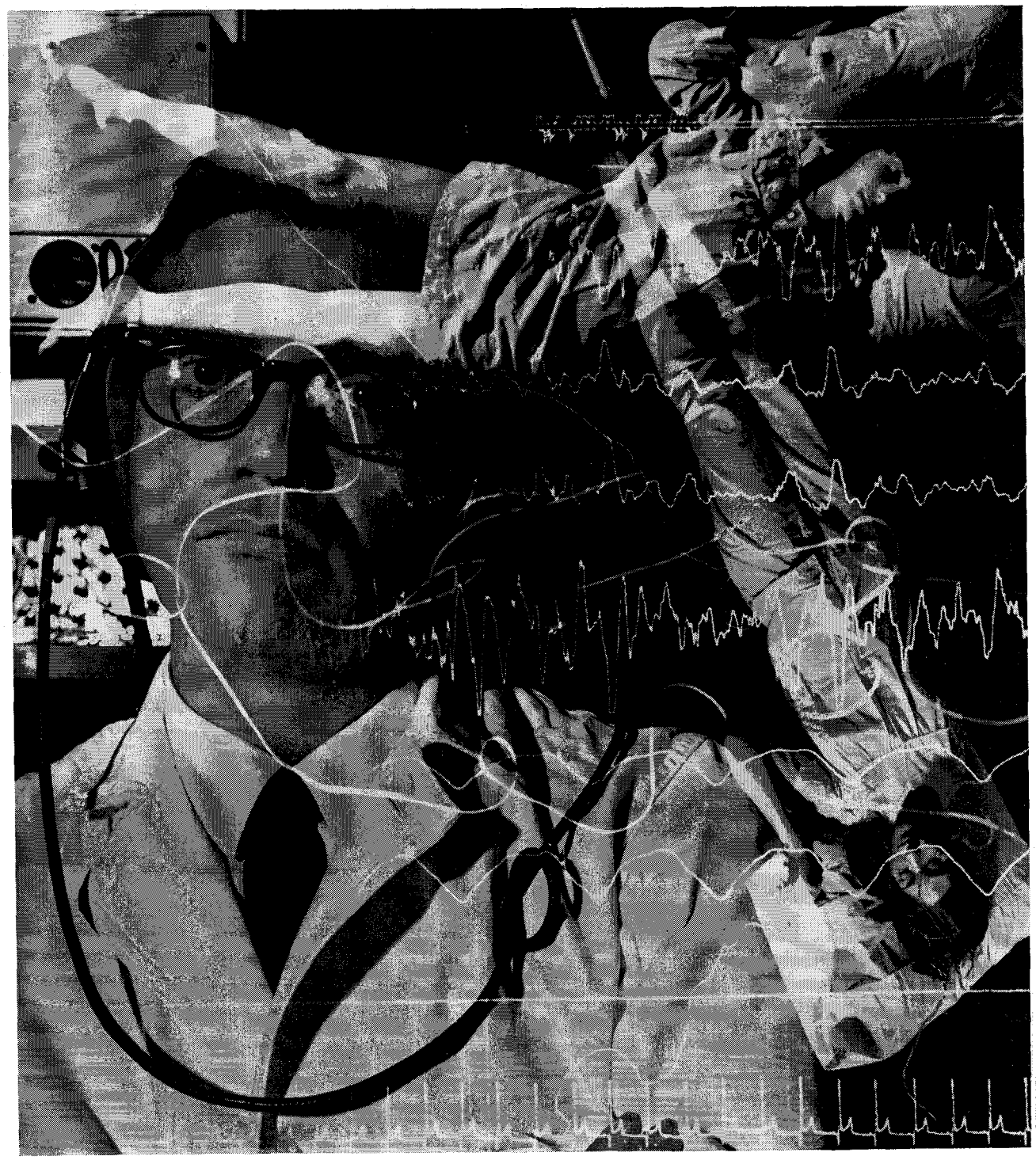
Other researchers are studying people who appear to dream too much rather than too little. At Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital, Dr. Edward Wolpert and a group of colleagues have monitored patients afflicted with narcolepsy. Thousands of people have mild forms of this affliction. Some have severe forms. Among the symptoms: the patient falls asleep suddenly at inappropriate times, often has vivid, dreamlike hallucinations while seemingly awake. "During these daytime attacks," says Dr. Wolpert, "narcoleptics seem to go abruptly into rem sleep . . . instead of going through other sleep stages first, as normal sleepers do. It's as though the narcoleptic has a faulty rem or dream trigger. In most of us the trigger isn't activated until after an hour of other kinds of sleep, but in the narcoleptic it's activated at odd times, with no preliminary nonrem sleep. If we can find where this faulty trigger lies in the narcoleptic, we may know more about the mechanism of dreams in general."

Much remains to be learned about dreams, but the exploration is now well launched. Back in the early 1900's Freud complained of loneliness in his dream studies, and psychoanalysts after him felt the same way for half a century. Now difficulties are arising from too much dream research, not too little. "It's almost impossible to read all the papers that are published," says Gabriel Rosen.

He looks tired. It is 3 A.M. For about a week Rosen has subsisted on four hours' sleep a night, and shortly before this stint began he went three full days with no sleep at all. At his side a monitoring machine patiently traces the brain-wave patterns and eye movements of a sleeper in a room below. The sleeper's eyes have begun the peculiar movements that set off the great dream hunt in the 1950's. Rosen will wait several minutes, then wake the sleeper with bell and question.

"Wonder what he's dreaming about?" says Rosen, absently watching the automatic pens wiggle and swoop. The eye movements grow larger, more frantic. The EEG pattern has changed from the tall-peaked, slow waves of deep sleep to the shallower, faster, more jittery waves of stage 1. Another pen wanders across the moving paper to signal high sexual arousal. Down below in his bed, wrapped in darkness, alone, the sleeper has entered the mysterious, hidden world of a dream.

"Hope it's a pleasant one," says Rosen, yawning. He sounds faintly jealous. □



Gabriel Rosen, dream reseacher. He monitors volunteers as they sleep in a laboratory with sensing devices taped to their skulls, eyes, chests, and other parts of their bodies.

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Editorial

The Kennedy assassination: Something rotten. . .

Almost a year ago we published an article by Richard J. Whalen that raised some major questions about the assassination of President Kennedy and demonstrated fairly conclusively that the Warren Commission was wrong. At that time we urged an official reopening of the investigation—not a spectacular public "trial" but a quietly meticulous reexamination of the disputed evidence. We were not alone in this proposal. *Life* magazine, for one, expressed a similar view and, indeed, any number of independent observers who have studied the case have come to the same conclusion.

The results have been virtually nil. It is astonishing, really, that charges of such gravity should produce so little effect. It is charged, to begin with, that a national commission, headed by the Chief Justice of the United States, did a sloppy job, overlooked or distorted important evidence and came to the wrong conclusion. It is charged that Lee Harvey Oswald could not possibly have fired the single bullet 399 through both the President and Governor Connally. It is charged that there may have been other assassins, and the implication is that there was a conspiracy to kill the President, a conspiracy that succeeded not only in committing the murder but in disguising itself so that most of the conspirators went free—and are free to this day. The official answer to all this is that there is no answer. The case is closed.

It is also astonishing that the only official to take any action should be a local district attorney in New Orleans, James Garrison, who claims that he has solved the case and expects to get several convictions based on his solution. Garrison's solution is that there were a half-dozen conspirators, some of them Cuban exiles embittered by Kennedy's failure to overthrow Fidel Castro, some of them simply pathological malcontents. Several skilled reporters, including James Phelan of the *Post*, have looked into Garrison's charges and found them unconvincing, and indeed Garrison's "conspirators" include so many odd and confused characters that it seems hard to believe they could ever carry off a plot of such skill and audacity. On the other hand, Garrison's defenders, among whom the most vociferous is Garrison himself, argue that he is proceeding with a perfectly straightforward prosecution, that the indictments he asked have been voted by a grand jury, and that he expects to prove his case in court. Perhaps, but we are unable to judge Garrison's case from a distance.

What is clear, however, is that Garrison has received little or no help from officials outside his jurisdiction, and that any suspected conspirator who can avoid the grasp of the New Orleans authorities remains as free as before. In this issue of the *Post* we bring the whole question up again. By publishing a major excerpt from Josiah Thompson's new book, *Six Seconds in Dallas*, we declare once again that we believe the Kennedy mystery has not been solved, that the case is not closed.

It is painful, and even disgusting, to read the clinical details of the President's wounds. It is difficult, and sometimes tedious, to study such technicalities as the Zapruder film and the firing speed of a Mannlicher-Carcano rifle. Many readers—and perhaps many officials, too—react to the whole subject by turning away and trying to avoid it. It is easier to fall back on the knowledge that the Warren Commission consisted of honorable men, and that they would not have done less than the best that could be done. Similarly, if J. Edgar Hoover and the Justice Department treat the case as closed, if the Kennedy family treats the case as closed, what is the point of amateurs and outsiders poking around in the ashes?

One returns, inevitably, to those clinical details, those bits of evidence that seem to have been systematically misread or misinterpreted. For as Thompson analyzes and arrays them, they cry out for the truth to be told and for the murderers to be punished. It has been said too often that Americans cannot face the truth about themselves, about their secret fears and hatreds, about the violence that afflicts their whole society. The reactions to the Kennedy assassination have always illustrated that self-evasion. From the first moment, when we couldn't believe it had happened, to that bizarre moment of Lee Oswald's death in front of the television cameras, when we were in a sense relieved to be rid of him, to the present moment, when every suspicion is shushed up as a violation of the President's memory, we have struggled to avoid the unavoidable question of what actually happened and why. Is the question really too ugly to be raised, or are we just too childish to face reality?

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